THE FRA

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Every Duty Well Done Makes
The Next Duty Easier To Do

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA



FOOT and light-hearted I
take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world be-
fore me,
The long brown path before
me leading wherever I
choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-
fortune, I myself am
good-fortune;
Henceforth I whimper no
more, postpone no more,
need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints,
libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

¶ As sang Walt, so sing I. Here each month will we walk and talk together—very plainly, very frankly of life and its lessons. Nothing that is human shall be alien to us. Out under the blue sky, fanned by the lazy breeze, interrupted only by the chirrup of birds in the hedge-rows, we will talk as friend to friend.

Nor shall the gibing call of guinea-hens us disturb.

THE FRA stands for art. Art is not a thing separate and apart—art is a way. Art is the beautiful way. Art should extend to every function of life, for our environment as well as our actions should be graceful, harmonious, beautiful. THE FRA stands for the art of living.

Frau Margaretus and forty rosy daughters of honest farmers have charge of the folding and stitching of this bibliozine. No wire staples for us!

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MY heart goes out to you, O Man, because I cannot conceive of any being greater, nobler, more heroic, more tenderly loving, loyal, unselfish and enduring than are you. ¶ All the love I know is Man's love. All the forgiveness I know is Man's forgiveness. All the sympathy I know is Man's sympathy ❧ And hence I address myself to Man—to you—and you would I serve. ¶ The fact that you are a human being brings you near to me—it is the bond that unites us. I understand you because you are a part of myself.

You may like me or not—it makes no difference—if ever you need my help, I am with you ❧ Often we can help each other most by leaving each other alone; at other times we need the hand-grasp and the word of cheer.

I am only a man—a mere man—but in times of loneliness, think of me as one who loves his kind.

What your condition is in life will not prejudice me, either for or against you ❧ What you have done or not done will not weigh in the scale.

If you have been wise and prudent, I congratulate you, unless you are unable to forget how wise and good you are, then I pity you.

If you have stumbled and fallen and been mired in the mud, and have failed to be a friend to yourself, then you of all people need friendship and I am your friend. I am the friend of convicts, insane people and fools—successful and unsuccessful, college-bred and illiterate.

You all belong to my church.

I could not exclude you if I would. But if I should shut you out, I would then close the doors upon myself and be a prisoner, indeed ❧ ❧

The Spirit of Love that flows through me and of which I am a part, is your portion, too. The race is one and we trace to a common Divine Ancestry.

I offer you no reward for being loyal to me, and surely I do not threaten you with pain, penalty and dire ill fortune if you are indifferent to me.

You cannot win me by praise or adulation. ¶ You cannot shut my heart towards you, even though you deny and revile me.

Only the good can reach me, and no thought of love you send me can be lost or missent.

All the kindness you feel for me should be given to those nearest you, and it shall all be passed to your credit, for you yourself are the record of your thoughts, and no error can occur in the count.

You belong to my church, and always and forever my friendship shall follow you, yet never intrude.

I do not ask you to incur obligations or make promises ❧ There are no dues. I do not demand that you shall do this and not do that. I issue no commands.

I cannot lighten your burden and perhaps I should not, even if I could, for men grow strong through bearing burdens. If I can I will show you how to acquire strength to meet all your difficulties, and face the duties of the day.

It is not for me to take charge of your life, for surely I do well if I look after one person. If you err, it is not for me to punish you. We are punished by our sins, not for them. ¶ Soon or late I know you will see that to do right brings Good, and to do wrong brings misery, but you will abide by the Law and all good things will be yours. I cannot change these laws—I cannot make you exempt from your own blunders and mistakes.

And you cannot change the Eternal Laws for me, even though you die for me.

But perhaps I can point you the pathway that leads to Love, Truth and Usefulness, and this I want to do, because I am your friend. And then by pointing you the way I find it myself ❧ You belong to me—you are a member of my church—all are members of my church, none are excluded or can be excluded. So over the plains and prairies, over the mountains and seas, over the cities and towns, in palaces, tenements, moving-wagons, dugouts, cottages, hovels, sleeping-cars, day-coach, caboose, cab, in solitary cells behind prison bars, or wandering out under the stars, my heart goes out to you, whoever you are, and I wish you well. Only love do I send, and a desire to bless and benefit. Amen.

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RISCO, THE ARISEN. Dismay and desolation grip your heart on beholding San Francisco for the first time since the fire.

The old loved landmarks are gone

The stores, the theatres, the hotels, which were once to you so familiar, have perished

You find the location of some of these and fain would sit on the site and do the sackcloth and ashes stunt. But soon you perceive you would have to play the part alone and to an unappreciative audience.

¶ So you cut it out.

Especially so when you meet say, R. B. Hale, who lost everything but honor and an abbreviated nightshirt.

Hale is a type. While the fire was still licking into nothingness the precious possessions and accumulations of years, he was planning a better and finer palace of business than the one that was crumbling into ashes.

"Damn Prometheus, anyway," said Hale, "he should have devised a way to control his measly invention. But he can't down us!"

Hale was chosen a member of the Committee of Fifty This Committee had absolute power—even to that of life and death. The records do not show how many men this Committee sent to Kingdom Come, their sins upon them. "Jesus will save them, we can't," said the Committee.

But the looter learned a lesson. Property that was not destroyed lay practically unprotected. Thousands upon thousands of women and children were homeless and houseless. Woe betide the apology for a man who forgot his manhood and maltreated and mistreated these! There was no time for fine theories—no explanations, no apologies, no reprieves—the person who clutched for a private good, died, and died suddenly. The pyre was already prepared.

¶ Lynch law has its advantages—it is effective, economical, direct, and exerts a beneficent influence on the living. It occasionally hangs the wrong man, but since it does business on the spot and does not allow the newspapers to try the case, or the evidence to grow old, moldy and moth-eaten, nor does it give time to cook up a defense and introduce expert testimony, it really, perhaps, makes no more mistakes than the other kind.

Funston and the Fifty worked as one. I believe I have said in days agone a few seemingly funny things about Funston; but I take them all back when I think of his good work at San Francisco.

If soldiers could be kept strictly for earthquake purposes, I would not object to the craft. The difficulty is that the devil still finds mischief for idle guns to do. At Cuba and Manila, Funston was simply a good man in a bad business; at San Francisco, he was the right man in the right place

We don't want Cuba, and the Philippines are not needed in our business. The attempt to supply a New England education to the Cuban and Filipino will fail. The United States ought to be big enough to mind her own business.

All of which is merely by the way. I 'll take up this expansion business and say the last word about it later. All I want to do now is to show the folly of using Funston to foist a Connecticut peccadillo upon the little brown people of the tropics. It 's hard on Funston and does n't do the little brown people any good. At Frisco, Funston has proved his worth. He is a little man in inches, but big in brain Personally, I have always liked the man, and do now more than ever.

DON'T feel sorry for Frisco, for Frisco is n't sitting around feeling sorry for herself. She is too busy for reminiscence. I'll not try to describe the disaster; William Marion Reedy did that in lines that live. I've tried to find out what brand it was Reedy used on that particular occasion, but Barabbas Bill, he refuses to answer on advice of counsel.

The St. Francis Hotel, a noble structure, was swept by fire, like all its neighbors. Just in front of the building was a beautiful little park covering a square, belonging to the City. The St. Francis folks got permission to erect a temporary hotel, or did without permission, I don't know which, on this spot before their own beautiful structure, designed by Faville, had cooled.

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This temporary hotel is the cutest little affair you ever saw. In just forty-five days they had it going, getting every piece of furniture from the East. They bought good stuff which could be used later in the big sure-enough hostelry This little doll's house hotel, with the bushes and shrubs growing right up against the windows, and the fine monument in its little courtway behind, shows how good men and true can adapt themselves to conditions. A gentleman is a gentleman wherever you put him. The manager, clerks and porters at the baby St. Francis give you the same old-time welcome. They are the same men in a thousand dollar building that they were in one costing a million. When Manager Woods said a smiling word of apology for not having better quarters for me, I could not keep back the tears.

I pushed my bed up close to the open window, so that in case of a quake I could make a flying leap to safety. I went to sleep thinking of these Spartan souled people who had such a good excuse for having nervous prostration, but failed to avail themselves of the opportunity. I dreamed of how Dick Hotaling got up theatricals and cooked weiners in the hot ashes of his warehouse for the "sufferers," when the clerk called me and said it was seven o'clock.

I had slept nine hours.

A rose-bush full of buds and blossoms nodded at the window. I made a hasty inventory of my properties and found I was intact.

Don't feel sorry for San Francisco, I say, for she isn't feeling sorry for herself. Rather salute her, and give her congratulations that she has so many men and women made of such sterling stuff that God must surely smile kindly, and look the other way, if they occasionally lapse.

Get in line with the policy of the house, and help yourself by working for the house, or it is you for the stationery that is ultramarine.

The doctor and the preacher are modified manifestations of the belief in a vicarious atonement. We look to some one to save us.



NCE there was a fellow he blew into The Roycroft Shop, his baggage a tomato can—figuratively He was blue-eyed, subdued, hungry, and walked up and down past the place for two hours before he dared tackle the door.

A Roycroft girl saw him first. Then she pointed him out to me. I knew he would come in about supper time.

And so he did.

I don't go much on tramps, but this one was different. He was young and full of the Art Spirit, whatever that is. He idealized me and the place, when I'm only a grubbing every-day man, and the place stands for work, work, work, and work is work wherever you go.

But I let the lad stay over night on his promise to draw me a set of initials in the morning.

He drew the initials, and to my surprise they were really good.

I hired him then for six dollars a week and board.

In less than a month a visitor from the University of Michigan came along, and incidentally said he wanted a young man who could teach drawing and designing.

I recommended my young, blue-eyed product, and he and the visitor came to terms.

He went away without saying much.

Then I forgot him.

That was some three years ago.

Last week I got a letter from him. He sent his photograph to remind me who he was. He also sent ten dollars for a Life Membership, "just to show his good-will."

He has a school of his own now; is married and owns a modest home, with no mortgage on it. Also with his own photograph was a picture of a chubby baby boy, just a year old—and I'll bet you can't guess this baby's name in a year!

They are not all ingrates.

THE FRA stands for Health, Business, Art, Education and Religion—the Religion of Fraternity.

We pay for every blessing with a price.

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MAY it please the Court, I arise to present certain reasons why judgment should not be passed upon humanity. The time has not yet arrived when it is fair, reasonable, proper or right to judge my kind ❧ Man is not yet created—he is only in process. I have a few excuses to make for him. ¶ Emerson says, "I have not yet seen a man." That is to say, he had never seen a man as excellent as the man he could imagine. And he thought the man that one man could create in imagination would some day become an actual, living reality. Before the act comes the thought; before the building is complete, we draw the plans. This is true in all our activities—we have the feeling, the desire, the idea, the thought, and after this comes the deed. So Deity has the desire for a perfect man, and the universe is working toward that achievement.

All the men we now see are fractional men—parts of men. To get a really great man we have to take the virtues of a score of men and omit the faults.

The great man now is only supremely great after he is well dead, or to people who see him from a distance. To those who have to live with him he is at times more or less of a trial—a tax upon the patience and good nature of his friends. ¶ For the individual, Nature has little thought—her care is for the race. What her intentions are we think we, in part, know. She desires to incarnate herself in the form of perfect men and women. The reason we know this is because it is the chief instinct in the minds of the best and strongest men and women to grow, to evolve, to become. After every achievement comes discontent. After every mountain scaled there are heights beyond. Always and forever we are lured and urged on. Hope, prayer, desire, aspiration are yearnings for perfection. For many this hope of perfection is centered in their children; and with all, in moments of calm, the needle points toward the north. Deity creates through man—we are the Divine Will. ¶ The old idea, now happily discarded by all thoughtful people, that man loves darkness rather than light is a libel on the race and a denial of the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Intelligence. Men have sought to enslave other men, and these slaves struggling with their gyves and fetters have done many things so strange, erratic and violent that it looked like self-destruction, but so far as we know the life of the present race, there has ever been progress and a movement forward. The normal man hungers and yearns after righteousness ❧ It is, of course, admitted that progress has often taken a zigzag course, as ships tack and beat up against the wind at sea, and at times humanity's craft has been becalmed, and we seemingly had lost our reckoning, but such periods of drifting have been followed by a renaissance or lifting of the fog, when the forward movement was true and rapid. ¶ When certain unmarried men, who had lost their capacity to sin, sat indoors, breathing bad air, and passed resolutions about what was right and what was wrong, making rules for the guidance of the people, instead of trusting to the natural, happy instincts of the individual, they ushered in the Dark Ages. These are the gentlemen who blocked human evolution absolutely for a thousand years. They dethroned the Universal Intelligence and set up a theogony founded on bad air, indigestion and fear ❧ And yet in absolute fairness, the fact that there were prehistoric races that have vanished, like the mound-builders, the cliff-dwellers and the Aztecs and left no successors, gives ground for reasoning that these people were self-destroyed, through failure to adjust themselves to the Divine Economy ❧ Then there are the civilizations that once existed in Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome that were destroyed by a failure to obey the divine law, but which in dying, like a rotting log that nourishes a bank of violets, have supplied to us rich legacies of truth and beauty ❧ After all her seeming failure, Nature or the Universal Energy, or God, if you please, persistently kept on filling the hearts of men with a desire for perfection, so to-day millions of people are studying the history of the nations gone, in order that they may avoid the pitfalls of the past.

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A man is a transient, conscious, reasoning manifestation of Universal Energy; and the reason that Nature does not care for the individual is because in dying the man is not destroyed or lost ❧ The particle of energy which made the man has simply changed its form.

The very fact that we now, in this time and place, are trying to understand the present by studying the past, so that we may make a forecast of the future, and help ourselves by helping others, is proof in itself that the heart of the race is right. ¶ The thought of the race for the first time in history is monistic—we are all one. We are part and particle of each other. To injure another is to injure yourself, is becoming fixed in the race instinct. This is the dominant idea of our time—reciprocity. In business the transaction where only one side prospers is immoral. Mutuality is the watchword in all of man's relations with man. Government exists only for the increased happiness of the governed—he that is greatest among you shall be your servant.

These are ideas that have in the past been held by a few, and these precious few have usually been killed for giving expression to their thoughts ❧ Now they are everywhere expressed, and are gradually becoming fixed in the race consciousness. Righteousness will yet become a habit.

❧

We make our money out of our friends, our enemies will not trade with us.

❧



A FEW weeks ago when I was in Chicago I was invited by the manager of a certain High Class Vaudeville—there being no Low Class Vaudeville—to attend his Amateur Night.

No, Terese, no, you are wrong—he did not want me to appear as a performer.

Also, I note your insinuation that if I were to appear I would require no make-up, all of which is filed for future reference. ¶ Now, if you will be so good as to allow me to proceed without further interruption, I will say that I attended and found the place packed with an audience that was waiting as impatiently as did those Sabine Women, for the real program to begin ❧ Amateur Night! That meant to the audience that a choice collection of Would-Be's and Has-Been's were to be tried out, and given an opportunity to bestow on us a taste of their quality.

I will not attempt to describe the performance—the fun was fast and furious, but the real entertainment lay in the fact that the audience was, unconsciously perhaps, a part of the play.

First, came a rather pretty girl, evidently from the cotton factory, and tried to sing, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight." ¶ She announced her subject, and at once a voice from the gallery called back, "Here I am Mammy!" Then she began to sing. Soon there were cries of "The hook—the hook!" Others in the audience took her part and cried "Give her a chance!" But it was no use, the hooks had it ❧ A large Afro-American came in from the wings pushing a big wheelbarrow. He had with him a big hook. The girl was singing away trying to drown the cat-calls from the gallery ❧ The big nigger ran his wheelbarrow up close, reached for her with the hook, gave a dexterous pull and the girl was landed in the wheelbarrow, and was quickly wheeled away, with a fine flutter of kicking red stockings and red skirts, as she disappeared in the wings.

Next, came a Dutchman who began a monologue with, "Boys, I vendt a fishing last veek and vot do you tink I got?"

"The hook!" came the stentorian answer from the King of the Gallery.

On the instant the big nigger appeared with his wheelbarrow and hook, and it was all over really before it began.

Next, came an old Irish market woman. Hers was a peach of a make-up, and the brogue was rich, but you could safely guess she was a man—an amateur man. ¶ Mrs. Flaherty set down her big market basket on the stage, danced a little shuffle, and began to sing.

It was bad singing; however the audience wanted to hear how bad, and so they let her sing ❧ At the third verse there were cries of, "The hook, the hook!"

And soon it was unanimous—the hooks

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had it. The big nigger came on with his big hook and wheelbarrow. He reached for the old woman, but missed. There was a quick scuffle and in an instant the nigger was on his back in the wheelbarrow and the old woman was wheeling him off the stage, talking like a windmill.

In an instant the old woman came back with the hook in her hand, reached for the leader of the orchestra and began to sing.

¶ Now the audience was one combined howl of yells, shouts and laughter.

From the gallery came lemons, carrots, onions, and a big squash that struck on the stage and broke in a hundred pieces.

About this time the old woman opened up her basket which was full of vegetables, and she shot onions and carrots into the pauk-a, dress circle, gallery and private boxes with gatling gun rapidity.

A policeman came running down from the back of the audience, climbed up over the piano, and received a whack with the hook that sent him tumbling back into the orchestra.

Then the big nigger came back—he had evidently been out to Darkietown for help. His honor was at stake.

Ten big niggers made a rush for the old woman, and after a very pretty fight she was loaded on the wheelbarrow and carted away. The curtain fell amidst a din that might have been heard a mile.

Amateurs? No, Terese, professionals, all professionals, and away-up High Class Vaudeville Artists.

How often have I told you that Realism is one thing and Art another! No drunken man can play the part of a drunkard. A genuine unsophisticated farmer on the stage would be worse than ridiculous—he would be pitiful and pitiable. No doubt the original amateur performance was played by amateurs, but it was soon found to be too slow. To get a really good amateur performance, you must have the professional. And it can also be truthfully stated that all first-class professionals are amateurs.

Leave me, I would be alone with my thoughts.

If you don't know what to do, suppose you don't.



PAUL BARTLETT is America's greatest living sculptor, since the passing of Augustus Saint Gaudens. Bartlett is an evolving man; everything he does has some point of superiority over his past work. He is never satisfied — always and forever he is filled with a noble discontent. His last work, "The Lafayette," is packed with heroic feeling. Happy Lafayette! He wore a six and a half hat and there was a Simian slant to his forehead, but what he lacked in brain he made up in heart.

It was that wordy rogue, Ambrose Bierce, who said, "Lafayette's heart was in his head, a space otherwise unoccupied." But Bartlett brings out the best in Lafayette—purpose, faith, unfaltering courage! It is a poem on liberty in bronze ❧ No true American can look upon it without a misty something sweeping over him. Lafayette for us was a pivotal point. Allah sent him.

¶ Paul Bartlett is now in East Aurora making preparations to erect in front of The Roycroft Shop a replica in bronze of his "Michael Angelo." In many respects I hope and believe that Michael Angelo spells Roycroft. Both stand for the dignity and the divinity of labor—both stand for peace, reciprocity, health, industry, persistency and endurance!

When in doubt, mind your own business.



WE must n't go back to Primitive Christianity, or Communism, or Socialism, or Peaceful Anarchy — if these things are desirable we will reach them by going on to them. For us Utopia lies beyond, not behind. If we go back we get graves, dust, silence and forgetfulness ❧ Life consists in going on. Trusts are beneficent, economic factors in our evolution. You say that they do harm; yes, grant it, but they also do a vast amount of good. Every man who lives pollutes the atmosphere, but he usually does something else. It is the trusts that

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gave us the ocean cables, the Trans-Continental Railroads, the Telephones, the Greyhounds of the Sea, and these are the things that give us our dream of a United Mankind. The age is creative, constructive, inventive—we are builders, not destroyers. We are going forward and digging wealth right out of the ground in America at the rate of ten million dollars a day. If we were not a fairly happy and healthy people we could not do this. And the wealth we are producing is being used for the most part, for the benefit of humanity. It is reinvested, not hoarded. Nature is automatic, and kills the man who misuses her gifts.

Wasn't that a queer story they used to tell us about God working for six days and then getting tired and never doing anything afterward!



EACH and every month on the cover of THE FRA there will be a portrait of some friendly, kindly human, say like dear Ol' Joe, who has made two smiles grow where there were no smiles before. These portraits are by our own Fra Gaspardino, who works and plays exclusively for we-uns. The subjects now on the easel are: Walt Whitman, Ben. Lindsey, Ernest Crosby, William Morris, Luther Burbank, Tom Johnson, Marilla Ricker, Wm. Marion Reedy, M. M. Mangasarian.

The folks who do big things are not in bondage to their bodies.

This magazine will make small tax on your time or walletoski and none on your patience and eyesight. He who reads it will never forget it. It has the virtue of being brief, my lords. It makes for health, wealth, happiness, success—brotherhood! And possibly it may arouse in you qualities before unguessed which will prevent you from either stranding on the rocks of disorder or drowning in the shallows of despondency.



HERE are some of the people who are going to help THE FRA to help himself by helping you. These people do not agitate the ether and spar for time—they do things, and all are happier, better because they have lived. They do not spend their days thinking of their thoughts and feeling of their feelings. They all belong by divine right to the American Legion of Honor—they are helping make The American Religion universal—the Religion of Reciprocity Here they are:

TOM L. JOHNSON
LUTHER BURBANK
BEN. B. LINDSEY
ARTHUR BRISBANE
WM. MARION REEDY
PAUL BARTLETT
EMIL G. HIRSCH
DAVID BISPHAM
EDGAR SALTUS
JOHN J. LENTZ
ALFRED HENRY LEWIS
ELLEN TERRY
ROBERT WATCHORN
JOHN BURROUGHS
BYRON KING
H. J. HEINZ
LEVI M. POWERS
HOWARD HEINZ
WM. HAWLEY SMITH
C. W. POST
E. VAN ETTEN
D. M. PARRY
FRANK PUTNAM
W. B. KNISKERN
WILLIAM MULDOON
D. J. FLANDERS
W. H. NEWMAN
R. M. LA FOLLETTE
T. V. POWDERLY
A. SCHILLING
CLIFFORD KING
CLARENCE DARROW
M. M. MANGASARIAN
GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
BOLTON HALL
JAS. J. HILL
THOMAS J. FOSTER
AMBROSE BIERCE
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON
BRAND WHITLOCK
JOSEPH APPEL
MARSHALL P. WILDER
WALTER L. PYLE
RABBI LEONARD LEVY
ALVA ADAMS
HUGH CHALMERS
JOHN L. WHITMAN
THOMAS A. EDISON
ELMER H. BEACH
E. M. POSTON
JACOB H. SCHIFF
ROBERT J. BURDETTE
NATHAN STRAUS
MAY IRWIN
DR. J. H. TILDEN
PAUL MORTON
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MAUDE ADAMS
MARILLA RICKER
JAS. W. VAN CLEAVE
THOMAS E. WATSON
ARTHUR F. SHELDON
GEO. H. DANIELS
ANDREW CARNEGIE
DE WOLF HOPPER
MAX REIBENACK
RABBI FLEISCHER
B. FAY MILLS
CHAMP CLARK
MADISON C. PETERS
HENRY FRANK
WALTER MALONE
JOHN H. PATTERSON
LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES
RODMAN WANAMAKER
LEWIS GODLOVE
JULIA MARLOWE
SAM. ALSCHULER
ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY
MINNIE MADDERN FISKE
JOHN BRISBEN WALKER
RABBI GREIS
ROBLEY D. EVANS
FAY LEWIS
FRANK S. BLACK
ALFRED BARTLETT
I. ZANGWILL

None of these people mentally mince, mouth, jig, amble, cough, sneeze or argufy. They do not apologize for being on earth. They believe in a Power which is in themselves that makes for righteousness They believe in you.

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How to Live a Hundred Years

By Dr. Jean Charcot



LOUIS CORNARO lived one hundred and three years,—sane, sensible and happy. His death was as natural as life. He simply passed away in a quiet sleep from which he forgot to awaken. When past ninety he wrote a treatise on the temperate life and in this book he says, "A man cannot be a perfect physician of any one save of himself alone."

That is to say, no two persons being exactly alike, one person cannot possibly fully understand the needs of another. To follow the maxim of Socrates, "Know Thyself," is sound advice.

¶ To know what is good for one's self and what is bad, and to cleave to the good and avoid the bad, in the main is not difficult. The trouble is, as a people, we have never tried it. We deliberately violate all the laws of health and depend upon doctors to keep us well.

"The sick man is a rascal," said Dr. Johnson. That is, he is a quasi-criminal—one who has slipped his trolley and is out of touch with the currents of the universe.

¶ Our metaphysical friends tell us that it is all a matter of mind and if we have love in our hearts, thinking kindly of everybody, we will be well ❧ The real fact is that people who are poisoned with mal-nutrition cannot think well of themselves or anybody. The ability to love as well as the ability to endure, depends upon the condition of the nerves, and the condition of the nerves depends upon the state of the digestion.

Most of our ills come from overeating, and to overeat is much more common than to overdrink. We have seen White Ribbon Clubs organized all over the world to stop the sale of strong drink, but few people there be who are inclined to block and banish disease that travels by the Gorge Route.

The late Diogenes was once prowling around with his lantern looking for a Roycrofter, when he met a young man in gay attire. The philosopher stopped him and asked, whither? The youth replied that he was going to a feast.

Thereupon Diogenes straightway collared him and taking him to his home, ordered his parents to lock him up until his sanity returned.

Diogenes, he of the Simple Life, may have been a trifle eccentric, but he knew that the midnight supper spelled disease, disintegration and death.

Habit is second nature; that is to say, if you accustom yourself to a certain line of conduct you will be compelled to continue it though it kill you. The mental attitude of most people is the result of bad habits acquired in youth. Bad habits cling with a persistence fully as strong as good ones. For instance, the cigarette or the strong drink habit. The coffee, meat and pancake breakfast is a habit with most people, and it is also a necessity, for what you grow to consider a necessity, is. People who have heart-burn, bad breath, colds, throbbing at the stomach, pain in the side, headache, are all our meat-breakfast friends—there are no exceptions ❧ All these pleasant symptoms just named are the result of food poisoning. The person has stowed his hold with such a finely assorted cargo of indigestibles that nature pauses perplexed. Fermentation follows, and the individual is but an animated garbage can.

AS a people we are twenty-five per cent sick, through eating twenty-five per cent more food than our digestive apparatus can care for.

The no-breakfast plan has the disadvantage of being revolutionary—contrary to our fixed habit—you are aware of missing something, and a strong effort of the will is required to cut it out ❧ This inward struggle uses up good energy. Often the best way of overcoming temptation is to succumb to it ❧ Our no-breakfast friends usually explain the fact to all who will lend an ear—they are always aware they have had no breakfast. Forget it they can not. Good health does not demand that we deprive ourselves of all that appetite craves—simply be moderate ❧ To limit breakfast to fruit, toast and one cup of coffee, is not difficult, and soon becomes delightful for most people. And the result for brain-workers, who have been addicted to the meat-breakfast habit, will at once be felt in a great sense of ease and clearness of mind ❧ The simple cereal and cream habit means increased length of days. To force your boiler is to have it filled with slag, making the boiler doctor necessary. And occasionally you are told to shut down and have a flue or two removed in order to prevent collapse.

¶ An enlightened people who prize health should make it a rule to eat at least one meal a day without meat, and two may be better.

If we could acquire the habit of health thru

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temperate living, the century run would be the rule and not the rare exception. As it is, most men die at a time when they are just becoming fitted to live.

Having tried a lot of things and found them faulty, we begin to get wise when Death with his scythe comes over the hill.

JOHN BURROUGHS describes old age as a letting go—a gradual lessening of interest in things which you once thought were vital. And with this letting go should come, and usually does, a glad relief. The fear of poverty, the dread of loss, apprehension concerning social position, the desire for approbation, all these slip away in the person of a well-ordered mind as the years advance. The desire to kill things dies, and all the great living, pulsing world of nature seems a little closer, nearer, dearer, more beautiful. And then for the first time we have leisure to think, contemplate and enjoy. Then for the first time we realize that nothing much matters after all.

Then is the time to enjoy. The individual is cosmopolitan—people interest more than persons.

But this fine life of the intellect can only go with the temperate life, the life of moderation.

Let us look to ourselves for health, not to the doctors. People who are forever taking note of their sensations and who send for a doctor if they feel bad, instead of figuring out in their own minds why they feel bad and avoiding the cause, are candidates for the ether cone. Those who are given to the luxuries of the table are preparing for the pleasures of the operator's table.

The average length of life would be increased immensely if we would just begin to "Know Thyself." As it is now, we depend on the doctors to cure us if we are sick, and if worse comes to worst, we are fully prepared to go to the hospital and have the surgeon remove the inflamed organ ❧ Would n't it be better to so live that no inflammation would follow?

Disease comes only to those who have been preparing for it. Disease is a sequence postponed by Nature as long as she can, and then, discouraged, she says, "Let 'er go—back to the Mass!"

Beginners on the bicycle run into the object they seek to avoid. The doctor and the hospital are in our minds, we think disease, not happiness and health ❧ Health is within our reach—it costs nothing—only the effort which soon grows into a pleasurable habit. Ask any doctor of any school if I am not right? Why not acquire the Health Habit?

Here is the formula:

FIRST—Deep breathing in the open air with your mouth closed.

SECOND—Moderation in eating—simple dishes—Fletcherize.

THIRD—Exercise at least an hour in the open each day, walking, working in the garden, playing with the children.

FOURTH—Sleep eight hours in a thoroughly ventilated room.

FIFTH—Drink all the water between meals you care to.

SIXTH—Don't bother to forgive your enemies—just forget them.

SEVENTH—Keep busy—it is a beautiful world, and we must and will and can leave it more beautiful than we found it.

❧

CALLING in love is the beginning of all wisdom, all sympathy, all compassion, all art, all religion; and in its larger sense is the one thing in life worth doing.

❧

People who give you something for nothing usually equalize the matter by expecting something for nothing in return.

❧

My Punishment

By Ernest Crosby



MY punishment is what I am.
Chains, prisons, solitary cells,
are but faint shadows of it.
And I am also my own
reward;
For a strain of heaven too has
somehow worked itself into
my substance.
I am the product of my own
good and evil.
Why should I judge and
punish you, when we all
judge and punish ourselves?
I judge you?
Who made me a judge over you?
What do I know about you?
What do I know about myself?
I sometimes think that I condemn myself
on inadequate evidence.
Is not the fact of being born a man or a
woman an all-sufficient extenuating
circumstance?

❧

Science is Classified Superstition often.

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The Mission of the Municipal University

By Charles Ferguson



DEMOCRACY is the standing together of men who could stand alone. The democratic idea is the establishment of law on a basis of moral and intellectual liberty—the association of those whose bond of union is no contract or conventionality, but a common love for what is real and fine. The historic problem of democratic society is simply this: How to effect a working organization of the Independents, so that they shall hold the balance of power over all classes and special interests.

So long as the men that do their own thinking and feeling are dissociated, the public interest must continue to be overruled by a privileged class of one sort or another. It is necessary that the Independents get together.

And it is not enough that they should rally to the hurry-call of special emergencies. For thus their raw levies must always be flanked and cut to pieces by the trained battalions of sect and party. Independency must be institutionalized. The men who will not go with a crowd merely because it is a crowd must learn to support one another with steadiness and discipline, all the year round.

But how can this be? To what standard shall they repair who are declassed, departizaned? The answer has been old for hundreds of years. The standard is that of the university ❧ It is high time that it be made clear what the university is—stripped to its essence and disembarrassed of the caricatures that accident has put upon it.

The university is the incorporation of unclassed minds—the phalanx of free spirits. It is the World-Historic League of the Independents ❧ It invites all men to associate themselves for the advancement of the arts and sciences. For that is the only possible manner of association that can socialize men in the very process of individualizing them—binding them ever closer together in the degree that each is true to his own genius.

The university exists to subdue the earth and build beautiful cities—to make the human spirit ever more and more at home in the material world. It assumes that this work is the proper aim of human life, involving all the finer and spiritual issues as well as the coarser and material ones. It assumes that human happiness consists in the realizing of ideals, that the life of a man is essentially creative and does not consist in abundance of possessions but in power and opportunity to "make good." ¶ Thus the university takes it for granted that there is no substantial opposition between the welfare of one human being and that of any and all others. All private rights are included under the general head of the right to work—including the right to have and hold such tools and materials to work with, as the individual can handle and society can afford. In this conception of rights all private interests are conciliated since everybody's income is increased with the bettering of anybody's power to produce real values. Liberty, equality and fraternity are meaningless words so long as the civil constitution is conceived of otherwise than as a general partnership for the raising of the standard of living. The fulfillment of democracy requires that the law shall be penetrated with the university spirit ❧ The law must become technological—an agreement of men's minds on artistic-scientific grounds, guaranteeing promotion to the efficient, tools to those that can use them.

The recurring economic crises are due to the fact that the control of industry is not in the hands of engineers and masters of arts, seeking to increase the power of men over nature—but of financial magnates whose aim is to increase their own power over the mass of the people. Under such conditions the periodical deadlock is inevitable because the motive force that sets going the wheels of industry is the desire of the great financiers to "make money;" i. e., to augment their legal claims against society at large. It follows that the wheels must slow down or cease to turn whenever the masses show signs of inability to meet these rising claims. Thus the social energy is turned against itself. Every hectic fever of prosperity is succeeded by a creeping chill of misery—which continues until war, pestilence or famine has wasted the accumulated stores of goods and opened up to the great financiers new vistas of money-making. The way of escape from these convulsions, with their entail of racial exhaustion and degeneracy, is this: The initiative and control of the great industry must pass from the hands of the masters of money into the hands of the technicians, the masters of materials.

The work of the university, as a civic organization, is to mediate this change. The method is as simple as the aim. This

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is to be accomplished by raising up an effective public demand for better and cheaper service. The public demand must be raised so high that only technological experts can meet the legal conditions that are imposed.

The body of civilization has lain prostrate under the spoilers. Everybody's business has been nobody's ❧ Every interest has been clamorous—except the public interest. Hitherto there has been no such thing in American communities as an organized public intelligence competent to define and exact the reasonable demands of artistic and scientific progress. The militant university now offers its great historic tradition—its heritage of seven hundred years—in response to this crying need.

The university is the soul of the free city. For no city that is devoid of a communal intelligence can be other than base and servile, a helpless prey to plutocracy and the mob.

The spirit of the university crosses all political frontiers, and in all lands offers to men of all conditions its franchise of voluntary servitude—its promise of power and tools, an assured career and a comradeship of understanding, to all civilizers. This League of the Independents is of world-scope, an international republic of science and the humanities. There is in it a latency of spiritual power to dissolve the fabric of empires and abolish the ancient racial hates.

The Master of History touches the lips of faith with a glowing word out of the old altar-fires. ¶ "For the university, the free city and the federation of the world!"

❧

Recipe for having friends—be one.

❧

Heredity and Environment

By Luther Burbank



WAS brought up in a family like most of you and my eyes have always been wide open when something appeared which promised to be useful to myself or others. Among other things flowers and children never escape my notice, but children respond to ten thousand subtle influences which leave no more impression on a plant than they would on a Sphinx. You may say, "Well, what do you know about children?" Anything we love, we study, and I have observed that in searching for good teachers you do not choose parents of large families on account of their superior knowledge of children ❧ You generally select those who have no families of their own, do you not? Therefore, as one of the latter class, I claim the privilege of saying a word for the helpless little victims.

Some time ago I accorded a St. Louis clergyman a five-minute interview, the result of which is that I have been plunged into the arena of child culture, and fantastic words have been put in my mouth which were never uttered, especially in placing environment so far above heredity. They are on the average equal; in fact, life is a fluctuating balance between these two lines of energy. Sometimes one holds the reins, sometimes the other, but both are always in action where there is life.

On this subject even many alleged scientists seem very much muddled, and how can those who do not make it a special study be expected to have well-defined ideas on it?

Biologically considered, each human being is only an outside expression of the great tree of human life, and what I shall here say to you is in the belief that any subject is better understood when seen from several slightly different and divergent points of view.

The great questions at stake are: Which has the more influence in building the life of a child, heredity or environment? And, Are acquired characters inherited? My own observations prove that all characters that are inherited have once been acquired, and that heredity is only the sum of all these past environments, which, if impressed on the heredity long and strong enough in any specific direction, will become a part of heredity itself, and this new heredity, already slightly changed by these late environments will have to meet new environments as before, which will by repetition become fixed in the ever new and constantly fluctuating heredity.

Did you ever think what is the most pliable and the most precious product of all the ages? It is not pigs, mules, books or locomotives, cotton or corn—but children ❧ Children cannot all be treated alike; each has his or her special individuality, which is the most valuable of all endowments. If all were alike no progress could be made, and right here comes the weakest point in the present educational systems.

I have long been studying on the intricate complexity of the action of hereditary and environmental forces on life, both in plants and in man, and these comparisons and deductions came clearly, sharply and naturally.

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"IT is said that to improve a child we should begin with the grandparents. This is only a half-truth, which perhaps had better never been said. Do not waste any of your time on grandparents unless you commence on them in earliest pliable childhood. If we hope for any improvement of the human race we must begin with the child, as the child responds more readily to environment than any creature in existence. The change may come in the first generation, and it may not. It may not show at all for many generations, but patience and constant attention will finally be rewarded in the survival of the most beautiful, the most precious or the fittest, whichever you may wish to call it.

You all know that some great force is necessary to change the aspect of minerals and metals. Powerful acids, great heat, electricity, mechanical force or some such influence must be brought to bear upon them. Less potent influences will work a complete change in plant life. Mild heat, sunshine, slight change in atmosphere and greatly diluted chemicals, will all directly affect the growth of the plant and the production of fruits and flowers. And when we come to animal life, especially in man, we find that the force or influence necessary to effect a transformation is extremely slight. This is why environment plays such an important part in the development of man.

In child-rearing, environment is equally essential with heredity. Mind you, I do not say that heredity is of no consequence! It is the great factor, and often makes environment almost powerless ❧ When certain hereditary tendencies are almost indelibly ingrained, environment will have a hard battle to effect a change in the child, but that a change can be wrought by the surroundings we all know ❧ The particular subject may at first be stubborn against these influences, but repeated application to the same modifying forces in succeeding generations will at last accomplish the desired object.

All animal life is sensitive to environment. You can change the oyster by gradually changing its environment, and you know the oyster is a very low type of life. Take an ox, a horse, a dog, a man, and that which often counts most in the development of each is environment; but of all living things the child is the most sensitive. Surroundings act upon it as the outside world acts upon the plate of the camera; every possible influence acting exteriorly will leave its impress upon the child, and the traits which it inherited will be overcome to a certain extent, in many cases being even more apparent than heredity. The child is like a cut diamond, its many facets receiving sharp, clear impressions not possible to a pebble, with this difference, however, that the changes wrought in the child from the influences without, become constitutional and ingrained. A child absorbs environment. It is the most susceptible thing in the world to influence, and if that force be applied rightly and constantly when the child is in its greatest receptive condition the effect will be pronounced, immediate and permanent.

There is no doubt that if a child with a vicious temper be placed in an environment of peace and quiet the temper will change ❧ Put a boy born of gentle white parents among Indians and he will grow up like an Indian. Let the child born of criminal parents have a setting of morality and decency, and the chances are that he will not grow into a criminal but to an upright man. I do not say that heredity will not sometimes assert itself, of course. When the criminal instinct crops out in an individual it might appear as if environment were leveled to the ground, but in succeeding generations the effect of constant higher environment will not fail to become fixed.

We in America form a nation with the bloods of half the peoples of the world within our veins. We are more crossed than any other nation in the history of the world, and here we meet exactly the same results that are always seen in a much crossed race of plants; all the worst as well as all the best qualities of each are brought out in their fullest intensities, and right here is where selective environment counts ❧ All the necessary crossing has been done, and now comes the work of elimination, the work of refining, until we shall get an ultimate product that will be the finest human race which has ever been known. It is perhaps this country which will produce that race. Many years will pass before the finished work is attained, but it is sure to come. The characteristics of the many peoples that make up this nation will show in the composite with many of the evil characteristics removed and the finished product will be the race of the future.

In my work with plants and flowers I introduce color here, shape there, size or perfume, according to the product desired. In such processes the teachings of nature are always followed. Its great forces only are employed. All that has been done for plants and flowers by crossing, nature has already accomplished for the American people. By the crossings of bloods strength

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has in one instance been secured, in another intellectuality, in still another moral force. Nature alone could do this. The work of man's head and hand has not yet been summoned to prescribe for the development of a race ❧ A preconceived and mapped-out crossing of bloods has found no place in the making of peoples and nations ❧ But when nature has already done its duty and the crossing leaves a product which in the rough displays the best human attributes, all that is left to be done falls to selective environment.

Man has by no means reached the ultimate. The fittest has not yet survived. In the process of elimination the weaker must fall, but the battle has changed its base from brute force to mental integrity. We now have what are popularly known as five senses, but there are men of strong minds whose reasoning has rarely been at fault and who are coldly scientific in their methods, who attest to the possibility of yet developing a sixth sense. Who is he that can say man will not develop new senses as evolution advances? Psychology is now studied in the public schools throughout the country, and that study will lead to a greater knowledge of these subjects. The man of the future age will prove quite a different order of being from that of the present ❧ He will look upon us as we to-day look upon our ancestors.

Statistics show many things to make us pause, but after all the proper point of view is that of the optimist ❧ The time will come when insanity will be reduced, suicides and murders will be fewer and man will become a being of fewer mental troubles and bodily ills. Wherever you have a nation in which there is no variation there is comparatively little insanity or crime, or exalted morality or genius. Here in America, where the variation is greatest, statistics show a greater percentage of all these variations.

As time goes on in its endless and ceaseless course, environment will crystallize the American nation. Its varying elements will become unified and the weeding-out process will probably leave the finest human product ever known. The color, the perfume, the size and form that are placed in plants will have their analogies in the composite, the American of the future.

And now, what will hasten this development most of all? The proper rearing of children. Don't feed children on maudlin sentimentalism or dogmatic religion; give them nature. Let their souls drink in all that is pure and sweet ❧ Rear them, if possible, amid pleasant surroundings. If they come into the world with souls groping in darkness, let them see and feel the light. Don't terrify them in early life with the fear of an after world. There never was a child that was made more noble and good by the fear of a hell. Let nature teach them the lessons of good and proper living, combined with an abundance of well-balanced nourishment. Those children will grow up to be the best men and women. Put the best in them by contact with the best outside. They will absorb it as a plant does the sunshine and the dew.

❧

So long as we love we serve, and no man is useless while he subscribes for THE FRA.

❧

The Optimist

By Leigh Mitchell Hodges



NOW Peter the Great in many ways escaped being a model man, hence he will serve our present purpose better than George Washington ❧ For it is written of that racketing Russ that when any one began unfolding the faults of another in his presence, he would interrupt to ask:

"But has he not a bright side? Come, tell me what you have noticed as excellent in him."

Of which words Peter's tongue may or may not have been wholly guiltless ❧ It matters little, however, who says good things so long as they are said. Happily commonsense is like cloth, in that its wearing qualities are not dependent upon the person who passes it over the counter.

AND it evidences commonsense to be constantly on the lookout for what is bright, beautiful, kind and true in men and things ❧ For we are passing through a world wherein is much darkness of degradation and fog of fuming and we need just such lights to guide us on the way.

And since there are at least two sides to every man and matter, and one must be more bright because it is more right, it's the best of business to keep the messenger-boys of your soul,—your brain and eyes,—running after the brighter.

Do you ever think seriously of living as the supreme business of man?

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PSYCHOLOGY, the science of the soul, teaches that disposition and character are more acutely influenced by our surroundings than by anything else. The theory is that we reflect our environment. Experience proves this.

What you see and think modifies your nature, also what you say. And what you give out is largely determined by what you have taken in. The best mill cannot grind good flour from poor wheat, nor the best mental and spiritual equipment grow sweet fruit from lemon seeds.

So it's your high duty to insist upon seeing and getting at the best of every one with whom you come in contact.

AND t' [illegible] at least you'll find this periodical will give points to printers. And it will show advertisers how to do it

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INSIST thus and it shall be so ❧ Not always, but in a majority of instances. And the deeper you have to dig, the more valuable your reward.

Few minerals or precious stones are found on the surface of the earth. As a rule, those worth most are least attractive in the natural state ❧ Anthracite coal at seven dollars a ton is prettier than diamonds in the rough.

What is true in Nature we find, with few exceptions, to be true among men. Great souls are ofttimes housed in hovel-bodies. Virtue hangs out no gilded signs ❧ The least attractive personal exteriors conceal delights and benefits unnumbered.

WHAT you seek you find, as a rule. ¶ Go into the forest looking for ant-hills and the Lilliputian peaks will hide from you great oaks and aged boulders. Search the crowd for bitterness and you will get gall enough to flavor your food many days. Trail beauty and every human hedge provides a quarry.

For it is man's nature to want to satisfy the searcher.

THERE is more of good in men than we think. None would dispute this did all seek the better side ❧ And were it so, more of that better side would be shown. ¶ For no person ever sinks so low as to lose all pride in such virtues as yet cling to the derelict, and it is one of the master-facts that a few virtues always survive, even at the bottom of the pit.

THERE is some good in every being and the wise man seeks this ❧ Persisting in his quest, he awakes one fine morning to the most comfortable consciousness that can come to the heart,—the realization of happiness.

From the fields of humanity—thick-set with weeds and poison-plants, I grant you—he has culled a brainful of flowers. Life smells sweet to him. It is good to look upon. He is not ignorant of its evils. Often he had to push them aside to get at the good. ¶ "But it was worth while" he says, smiling.

And it IS worth while!

❧

It is a very old doctrine—this idea of Brotherhood of Man—taught by a few, but only within a very short time has the world begun to set its watch by it. Business now recognizes the science of brotherhood—you help me and I'll help you.

❧

The Immature Mind

By Alice Hubbard



DURING the Renaissance in literature of the Eighteenth Century, women came up for discussion, and like Banquo's ghost, would not down, primarily because they were a part of this great awakening. They came up for discussion and were pigeonholed, that is, they were labeled and their status decided upon. ¶ Sir William Blackstone had made his commentary and fixed woman's place legally. Schopenhauer found that his mother's ability made something rankle in his heart, and he declared his opinion of woman's mental standing.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan had made ridiculous some of the sciolism about woman's incapacity and frailty, and everybody laughed. Mary Wollstonecraft had written her "Vindication of the Rights of Women," with an honesty and sincerity which has left a deep impress even to this day ❧ ❧

The subject of the position of woman was, however, considered settled by the law throughout Europe—hers was an undeveloped mentality—an immature mind. ¶ At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century there was a little man over in Germany named Friedrich Froebel who had growing ideas about education. Educated men scoffed at his philosophy and

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his theories. But he taught the children just the same—in the woods, on the street, anywhere that he could gather them ❧ And he found that his only followers were the women and the children's "other mothers"—the girls from ten to fourteen, who cared for their little brothers and sisters while the real mother toiled in the fields. And Froebel said something like this: Yes, it is true as they say ❧ Men's minds are mature, full grown, complete. They are incapable of taking on any further development ❧ They have no capacity for evolving any farther. They believe that education comes by pouring in facts and their minds are full and running over. There is no hope for them.

And it is true that woman's mind is immature—she is still a child, still capable of evolution, development ❧ Woman's ability to evolve, to take new ideas and work out a better civilization is the hope of humanity. And Froebel placed his dependence upon the undeveloped mind and saw it begin to evolve the race. His first appeal was to the little "other mother" and she in time became his assistant and he hers, and then she was the "school-mother," or, as provincially expressed, "the school-marm."

Froebel did not see that high schools for girls, women's colleges, "co-ed" universities, women's clubs and an open sesame to all professions and all business, were to be results in a few generations of his hope in the immature mind. Froebel knew the thought that Jesus had when he said, "Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." ❡ Froebel knew that the little "other mothers" were to be the mothers of the race and said, "To educate and evolve the race, we must educate the mothers." He also said, "It will take at least seven generations of civilized women to evolve a civilized nation."

It was said that woman had no sense of humor, or a brain capable of enduring continued and arduous mental study; no creative ability or inventive power ❧ Froebel took this for granted and wasted no time in denying it or arguing about it. ❡ We who evolve have but one thing to do, and that is to develop such power. Erasmus was taunted with the assertion that he had no name. "Very well," he said, "I will make one for myself."

The mature mind is the mind of the provincial, who sees but one way, knows but a single province and whose mind is full of but one thought. He is the oyster who carries his world with him and shuts himself in if you offer him an idea: the blue-bottle on the wheel of a chariot. "We never did it that way before!" "Who ever heard of such a thing!" The fulsome egotism of the mature mind of the merry villager or agrarian or provincial of the city, leaves no crack or cranny whereby a new idea can be gotten into his brain without trepanning.

"Liberty means responsibility ❧ That is why most men dread it," said Bernard Shaw.

For women to become economically free means more responsibility, and because they dread and are afraid of responsibility is the reason many yet prefer to be beggars and serfs ❧ Economic freedom for woman means that we shall teach every girl in our land a trade or a profession whereby she can earn her living. It means more than that. It means that we must see to it that she earns her living: that we blot out pauperism from all respectable families, and from our hearts and minds: that we demand there shall be no more pauper desires of wanting something for nothing: that we remove from our boasted land of the free and home of the brave the curse of charity, and the sin of giving something for nothing. This education will be needed by fathers, husbands, lovers and brothers fully as much as by mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters. Then we must educate our minds from the provincial—which sees only what has been done by the province in which we live—to the universal which, Janus like, sees what history reveals and from this gains the prophetic vision of what we must do to evolve into Man.

❧

And, by the way, no advertisement will be allowed to appear in these pages which is not believed to be all and exactly what is claimed for it. We will not tempt our subscribers by placing before them things in which we ourselves would not invest.

❧

ALL the good things of the world have come up from the people, grow up from below, from the roots, if you please. Even God Himself, with all His chemistry, with all His power, and with all His knowledge, has never been able to fashion a great man or a noble woman either in the palace or in the castle ❧ He finds it necessary, when he wants a Jesus of Nazareth, to go to the manger; when He needs an Abraham Lincoln He goes to a humble and mean little cabin.—Lentz.

❧

"The lucky dog" is the man who works and works intelligently.

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THE FRA

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA



SPASM of horror swept over the country a few weeks ago, when one hundred and seventy-four children were caught in a fire trap at Collingwood and killed. ¶ Yet now we are getting ready to destroy, or irreparably wound and injure, at least five thousand children exactly as we have done once a year for several decades. ¶ The instruments of death are deliberately being purchased, placed on sale, advertised in alluring lines, and on July Fourth, the massacre will be at its maximum.

Last year there were reported, in the large cities alone, over three hundred deaths from lockjaw, following injury to hands; four hundred and forty persons lost one eye, and over a hundred children were reported as having both eyes blown out by explosives on this one day.

Hardly a village can be found in America, where there are not armless or sightless beings who are living out lingering deaths, victims of this violent way of expressing "patriotism." ¶ In every city and village care is now being taken to see that Collingwood's disaster shall not occur again.

So great is the feeling of shame, remorse and revulsion at Collingwood that many families have moved away from that suburb, and there is an effort being made to change the name of the place.

We would forget the slaughter of the innocents. ¶ At Collingwood silence came to the stricken children almost instantly. Suffocation means quick insensibility and the passing is painless.

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There were no maimed and suffering at Collingwood—death was merciful.

But in this matter of the destruction of life and property on July Fourth, we are making active preparation to repeat it with all its lingering variations.

The tragedies are so scattered—and although we know that deaths will surely follow, we are inwardly praying that it will not be our loved ones that shall perish.

Aside from the lives lost and the human bodies mutilated, there is an annual average loss from accidental fires, in America, of about five million dollars, traceable to fireworks. The money spent in these diabolical Chinese inventions is also over five million dollars. We pass laws to keep out Chinese, but we let in the worst thing they manufacture.

What have we to show for this?

I'll tell you: Noise, distracted nerves, smoke, fire, sightless eyes, maimed hands, powder-blown faces and corpses of little boys and girls. And a debit entry in money of ten million dollars

Is the life of one innocent, little prattling toddler worth the fun?

Whose toddler?

Why, yours!

Yes, we shut out the Chinese by law, but we welcome their diabolic Noise, Stench and Smoke and pay them good money—and we also pay the lares and penates a bonus in blood

The Chinese are not so bad as we are, for they only make these things to sell—mostly to Christians. They say, "We supply a demand, and if you did n't want them we would not make them."

An educated Chinese writes me that there are many towns in China where it is a crime to fire off a firecracker.

With us the innocent little firecracker is giving place to a "giant cracker," and the toy pistol is replaced with blank cartridges and a sure-enough pistol, with the I-did n't-know-it-was-loaded story, set in electrotype.

Do not blame the children for these things. If we prohibited the sale of useless explosives, there would be none sold. Men drink whisky in silence, but the bomb advertises its own futility

Now that a wave of prohibition is sweeping over the land, let us prohibit disgrace for which no argument can be made.

Do not blame the children—it is the full grown men and women who set the example. These city lawyers, preachers, railroad officials, storekeepers, college professors and bankers who go to the country on July Fourth and desecrate the day—they are the people to blame! They have educated our children to think that Noise stands for love of country, when behind it all is the lust to break loose and indulge for a day in savagery, and wallow in the unusual.

I reckon we really have n't stopped to think about it—that is all. So much noise has been made that we could n't hear ourselves think. ¶ Then we are such a busy people!

But let us get together now and boycott the cracker, explaining the matter to our boys and girls—they will understand. We will not be robbing them of anything. There are hundreds of ways to have fun, aside from explosives. Let us be men and women, not wild savages. ¶ Let us protect the children.

NO man should dogmatize excepting on the subject of theology. Here he can take his stand, and by throwing the burden of proof on the opposition, he is invincible. We have to die to find out whether he is right.



INGERSOLL once said he would believe in hell when Kentucky went Republican.

And now Kentucky has not only gone Republican, but it has practically gone Prohibition, a thing which Ingersoll, with all his gifted imagination, never conceived as possible even in his most impassioned flights.

That the entire South should emancipate itself from the slavery of King Alcohol, and this without any outside help in the way of argument, agitation or coercion, forms an epoch in history

And now the North, seeing what the South has done, is getting ready to fall into line. Here is an instance where Arkansas has set Massachusetts a pace. Distillery Stock in the South is way below par, but New England rum is still rampant.

Religious sentiment and emotionalism has had very little, if anything, to do with this Prohibition tidal wave. It is a question of economics, not ethics

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The open saloon and the stand-up bar is a menace and a curse. Why the best intelligence of the South should come to this conclusion, seemingly all at once, is the most hopeful sign of the century. The calm, cool, sure and strong way the whole thing has happened, we would regard as miraculous, if the entire fabric of fetich and belief in miracles were not also sailing away with the demijohn and jug.

The North has always regarded the South with a kind of patronizing pity, when high questions of pith and moment were involved, but now behold a New South where science and commonsense are joining hands and the Religion of Humanity is welcomed by alert and receptive minds!

I have just completed a little tour of the South, covering seven states ❧ I spoke in a score of towns and cities, where I had spoken eight years ago. This time I had larger audiences, and I am sure, of a better calibre than I met before. I keyed the theme higher and got a better hearing. Possibly I have changed a bit, too, but I am sure the change is not all on my side. The gun-toting habit is going with the bottle. ¶ The South has the money to pay for what it needs. The financial panic touched it lightly. The signs of the times show an unmistakable intellectual and financial awakening ¶ A white-haired Colonel said to me in half apology for lack of a sideboard, "Prohibition is mighty inconvenient at times, but I can stand it better than to see idling, carousing and occasional shooting, although they do say I used to shoot a little, myself, once. The trouble is, whisky was bought by those who could least afford it—white and black—and the women and children were the sufferers. The negroes around here now have more clothes, better houses—and some of them have books, where before the money went for strong drink. It sounds strange, I know, but I have n't touched liquor in a year. I 'll drink open or not at all—and so I do not drink at all, and I find myself just as well off. Come and we'll work the pump!"

And we worked the pump.

❧

The conservative keeps the reformer from going too fast and plucking the fruit before it is ripe ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧



OLD books are bum books, usually. ¶ If you use the word "new" instead of "old," you may also be near truth.

In many colleges are to be found a vast array of books presented to their Alma Mater by loving alumni.

These books were mostly the private property of doctors and preachers, who "left" them, not being able to take them along. An orthodox preacher's library is an obsolete library, because theology as a science is an exploded proposition, ranking with augury, palmistry and astrology. Christology, baptism, the condition of the heathen who never heard of Christ, the difference between a venial and mortal sin, the immorality of marrying one's deceased wife's grandmother, the nature of the unpardonable sin, the punishment of the blasphemer, the apostolic succession, the nature of a sacrament, which day is the Sabbath and how to observe it, the location of infants who died unbaptized, the fall of Adam, are all lumber that has burdened the minds of so-called educated men. They are questions about nothing, conjured forth from fearing pedantic minds on mistaken premises, and lead nowhere but to confusion, ten times confounded ❧ A science founded on a false hypothesis is no science at all.

Therefore, theology is a bum science.

Likewise—the soft pedal there, Professor, please—the science of medicine is an exploded science. It is founded on the idea that man's physical economy is not automatic; that it needs an engineer and demands as much tinkering as a gasoline engine. Those amateur automobilists who sleep ill, and in their dreams get out of bed and crawl underneath, monkeying with the slats until day-light does appear, symbol the learned men of medicine who lectured, wrote and practiced on our slats, say twenty-five years ago.

Then the doctors were sure they were right. Now they have abandoned the methods of curing which they practiced twenty-five years ago, and admit that then they really knew nothing ❧ ❧

Do they know any more now? ❧ They have called in the police to protect them in a monopoly under the pretense of protecting the people. That is, they have passed laws making

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it a misdemeanor for any one to practice medicine save as the individual practiced as they did. The irregulars have doubtless cured just as many patients as the orthodox doctors; and always you were safer in the hands of an ignoramus who knew he didn't know, than in the hands of an allopath who was sure he did.

¶ In the good old days the patients who eluded the nurse and violated the doctor's orders were the ones who got well ❧ The others lived or died, as the case may be. The giving of iron in every prescription, by the old-time doctor, in the firm belief that it would give the sick man strength, mirrors the general superstition and ignorance of the craft. The young medicus who always prescribes for his girl, going over her cosmos for symptoms, catechizing her as to her feelings, is the true type of the zealous practitioner of Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-five ❧ ❧

With a brand-new materia medica, and scores of irregulars "healing" cases that the regulars pronounced incurable, and large numbers of men and women tabuing medicine absolutely, and still not enjoying poor health, the best physicians are seeing the handwriting on the wall and pinning their faith to diatetics, fresh air, exercise and mental equanimity.

The medical books record nearly three hundred distinct diseases, with specific remedies for each. The medical fledglings, like the good old hard-shells of our youth, diagnose the cases and straightway give the poor patient a repository, a suppository, a supposition, a sedition, a sedative, a stimulant, a pastelle, a capsule, a bolus or an early riser. They shove things down your throat, rub stuff on you, inject things into you and cut things out of you—all in the name of harmony and happiness.

A man has a quarrel with his wife, or gets into a lawsuit, and he'll probably have either a cold in the head, acute indigestion, sciatica, mastoiditis, hemorrhoids, neuritis, rheumatism, or inflamed eyes. Keep it up and he'll have Bright's disease, fatty degeneration of the cerebellum, "aspasia," locomotor ataxia or creeping paralysis.

My heart goes out to the honest doctor who knows that what are called diseases are merely symptoms of general conditions, and no disease can be cured until the patient changes his mode of life, and gets a new thinkery.

The fallacy of specific drugs for specific ills, lies in the fact that no two human bodies are alike, any more than two voices or two faces are alike. One man thrives on what is poison to another. I eat strawberries and like them. My neighbor would die in a week if he ate them.

¶ Drugs set up unknown fermentations, fomentations and chemical actions in the human system, and have after or secondary effects, which no physician can foretell, simply because nature never duplicates a physical body.

MAN is a creating animal, and the natural desire of the child to "make things" should never be discouraged ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

¶ An elaborate system of medicine, like an elaborate system of morals, ends in sciolism, pedantry and priggishness. In both cases a few plain rules suffice. In morals one man's liberty ends where another man's rights begin. The Golden Rule covers the question. As to health, it is simply a matter of moderate eating, regular sleep, systematic work and outdoor exercise; and above all things the preservation of the kindly attitude of mind as opposed to that of indifference, contempt or hate. Hate means a hot-box and sand in the bearings, while love lubricates all the affairs of life ❧

❧

Civilization is the expeditious way of doing things ❧ ❧

❧



ONCE in tramping along a country lane in England, I stopped to admire some very wonderful roses that grew in clusters over the door of a little stone cottage.

¶ As I stood there a woman came out of the cottage carrying a baby; there were two other babies tugging at her dress. And this woman said to me in the sweetest and gentlest manner, "Would you mind if I should give you one of the roses?" and she clipped off one with her scissors and handed it to me.

The action of the woman was so gentle, generous and gracious that I was surprised, and when I tried to express my thanks I only stammered and said it was a fine day and looked like rain.

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Then I bethought me I was in the land of tips, and I felt in my pocket for silver. But the woman stopped me and said, "Oh, I would never take money for a rose—but you are an American and my brother lives in America and perhaps you will see him and tell him that you saw me and the children."

Then she gave me her name and her brother's name—he lived in Illinois or Colorado, she could not say which—it was surely one of these. I promised to hunt up her brother. Then we shook hands and I patted the three babies on the head and went away. ¶ I have forgotten the woman's name and the name of her brother, but the incident of meeting her, and the big red rose with the morning dew upon it, —these are still with me.

Why? Because she had charm of manner, and that is the rarest and finest thing in the world. To have charm of manner, you do not have to be rich, educated nor handsome—for certainly this woman, I have mentioned, was none of these. She was just honest, gracious and considerate and so natural in her actions that she was impressive.

Once in Wanamaker's I wished to buy a cake of soap. The saleswoman showed me a kind at fifteen cents a cake, that I rather liked. She told me the price and then said, "But here is a kind that we can sell two cakes for a quarter —you see it is a little larger cake, and while not certain, I believe you will like it better, or just as well. I am sure that you want the best!" ¶ "Give me four cakes of that last," I said and slapped down a half dollar.

Really I only wanted one cake of soap, because I had forgotten to put a cake in my valise, and I would be back home in two days, anyway; but that girl's charm of manner caught me. She was gracious, so kindly and so interested in pleasing me, and worked in such a delicate little compliment, that in some way, I felt as though she had taken her scissors and snipped off a big red rose, the dew still on it, for me. Not all the people in Wanamaker's have charm of manner—this charm that is born of concentration and consideration. To have charm of manner you must have both respect for yourself and for the other person. Had that Wanamaker girl been bold, or forward, it would have dissipated her charm—she was simply natural, earnest, easy, kindly, smiling —anxious to make a sale, and yet anxious to please the buyer.

At another time in Wanamaker's I was waited on by a young man who was chewing gum and talking with a girl across the aisle about where he had been the night before, and how he had had such a lovely time. ¶ He looked it. The secret of successful salesmanship lies largely in charm of manner. The person who has it is in possession of a key that will unlock all hearts and pocketbooks. If you have charm of manner, you can not keep it secret. People will discover it. You will not have to ask for a "raise," for one will gravitate to you every little while—a raise in the estimation of everybody.

When sympathy finds vent in vengeance and "love" takes the form of strife, the doctor is getting ready his ether cone.



THE old and once popular view of life that regarded man as a sinful, lost, fallen, despised, despicable and damned thing has very naturally tended to kill in him enthusiasm, health and self-reliance. Probably it has shortened the average length of life more than a score of years. ¶ When man comes to realize that he is part and particle of the Divine Energy that lives in all he sees and feels and hears, he will, indeed, be in position to claim and receive his birthright. And this birthright is to be healthy and happy.

The Religion of Humanity does not seek to placate the wrath of a Non-resident Deity, nor does it worship an Absentee God.

It knows nothing of gods, ghosts, goblins, sprites, fairies, devils or witches. I would not know a god if I saw one coming down the street in an automobile.

If ever a man existed who had but one parent, this fact of his agamo-genesis would not be any recommendation to us, nor would it make special claim on our reverence and regard. Rather, it would place him outside of our realm, so what he might do or say would not be vital to us. He would be a different being from us, therefore his experiences would not be an example for us to follow.

The Religion of Humanity knows nothing of a vicarious atonement, justification by faith, miraculous conception, transubstantiation, orig-

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inal sin, hell, heaven, or the efficacy of baptism as a saving ordinance.

It does not know whether man lives again as an individual after he dies or not.

It is not so much interested in knowing whether a book is "inspired" as whether it is true

It does not limit the number of saviors of the race, but believes that any man or woman who makes this world a place is in degree a "Savior" of mankind. It knows that the world is not yet saved from ignorance, superstition and incompetence, nor redeemed from a belief in miracles. And hence it believes there must be saviors yet to come

It believes that the supernatural is the natural not yet understood.

The Religion of Humanity is essentially monistic—it believes that there is but one thing in the world. This one thing has been called by many names: The Divine Energy, the Universal Intelligence, the First Principle and "God." This One Thing has a million myriad manifestations. It incarnates itself as primordial gas, as matter, as vegetation, as animal life

Its highest manifestation is man.

If you were asked what a man is, the definition would be: Man is a transient, thinking, conscious, reasoning, and sometimes unreasonable manifestation of Divine Energy.

But man is not yet created—he is only in process. When you read history and find from what distance the race has come, and see what tremendous progress has been made, say within twenty-five years, one thinks of the future possibilities of Man with reverence and awe. ¶And the part we now play, as forerunners and Messiahs of the Coming Man, is enough to call out all our sense of sublimity, all our love, all our heroism, all our devotion.

We have ceased to look upon the race with scorn and suspicion; ceased to calumniate and libel our kind by calling man a worm of the dust, born in sin and conceived in iniquity; ceased to drone that pitiable untruth, "and there is no health in us;" ceased to disparage human reason; ceased to talk about "bodily pleasures" and "worldliness," as if to enjoy life and do the world's work were base, sinful and wrong.

To devote ourselves to the service of Mankind, and to realize that we can only help ourselves by helping others, this is the Religion of Humanity. By this religion and through it we attain Health, Happiness and Prosperity, here and now. We eliminate fear, sickness and poverty, only as we cease to break Nature's laws, and by recognizing and having faith in the Supreme Intelligence of which we are a part

This Intelligence is a form of motion—it is Energy—and we as parts of it are successful just in the degree that we move with it.

Sanity consists in service. When we work for others, we benefit ourselves. To clutch for an exclusive good is to lose.

Wisdom is the distilled essence of intuition, corroborated and proved by experience. And Wisdom tells us that life and life in abundance lies only in work, love, laughter—and work. And when I use the word work, I mean work with head, heart and hand.

Any system can be defeated by one single man who places himself out of harmony with it.



SUFFER little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Had the man who uttered these words been given a little encouragement he probably would have inaugurated a child-garden and provided a place and environment where little souls could have bloomed and blossomed, for he surely had the Kindergarten Spirit. He was by nature a teacher, and his best pupils were women and children. Male men are apt to think they already know, and so are immune from new ideas. But Jerusalem, nineteen hundred years ago, was about where Berlin was in 1850. In both instances the proud priest and aristocrat-soldier were supreme; and they were satisfied with their own mental attainments and educational methods. They were also quite sincere. It was a very similar combination that crucified Jesus to that which placed an interdict on Friedrich Froebel, making the Kindergarten a crime, and causing the speedy death of one of the gentlest, noblest, purest men who has ever blessed this earth ¶Froebel was just seventy when he passed out. "His eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated"—he was filled with enthusiasm and hope as never before. His ideas were spreading

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—success, at least, was at the door, he had interested women and proved the fitness of women to teach—his "mothers' clubs" were numerous—love was the watchword—when the order came, without warning, apology or explanation, and from which there was no appeal

The same savagery, chilled with fear, that sent Richard Wagner into exile, crushed the life and broke the heart of Friedrich Froebel. And their names now are the glory and pride of the land that scorned them. Men who govern should be those with a reasonable doubt concerning their own infallibility, and an earnest faith in men, women and children.

To teach is better than to rule.

Things are ridiculous just as they differ from our things, and men are preposterous just in proportion as they vary from us.

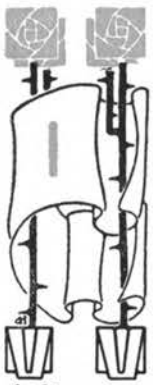


IN every business house there are two distinct classes of employees. One we may call the Bunch, and these are out for a maximum wage and a minimum service. They are apt to regard their employer as their enemy and in their spare time persistently knock. They keep bad hours, overeat, overdrink, overdraw salaries, and are off their feed at least one day in a week. Their pay swings around twelve dollars a week.

The other kind gets his sleep, takes his cold bath, does his Emersonians, joins no cliques, and hustles for the house.

If I were a youth I would not compete in the Twelve-Dollar-a-Week Class. Like George Ade, who left Indiana and went to Chicago, in order to get away from mental competition, I'd set the Bunch a pace. I would go in the Free-for-All Class. I would make myself necessary to the business. No matter how "scarce" times are there are a few folks who are never laid off, nor are their wages cut down. These are the boys who make the wheels go round. And it is n't Brains that counts most, it is Intent. The difference is this: The Bunch plot and plan for personal gain—for ease and a good time. The other kind works for the house, and to work for all is the only wise way to help yourself

Commonsense is the ability to judge values—to know a great thing from a small one. I would rather possess commonsense than to have six degrees from Trinity College.



I SUGGEST a Sunday School devoted to the study of Nature. When the weather is pleasant, have your Sunday School out of doors, in the parks, woods or fields. Children belong out of doors, anyway, and we older ones would all be better off if we lived outside more. Let your "Quarterly" and the "International Leaflets" treat of birds, bees, butterflies, flowers, trees, horses, cows, poultry, health, clothing, growth, and occasionally of "profane" history. Sacred history is mostly made up of things that never happened to nobody. How to feed five thousand people now is vastly more important than an account of how the trick was turned two thousand years ago. The man who starts the New American Sunday School and carries it through to a successful conclusion will carve his name deep in the granite of time. Don't say it can't be done! It can and if some of you don't get at it soon, I'll do it myself, in all the big cities, just as I have done it here on a small scale. To the woods and fields—there is nothing finer!

The big reward is not for the man who will lighten our burdens, but for him who will give us strength to carry them.

LIBERTY TADD has shown us how all children can draw pictures if we'll let them. He educates the hand through the heart and head. When you get the picture in your mind it is easy to materialize it with your hand. ¶ The cure for badness in children is to divert and direct their energies into useful lines. Liberty Tadd knows nothing of bad boys. The boys that are called bad he finds good, since they make his best pupils. Three Acres and Liberty, with art, love and the spirit of Tadd spell Paradise.

The pathway to success is in serving humanity. By no other means is it possible, and this truth is so plain and patent that even very simple folk recognize it.

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Phases of The Boy Problem

By Ben B. Lindsey



THE lack of physical nourishment, proper food, cleanliness, wholesome, sanitary conditions and sufficient clothing is not only responsible for a great deal of unhappiness and much suffering among children, but directly contributes to their delinquency. The children of the best homes would be no different if subjected to the same conditions. We, therefore, feel that if we expect the child to reform it is only just and fair to improve such conditions as far as we can. I have visited the tenements and homes of the children of the poor in our largest cities. The dirt upon the floors was actually deep enough to plant seed in; the bed clothing was grimy and filthy, vermin plentiful, while the atmosphere was fairly reeking. In some of these cases material assistance has been rendered. In one such home there I found two really handsome boys. The father deserted and gone, no one knows where; the mother soured, cynical and melancholy, slaving all day as a scrub woman, and living, practically, in a hell on earth. Is it strange that these boys do not stay at home nights and are attracted by the bright lights and music of the cheap theatres and dance halls? Is it strange that they will steal money to enter such places, which are, to them, heaven come to earth? I have known such little fellows to lie in jail for days and days, awaiting trial for small thefts. How blindly absurd and ridiculous it all seems that nothing was done to remove the causes that were making criminals for the State until they should be sentenced to jail, which only added to the misery and absurdity of the situation; for it is such boys that I have known to be in jail time and time again, while the State slept on, believing that it was doing its duty to society, that it was protecting society, when it was merely adding itself to the seething mass that is yielding up the criminals of the future.

The jail for children cannot be abolished without work and a fight. When the fight was on in Denver a police commissioner said the boys lied to me about the corruption in the jail. I sent for the Governor of the State, the Mayor of Denver, the District Attorney and the President of the Council, the Police Board and a dozen ministers of the gospel to listen to the story that the boys and I could tell them. They came. I sent "Mickey" to the street for the boys and for three hours they heard a story of filth and depravity from boys nine to fifteen years of age that was so horrible and revolting that it did seem hard to believe, yet it was so true that the Governor rose up and declared that any one who said the boys lied, lied himself. The ministers preached on it, and in three days our bill was passed, signed by Governor Peabody, and the jail for little children in Denver was down and out forever. Thousands of our boys had been locked up there all day and all night entirely alone. What happened can be imagined, but they never told, because no one cared ❧ No one knew the facts. It was not the management so much as the system itself that was all wrong ❧ ❧

INSOMNIA never comes to a man who has to get up at six o'clock. Insomnia troubles only those who can sleep any time ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The State will never make progress in this far-reaching problem until it abolishes the method of the jail and the criminal court, with their foul spirits of punishment and revenge, and establishes in lieu thereof a system that will implant in wayward children lessons of purity, truth, honor, righteousness and industry, so that there may be a soul-awakening instead of a soul-debasing.

Much has already been said and written here and by others concerning the true function of the Juvenile Court. Yet I desire to make some observations from my own experience for several years past.

This Court should be regarded rather in the light of a school than a court. It should be one great moral improvement association. Its chief members and workers should be those who need the improvement, just as men band together in societies to improve themselves along different lines. Because of the relation of the State to crime and the judicial system built up in this country for the correction and punishment of crime, it may be impossible as well as undesirable to eliminate the court from the

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machinery necessary to carry out the real principle and purpose back of what has been termed the Juvenile Court and probation system. ¶ And yet, if this were not so, I should say it was just as absurd to require the ordinary judge to preside over a Juvenile Court as it would be to require him to superintend and manage a State Industrial School. Ordinarily, judges are not fitted by training or disposition to preside in such courts; neither could they be expected to enter into what seems to me the true duties of a judge of a Juvenile Court. It is proper, therefore, that most of the personal work should be done under the system as it now stands, by the probation officers; yet the influence of the judge, where he can take a personal interest in such cases, is an important factor in the good that can be accomplished. There are a number of judges in several cities who have shown to a remarkable extent this personal interest, and the success of the Court is largely due to them; yet there are other cases where, because of the enormous amount of work more properly of a judicial character, even should there be no lack of disposition to enter into the spirit of the juvenile work, it can neither be done nor rightly expected. I think the Court should be a great leavening power for good in the community in every direction it can justly and properly go. Of course, what can be done must depend largely upon the jurisdiction, the particular city and its own peculiar conditions.

I regard the work of the juvenile division of the Court as the most important work it can be called upon to administer. Surely every case involving a boy or a girl is more important than any case involving dollars and cents, no matter what the amount may be. The proper rearing and handling of children in the home, the church, and in so far as the Juvenile Court is called in to help, will do more than any other one thing, not only to reduce criminal proceedings in court, but also civil proceedings. It is, nearer than any other thing, the foundation of all these problems. We must, therefore, awaken to its importance and spare neither earnest work nor money in caring for the children of the State. We must proceed on the theory that we cannot best overcome the waywardness of children by punishment and force. We must overcome falsehood with truth, dishonor with honor, impurity with purity, unrighteousness with righteousness, evil with good. This is, and must continue to be, the doctrine of the Juvenile Court. There must be love at the foundation of it all, and with this there must be justice. Love without justice may become sentimentality and weakness, but there is no justice without love. The State in the past has not done this, and no one has suffered more than the State and the society it stands for, and it will continue to suffer just in proportion as it forgets that all men are brothers and all boys and girls its children and that they deserve to be treated accordingly ✍ It is only in this way that we shall come nearer to the teachings of our Master, and none but the ignorant or brutal or those looking for the easiest method can mistake this doctrine for leniency or weakness, for it is as far removed from the maudlins of the sentimentalist as is the heartless advocate of vengeance or "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." The torture chamber, the inquisition and even death for trivial offenses, have passed from our civilization forever, and the entire Juvenile Court system is simply another evidence that should fill us with hope, for it faces the dawn. ¶ Of course, the Juvenile Court is only one of a great many things that are combining to bring about the change; no one could well accomplish it alone ✍ Perhaps all could not accomplish it entirely. The great work of the children's aid and home finding societies, the orphans' homes, the industrial schools and occasionally a great man like John L. Whitman have their places in the work of reform. ¶ Too much must not be expected of the Juvenile Court; it is not necessary to claim it. It is a success, even conceding all its mistakes and failures, if it is only better than the old method. Every one must admit this. And even if the administrative work is not done as it should be, it is better to have juvenile laws if the only effect be the single change of permitting the correction of children without stigmatizing them with crime upon the threshold of life. There is really no argument against the juvenile law, nor the spirit and purpose back of it. There may be occasion for just criticism of those who administer it, but this must not be confounded with criticism or objection to the law itself. Because judges may inflict slight penalties or no penalties at all in criminal cases would not be considered by some critics of the juvenile law as a reason for abolishing the laws against criminality.

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It must become the belief of every earnest citizen interested in the home and the citizenship of to-morrow that questions of politics—the tariff, the money question, what is to be done with an alien race in the Philippines, or what not—can not begin to compare in importance with the question of the children. A member of the President's cabinet recently said in a public address that the boys of America were the most neglected creatures in the world. I have seen them by the thousands and tens of thousands amidst the congested centers of population in all the great cities of the Union, and I know they do not receive near the attention given to live stock. The marvel is that they turn out as well as they do and that crime is no more prevalent than it is.

The State is making magnificent efforts to provide for the intellectual welfare of its children, but it can never hope to get the best results from its labor unless this be supplemented by equal efforts for their moral welfare. The church and the school have a tremendous work, but when these and the home fail the State is called in, and after all the State is above the parent. It is its duty to see that the child is cared for. It can and does send the child to school or keep it from work, whether the parent consents or not. It does not ask the consent of the parent. The parent merely has the consent of the State to the custody of the child so long as it is to the child's best interest, and because of natural love and affection it is simply assumed that it is, till the contrary be shown. The State respects and encourages these natural ties, but parents have not owned their children since the days of Roman slavery, and when the parents shirk or fail and their influence degrades the child, their right to its care and custody may be forfeited to the State. Then the State must compel the parents to do their duty; in many cases it must assist; and purely in the interest of the child, it must often properly and necessarily assume (not usurp) these functions. In doing this let it discharge its duty as nearly as possible as a wise and loving parent should—with patience, with justice, with charity, with love, and yet with firmness and with strength.

SINCE language can never explain to one who does not already know, and as words are never a vindication, silence when ballasted by soul, is effective beyond speech.

Sleep, Dreams, Death

By Ouida



IN the springtime of the year three gods watched by a river. ¶The golden flowers of the willows blew in the low winds; the waters came and went; the moon rose full and cold over a silvery stream; the reeds sighed in the silence.

The winters had drifted by and the hot drowsy summers since their creator had forsaken them, and all the white, still shapes upon the walls already had been slain by the cold breath of Time. The green weeds waved in the empty casements; the chance-sown seeds of the thistles and of bell-flowers were taking leaf between the square stones of the paven palaces; on the deserted threshold lichens and brambles climbed together. The filmy ooze of a rank vegetation stole over the loveliness of Persephone and devoured one by one the divine offspring of Zeus; about the feet of the bound sun-king in Pheroe and over the calm serene mockery of Hermes' smile the grey nets of the spiders' webs had been woven to and fro, across and across, with the lacing of a million threads, as Fate weaves round the limbs and covers the eyes of mortals as they stumble blindly from their birthplace to their grave. All things, the damp and the dust, the frost and the scorch, the newts and the rats, the fret of the flooded waters, and the stealing sure inroad of the mosses that everywhere grew from the dews and the fogs, had taken and eaten, in hunger or sport, or had touched, and thieved from, then left them gangrened and ruined.

The three gods alone remained; who being the sons of Eternal Night, were unharmed, unaltered, by any passage of the years of earth. The only gods who never bend beneath the yoke of years; but unblenchingly behold the nations wither of uncounted leaves, and the lands and the seas change their places, and the cities and the empire pass away as a tale that is told; and the deities that are worshipped in the temples alter in name and attributes and cultus, at the wanton will of the age which begot them

In the still, cold, moonlit air their shadows

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stood together, hand in hand, looking outward through the white night-mists. Other gods perished with the faith of each age as it changed; other gods lived by the breath of men's lips, the tears of prayer, the smoke of sacrifice. But they,—their empire was the universe

In every young soul that leaps into the light of life rejoicing blindly, Oneiros has dominion; and he alone. In every creature that breathes, from the conqueror resting on a field of blood to the nest-bird cradled in its bed of leaves, Hypnos holds a sovereignty which nothing mortal can long resist and live. And Thanatos,—to him belongs every created thing, past, present, and to come. Beneath his feet all generations lie; and in the hollow of his hand he holds the worlds; though the earth be tenantless, and the heavens sunless, and the planets shrivel in their courses, and the universe be shrouded in an endless night, yet through the eternal desolation Thanatos still will reign. And through the eternal darkness, through the immeasurable solitudes, he alone will wander, and he still behold his work.

Deathless as themselves their shadows stood; and the worm and the lizard and the newt left them alone and dared not wind about their calm, clear brows, and dared not steal to touch the roses at their lips, knowing that ere the birth of the worlds these were, and when the worlds shall have perished these still will reign on:—the slow, sure, soundless, changeless ministers of an eternal rest, of an eternal oblivion

A late light strayed in from the grey skies, pale as the primrose flowers that grew amongst the reeds upon the shore; and found its way to them, trembling; and shone in the far-seeing depths of their unfathomable eyes.

¶The eyes which spake and said:

Sleep, Dreams and Death:—We are the only gods that answer prayer.

I DREAM'D in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth;

I dreamed that was the new City of Friends;

Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—it led the rest;

It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,

And in all their looks and words.

—Walt Whitman.

Advice To Lawyers

By Stanley E. Bowdle



THE lawyer's static mental condition is of no importance—what he thinks in the undisclosed recesses of his soul matters not (though it might be shocking to his client) It is his dynamic mental state that counts—the state manifested in his conversation with his client

My observation is that to the lawyer there is nothing so valuable, so potent, in his dealing with clients, as a conversational attitude of contempt for judges and courts. At once the untutored legal yearling interrupts with a ponderous, "Why?" Well, such an attitude taken with a client whose case is pending convinces him in advance of your prowess, your dauntlessness, your ability to bear his cause through fiery perils. And you shortly find your client believes in you, that your make-believe opinion of yourself has become his opinion. You have moved him from the miasmatic fogs of doubt, and he now lives in an atmosphere of victory. He sniffs the battle from afar, sees himself upon the heights, under the protecting aegis of your intrepid genius; and anon, in the calm, he counts the swag of victory, apprehensive of nothing but your bill. Yea, the results are even more: He thereafter entereth your office deferentially; he speaketh quietly, and with no assurance; he ventureth no opinions on his own account and troubleth you no more with the haphazard opinions of friendly lawyers who hand him their unfeed views at club and church; he tarrieth not long in your office, seeing that you are a man of visible importance, and he boweth himself out as he would from the chambers of a Supreme Court Justice. You are to him a Jeremiah Mason, a Rufus Choate, an undiscovered Webster—for the case has not been tried. His deferential visits are oases in your businessless Sahara and you are radiant in the contemplation of yourself, fearing only the disillusioning day of trial

This attitude, always decorously observed by the best lawyers (for the habit in youth clings to them through life and long after there is

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any necessity for it), expresses itself in this wise: "Mr. Bellicose, our case unfortunately must be tried before Judge Way-Up, an arrogant political accident ❧ However, I have reversed him several times in the Supreme Court, and he has considerable respect for me." Or in this fashion: "Judge Balloon, I regret to say, is not dirigible. He is a man of unbending prejudices. His decisions are about as clear as a time-table to a woman. But my experience is that when the essential X-rays of a proposition are liberated from the encumbering data and are set to vibrating, they generally penetrate the opaque headpiece of Judge Balloon." These identical observations, vigorously announced, produce, as I can solemnly attest, the most profound results ❧ Nothing short of the day of trial will efface them. They may be taken by the young lawyers as models and molded to fit the local situation ❧ ❧

Should the case in hand be one fraught with grave danger, there is another remark that will act as a saline injection to your depressed client. You may say: "My great fear in this case is due to the fact that Judge Blunderbuss is likely to try it. He could not comprehend the law were it hypodermically administered. It takes a grape and shrapnel preface to an argument to wake him up, and then your proposition must be made as clear as Mother Goose Melodies." At such a juncture this observation is most diplomatic. It steadies your client's knees, prepares him for a shock, and best of all, affords you a kind of stage door exit from responsibility when the foreman of the jury solemly declares: "We, the jury, on the issues joined, find for the defendant" (your adversary).

But this remark, like all studied remarks, needs a little stage setting to give it strength. I therefore suggest to the young lawyer that a valise be kept in the office with his books and green bag and silk hat and other stage properties. A valise at times is an impressive thing, if thoughtfully brought upon the scene. It causes the client to think about you most decorously. It straightway occurreth to him that you have just returned from Washington, where you may have argued the case of your neighbor, Col. Bucket Shopper, whose fourteenth amendment privileges were lately so menaced; or he cogitateth immediately that you have just returned from New York, where no one goes save on big business. And should his face show that he cerebrateth not at all about you, you can help him by saying: "I have just returned from New York, or Washington, or Chicago." This is the oldest piece of legal stage property in the world.

THE curbstone opinion of a lawyer costs you nothing, and it is usually worth exactly what you pay for it ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The vigorous use of centuries has left no trace upon it. The lawyers of the little Persian satrapies used to say, "Ah, Mr. Nabob, glad to see you, I have just returned from Bagdad," whereupon Mr. Nabob looketh big-eyed and wondrously. And those of the Egyptian provinces doubtless remarked: "I have just returned from Heliopolis, where I have been trying to induce the Sublime Pharaoh to prosecute Joseph for organizing the Corn Trust." This remark, then, is as historical as it is proper. A client, nervous about your prowess, is simply put in a trance by its timely use. It is a balm, a healing lotion, a sovereign soporific to that I-fear-you-ought-to-have-associate-counsel feeling that sometimes distresses clients and gives cold feet to their counsel whose caliber is being taken ❧ ❧ ❧

Getting a law practice is a great drama, sometimes comic, sometimes tragic, few oases and many sloughs of despond. The office is your stage, you the actor, and there are no crowded houses; but the one-man audience is watching you. So be sure you have the spittoon hidden, your unpaid bills in a drawer, law books lying about suggestively open, valise handy, a ready tongue speaking contemptuously of courts, a proud conversational swing, a readiness to speak of "grave constitutional questions" (but always speak slowly at this point), and, lo! shortly you will reach your office in a Limousine car from whose sumptuous cushions you will be privileged to give your friends the soulless stare of modern life.

❧

If your friend reveals his humanity and the world forsakes him, it is your opportunity—seized by him. If calamity, disgrace or poverty come to your friends—then is the time they need you.

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A New Year Poem

(A Trifle Belated) By Capt. Jack Crawford



DON'T blame the World. It's better
Than the man who wants to be
A Somebody, but lives to save
The undertaker's fee.
For surely he's a dead one
On our strenuous preserves.
A wooden coat, six feet of earth,
Is all that he deserves.

Go chase yourself around the block,
Then chase around some more,
And start the blood to circulate,
And sweat from every pore.
Then change your face and change your sox,
And change your atmosphere,
And change your dope for Heaven's Brew,
To start the glad New Year.

Now this is my advice to you,
But have you got the sand
To buck against temptation,
And to play a winning hand?
If so, then shake; God speed you on;
You'll win; just persevere.
And if you've never been a man,
Begin with the New Year.

Progress needs the brakeman, but the brakeman should not occupy all his time putting on the brakes.

Cecelia Loftus

By William Marion Reedy



IF we mistake not, Miss Cecilia Loftus is coming into her own. Mistress of a piquant and pleasing personality, she is no less mistress of every delicate nuance and subtlety of the interpreter of character in the great art of mumming. There is that about her that is suggestive of power in a certain stillness of aspect—a wistful Sphinx-likeness we would call it. In the enactment of a role she achieves a poignant simplicity by the pantomimicry of her methods. Words seem to be with her but an incident or an accident of expression. The essential of it is conveyed in little shadings of look and gesture, motions, glances, the glimpsings of spirit-stirrings within her, flickerings and flashes of delicate fire. At times she soars up out of that deep still self of hers and is transfigured by emotions that prove their authenticity by the immediacy, the irresistibleness of the evocation of our own. In playfulness she has an indubitable grace of sincerity, no less than when she portrays the stronger passions. Her voice when needed to enforce her looks or actions is capable of stirring resonances and soothing softnesses. She can storm her way into your heart as successfully as she ingratiates and insinuates herself with the gentler play of her features.

¶In her sprightliest moment there is always a hint of something sad—in the eyes, about the lips. You sometimes catch the nun in the coquette. It clothes her with a gentle mystery that but heightens the powers which now bubble and now flash forth from it. Her "Miss Hobbs" is a wonderfully deft delineation of the growth of beauty and tenderness in an originally cramped, arid, almost selfish spirit. How steadily, consistently this shrew progresses to her own taming. You can hardly note the gradations of developing character, so neatly do they pass from one to another. It is all a delight. It is art supremely self-concealing, continuously fascinating and in its totality captivatingly illusive. In the most refined, the rarest, most elusively flavored spirit of comedy she recalls the happiest traditions of Kitty Clive and Peg Woffington. In grace, in wit, in poise, in sureness of stroke upon the note of character, she is all but matchless. Her acting has the savor of poetry and of music, in both of which arts she is no slight proficient. Her feeling is blent with intelligence most acute, and always this artistic wisdom is made tender by that never absent suggestion of sadness. Her "imitations," we admit are wonderful. She depersonalizes herself and takes on the personality of others with a miraculous grasp of detail, but the imitations are of worth only as showing the wide range of her power, the marvelous adaptability of her spirit. The crowd likes the imitations for their emphasis; but the discerning few hold them of worth only as evidences that this young woman's genius grasps not only the saliencies but the faintest aura of character. She has never yet had her chance, though she

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made Zangwill's "Serio-Comic Governess" tolerable. Her imitations have been such a hit that managers have been content to feature them. She is more than the successful mimic. She is a woman with the sense of all the color of life, its bright and dark, its beauty and pain, a woman whose art is clear and vivid and of a vast comprehension, and this art is made effective through a personality which absorbs it "as morning drinks the morning star."

The worst variety of pride is that which prides itself on being without pride.

The Leisure Class

By Edward Carpenter



THIS whole Gentility business is corrupt throughout, and will not bear looking into for a moment. It is incompatible with Christianity as Christ taught it; it gives a constant lie to the doctrine of human brotherhood. ¶Civilization's Ideal to live dependent on others, consuming much and creating next to nothing—for there is no question that this is the Ideal of to-day, to occupy a spacious house, have servants ministering to you, dividends converging from various parts of the world towards you, workmen handing you the best part of their labor as profits, tenants obsequiously bowing as they disgorge their rent, and a good balance at the bank; to be a kind of human sink into which much flows but out of which nothing ever comes—except an occasional putrid whiff of Charity and Patronage—this, is it not the thing which we have before us, which if we have not been fortunate enough to attain to, we are doing our best to reach?

The wretched man who has got into the toils of Gentility must surrender that most precious of all things—the human relation to the mass of mankind. He feels a sentimental sympathy certainly for his "poorer brethren;" but he finds that he lives in a house into which it would be simply an insult to ask one of them. He wears clothes in which it is impossible for him to do any work of ordinary usefulness. If he sees an old woman borne down by her burden in the street, he can run to the charity organization perhaps and get an officer to inquire into her case—but he cannot go straight up to her like a man, and take it from her onto his own shoulders, for he is a gentleman, and might soil his clothes! It is doubtful even whether—clothes or no clothes, old woman or no old woman—he could face the streets where he is known with a bundle on his shoulders; his dress is a barrier to all human relations with simple people, and his words of sympathy with the poor and suffering are wasted on the wide air while the flash of his jewelry is in their eyes

He finds himself among people whose constipated manners and frozen speech are a continual denial of all natural affection—where human dignity is at such a low ebb that to have an obvious patch upon your coat would be considered fatal to it; where manners have reached the very lowest pitch of littleness; where human wants and the sacred facts, sexual and other, on which human life is founded, are systematically ignored.

It is by means of this general system of the appropriation of balances that a very curious phenomenon is kept up—an enormous class, to wit: living in idleness and luxury, they and their children and their children's children, till they became quite incapable of doing anything for themselves or even of thinking rightly about most things, tormented with incurable ennui and general imbecility and futility; all art and literature, which were the appendage of this class, being affected by a kind of St. Vitus' dance; and the whole thing breaking out finally for want of any other occupation into a cuff and collar cult, called respectability!

Reformers are those who educate people to appreciate the things they need.

The Railroad

By Bramley Kate

RA Only says that you redeem the world, and well said he:

The mountain and the desert wide, the streams and inland sea,

Old Ocean too you span, in part, where coral reefs abound;

You bore A la Toredo through the rock beneath the Sound;

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The mighty safe deposit of the banking soil
out west
Was minus combination 'til 'twas opened by
your zest;
The husky population that are o'er beyond the
hills,
You took from crowded cities and all their
noisome ills;
You are the word Triumphant: not a single
streak of rust
Has been allowed from lack of use to mingle
with the dust:
Then onward, up and down, and o'er the
mountain, vale or tide,
And cursed be the one to say: "Enough," or
"Here abide."

Success depends on loyalty and co-operation.

Business Pointers

By Elbert Hubbard



SOME years ago the General Superintendent of the Wabash Railroad was one A. A. Talmage. Talmage had the bark on like an Ali Baba Bench.

This man Talmage was no kinsman of the preacher family by that name—not exactly. He had a vocabulary that was at once picturesque, pungent and permeating ✍ When Talmage was excited he would moo like a cow, laugh like a calf and bellow like a bull. No one could tell at such times whether he was pleased or wroth—his irony and praise were so much alike that no one could tell which was which. Time alone was the revealer ✍ ✍

As a railroad man he wanted the thing done and done right; and a course as captain on a Mississippi steamboat had fixed upon him a pleasant knock-down-and-drag-out habit of speech ✍ ✍

Talmage was what Boston folks call Western. ¶And it so happened that Talmage was going over the road on a trip of inspection, and stopped at Peru, Indiana. The agent there was a new man, quite a young fellow, Alexander Robertson by name. It seems he had never seen Talmage nor had Talmage seen him. Talmage came rooting through the office asking forty questions and not waiting for an answer to any. At last he growled.

"Are you the Agent?" ✍ "Yes," said the young man. ✍ ✍

"Well, where's your desk?" demanded Talmage. ✍ ✍

"I haven't any—I don't do any work. I just see that others do it," was the answer, given with a touch of acerbity.

The truth was that the Agent's roll-top desk had that morning been sent up to the local furniture man for repairs ✍ ✍

"No desk!" roared Talmage, 'Well by the great hellity devilty dam, you are the only genuine man of brains I've seen since I looked in the mirror when I shaved my classic face this morning. I'll make you a Division Superintendent, that's what I'll do, by the great jumping jehosaphat! Here I pay men superintendent's pay and they do agent's work, and I pay men agent's pay and they do office boy's work. A man who has no desk and gets others to do all the work is a great man—I'll make you a Division Superintendent!"

And Talmage rushed for his private car.

Robertson did n't know whether he was to be discharged or promoted ✍ But in a few days when there came along a sober and sane letter from Talmage's secretary, making a few minor criticisms and commending the order of his office, he felt relieved. The more Robertson thought about what Talmage had said, the more he believed Talmage was right: the valuable man is one who can successfully direct the efforts of others. Robertson set himself the task of doing nothing where he could get some one else to do it. This gave him leisure to plan and think and devise. His work never chased him—he chased the work. His promotion came by sure and safe steps, and Talmage did just what he had promised, and not because he had promised it, either. Robertson created a system and did not get nerv. pros. in the operation. Nerv. pros. comes from letting your work chase you ✍ Robertson became successor to Talmage.

¶If you have a man working for you at twenty dollars a week and he insists on doing work which an eight-dollar-a-week girl can do, he is robbing you of just twelve dollars a week.

BIG Business is a steamship bound for a port called success. It takes a large force of men to operate this boat ✍ Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but it is

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the price of every other good thing, including steamboating

To keep this steamship moving, the captain requires the assistance of hundreds of people who have a singleness of aim—one purpose—a desire to do the right thing and the best thing in order that the ship shall move steadily, surely and safely on her course. Curiously enough, there are men constantly falling overboard. These folks who fall overboard are always cautioned to keep away from dangerous places; still there are those who delight in taking risks. These individulas who fall off, and cling to floating spars, or are picked up by passing craft, usually declare that they were discharged." "They say the Captain or the Mate had it in for them. ¶ I am inclined to think that no man was ever "discharged" from a successful concern—he discharges himself.

When a man quits work, say oiling the engine, or scrubbing the deck, and leans over the side calling to outsiders, explaining what a bum boat he is aboard of, how bad the food is and what a fool there is for a Captain, he gradually loosens his hold until he falls into the yeasty deep. There is no one to blame but himself, yet probably you will have hard work to make him understand this little point.

When a man is told to do a certain thing, and there leaps to his lips or even to his heart, the formula, "I was n't hired to do that," he is standing upon a greased plank that inclines toward the sea. When the plank is tilted to a proper angle, he goes to Davy Jones' locker, and nobody tilts the fatal plank but the man himself

And the way the plank is tilted is this: the man takes more interest in passing craft and what is going on on land, than in doing his work on board ship

So I repeat: no man employed by a successful concern was ever discharged Those who fall overboard, get on the greased plank, and then give it a tilt to starboard.

If you are on a greased plank, you better get off from it, and quickly, too.

Loyalty is the thing.

The Microbe Militant

E was a simple country lad
Who started in a bank;
They gave him greasy bills to count,
Soiled V's and X's rank;
He scorned to use a moistened sponge,
This son of soil and plough;
But wet his fingers with his tongue—
The microbes have him now!

The above was written by Dr. Walter L. Pyle, an excellent physician—to leave alone unless you have the hypo-gumwillies. Do not take the doctors too seriously. All doctors are more or less microby with the microbe idea. That is why they so often get physically on the bink and have to be Muldooned.

Rid yourself of your microby money by sending it for subscriptions to THE FRA, and eliminate your microby ideas by reading it.

La Florentina

By Rowland B. Mahany

WANDERED with thee once through Arno's bowers
Slim Florentine, Madonna of my dreams,
Nor was there blossom by the valleyed streams
Could rival thee, thou soul of Summer flowers.
The skies that blended with Italian hours,
The wonder of thy beauty, the dark gleams
Of eyes that melted with love's perfect beams,
Made all of Heaven 'neath the Tuscan towers.

And in old gardens graced with marbles old,—
The stately memories of thy princely line,—
We walked, where sunlight fell like sifted gold
On terraced lawns, in Autumn's mood divine;
And there where fountains breathed a whispered melody
Was consecration of my soul to thee.

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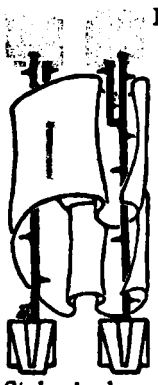
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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA



If you have n't read the articles by Ellen Terry, now running in "McClures," you are missing some choice cross-sections of a great career.

Ellen Terry has lived—she has succeeded—she is still a worker. She does not retire on her laurels to have a good time. She is wise, and being wise, gets her happiness out of her work.

Ellen Terry has a distinct literary style. She says things. Style is born of feeling—people who have brains, who have experienced, have style. They write right out of their hearts. There is only one kind of ink that convinces, and it is red. Ellen Terry says things in a gracious, graceful and forceful way. Without miring her feet in pretended modesty, she gives other people credit, and yet reveals her own beautiful, luminous, helpful and hopeful soul. To have lived long and well and actively in a blaze of critical competition, and still be sweet and gentle and moderate and full of good will and appreciation, is surely success.

Ellen Terry has achieved. She is a citizen by divine right of the celestial city of fine minds.

If you happen to meet a gent who has in his hatband a price-tag, you must never see it, and certainly not call his attention to it. If you do it will probably cost you Coco-Cola for the crowd. I ran across the game in Georgia and found it popular from Atlanta to the sea.

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VICE-PRESIDENT BROWN of the New York Central Lines warns the people to be prepared for prosperity in 1909 and for many years following. The times are improving rapidly now, in his opinion. The forecast of crops is excellent. There is every sign of plenty for the transportation companies to do and for the manufacturers to turn out, so that between the growers, makers and consumers, there is a harmony that is the presage of times as good as ever.

Mr. Brown notes the placing of such loans as are needed by some of the great roads for new rolling stock and their equipment, and the highly improved state of the speculative market. He believes the darkest hour is reached and passed, and his opinion matches closely with the reports sent out by the commercial agencies, Dun and Bradstreet, and by the specialists, like Henry Clews, who issue business letters relating to actual conditions.

The most discouraged man in the United States can see no occasion for gloom over the prospect of the current season. While manufacturing is reduced in volume and there has been a lessened amount of consumption, the demand for staples is still enormous and the business of supplying needs goes on so that manufacturing, crop raising, provisioning, all the great machinery of human life, must go on with but a small percentage of reduction in activity after all. The reports from many sections of the United States indicate the rapid resumption of activity shown by the recall of labor to its accustomed tasks.

There is no prophylactic equal to equanimity.



CHRISTIAN Science brings good news, and good news is always curative. Mrs. Eddy animates her patients by a new thought: the thought of harmony, the denial of disease, and the affirmation that God is good, and life is beautiful. The animation thus produced is the most powerful healing principle known to science.

Life is born of love. Joy is a prophylactic. Christian Science comes to the patient as a great flood of light. His circulation becomes normal, his muscles relax, the nerves rest, digestion acts, elimination takes place—and the person is well.

Fear has congested the organs—love, hope and faith place them in an attitude so Nature plays through them. The patient is healed. In it there is neither mystery nor miracle. It is all very simple. Let us rid ourselves of the strange and the occult! We should live truth instead of talking so much about it.

Young man, don't plant your mental vacant lots with burdock, theological or medical.



MY heart goes out to the play-actors.

They give more and get less than any other class of people who stand in Douglas' three-dollar shoes. Very, very few of them ever acquire a competence Their pockets are open top and bottom, and their hands go out to all of God's creatures in a desire to bless and benefit.

They live so in their emotions and steamer trunks that they seldom have time to sit back, become blase and munch the peanuts of success, or sip the soda that tends to cerebral flatulence. If there is a collection to be taken to send some unknown lunger to Arizona, they fall over themselves to come in on it, even if they have to borrow the money. Is there an ex-convict wants to go somewhere and get away from himself?—they never dive into the past, but its "Here you are, old man, and good luck to you!"

They are on the wing, but as they fly, professionally or otherwise, they scatter smiles and the words that leave no heart aches. Always behind them is this phosphorescent wake, and the luminous light of happiness—for others. And they sing, dance and play for us, even though their hearts may be bursting with grief. This devotion to their work has given basis to those slanderous, pliocene pleasantries, say like this: A histrion approaches a lunch-counter and in a deep, villain's voice says, "Gimme a sandwich!"

The man in the white apron asks, "Ham?"

The histrion looks affronted, then grieved, but controlling his emotion, in a voice trembling with acerbity and rebuke, slowly replies, "No,

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knave, no. You are wrong for once—only star parts in the legit."

The party in the white apron hands him over a tongue sandwich.

The actors act all day long, of course they do. They are always playing to the gallery of their own cosmic selves. They are both the actors and the "house"—and out of it they surely get much joy.

They are all children—they never grow up. The gods must love them, for they die young no matter how long they live.

Their innocence, their hope, their gullibility, their fond and foolish belief that they are "on," when all the time rogues are playing them for muskellunge, would be funny if it were not pathetic

They all love books, but few own a book-case. They all love art, but few possess a picture

Yet E. S. Willard, for example, always carries twenty choice volumes with him, and before he enters his room at the hotel these books are placed on their portable shelf, and over them sits a little bronze bust of Shakespeare, while on the wall is an old framed engraving. And so this mime makes himself believe that he is ever at home, and he points you to what he calls his "treasures"—the little shelf of books, the bust and the one picture.

There is a dear, volatile, enthusiastic girl by the name of Grace Hadsell who carried with her on her barnstorming tours a little plaster-Paris bust of Beethoven. Always and forever, East or West, on her dressing-table was her image of the great Composer. It was her shrine—the shrine to art. One day the bust got broken, and the audience wondered what great sorrow was gnawing at the heart of Grace, the gracious and graceful

Yes, the players play for us, and just a little appreciation on our part fills their cup of joy to the brim. We ought to do more for them—and always we should remember that if they sometimes give us rotten plays, that these plays were written by rotten playwrights to please a rotten public

The heart of the player is pure—or a deal more so than the hearts of most of those folks who piously pass them by on the other side.

The Good Samaritan was certainly a gentleman actor—he had time to give the poor other fellow a lift.

How my blood boiled the other day when it was stated that the name of Julia Marlowe was being used as a door-mat to further the ends of some rummy rogue lawyer for a rum nobody client. The devil would n't use the soul of that attorney for a spittoon.

The whole charge was groundless, but the pain it must have caused this sensitive, sincere and honest woman—aye, there's the rub!

Julia Marlowe is a woman of worth, intellectually, morally, artistically. She has benefited and uplifted our ideals and has given the Athenians a day of pleasure. Happily she is to-day alive and well and in the height of her power, and is doing better work than ever before

Once I saw her distributing oranges among a pungent and permeating mass of immigrants in the depot at Syracuse. Each tired, dirty, weary little dago got an orange, and a love-pat—fearless of microbes—on the head; and weary mothers speaking a foreign tongue, received a message in a language they understood—the love language of a common humanity—of an honest woman speaking to the mother heart. On their yellow, listless faces grew two smiles where there were no smiles before. They understood! And Julia Marlowe in her brown suit was as undistinguishable and as beautiful as a quail in a stubble field.

Out upon that calloused crew who use the word "actress" as an epithet! The actress is a woman—usually a woman without a home. She lives in the glare of the lime-light. All of her actions are subjected to a blaze of criticism. But this I do believe, she holds her course as true to the eternal guiding stars as any class does or can. If at long intervals in her heart-hunger and loneliness, she proves her humanity and claims relationship to our Mother Eve, God in pity must look the other way and divert the attention of Gabriel, His stenographer, to the beauty of the Pleiades and the Comets shooting through the sky. God at least is a gentleman, and no gentleman sees the things he does not want to see

Surely this must be so, for God is the great Playwright, and we are all doing our little

There will be two formal programs daily, afternoon and evening, when speakers of National note will take part. ¶ There will also be musical events, walks & talks afield, and much good fellowship and flow of soul. Reservations at Roycroft Inn can now be made

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parts in His farce-comedy, called "Life." The play within the play, and the players who play they play, and yet who do not know they play, must minimize, for Him, the monotony of Paradise

Unlike the foxes that have holes, and the birds that have nests, the player-folk rest as they rush, dine at the house of Simon and are often crucified by those they seek to serve, and are buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea—not even owning a lot in a cemetery which they can call their own.

I will not say, God bless the players, for He has and will. They have what they carry in their hearts and that is all any of us have.

Their hopes are of the stuff that dreams are made on, and their little life is rounded with a sleep. May they sleep well, and at the last Great Day may they all have comps in Elysium. For surely if the place is not peopled by the perfesh, I 'll cut it for a yap town, a jay outfit, and hie me to hell to enjoy the pyrotechnics and see the original Connellsville coke-ovens.

Look you to our laurels, James, to our laurels, they are our sole possessions, look you to them. Charon will trust us for the toll—if mayhap not, then we 'll do a turn for the passengers and pass the tambourine.

Get rid of the grouch, and play the game. Nineteen Hundred and Nine is going to be the best year this country has ever seen.



GREAT merchant prince—the only kind of a prince to whom I dip my colors—once said to me, "Now, I like your frank expression—it never shocks me—I read all you write, but you should not be quite so abrupt. In fact, why say anything at all about religion? Think your own thoughts, certainly, but keep them to yourself."

Of course, this good merchant knows nothing about the joys of expression, and the wild sweet pleasures that come from speaking your mind—all he is intent on is not to offend customers and thus divert trade to his rival. He sees things.

But note this—he was n't shocked, he was only shocked for fear some one else would be shocked. A man told me the other day that he had been taking "The Philistine" for five years, having it sent to his office, not daring to take it home for fear of shocking his daughter, a charming girl of twenty. One day he discovered that she had been a subscriber to the magazine for two years, but had never mentioned the fact to him for fear he would be shocked.

Was n't that a nice way for a fond father and a fine, active, intelligent daughter to live—both keeping their opinions in water-tight compartments and getting acquainted only accidentally!

Then the man added, "Why, I never knew what a noble girl I had until we met on a Roycroft basis, and were absolutely frank and honest with each other!"

When Thoreau saw the banker in Boston coming from the Post Office with a bundle of letters, he stopped him and asked, "How long, friend, since you have heard from yourself?"

I may be wrong, but I think it is a great thing to be honest with yourself. A man who keeps his opinions from his wife, daughter and neighbors, not only shuts them out, but he closes himself in, and is in danger of dying at the top from mental asphyxiation.

Out upon this silly fear of shocking folks by an honest expression! Does that merchant get any more trade by walking on tiptoe, speaking in a whisper, and indulging in a mental mince, jig and amble? Hardly!

People nowadays buy where they can get the goods of the right quality at the right price.

We no longer say, "He is a Methodist, so he must be all right." Rather do we say, "He is a Man, and what he says and does is true."

In Altoona, Pa., is a merchant who owns and manages the largest department store in that part of the state. To call William F. Gable a merchant prince would be no compliment, so I 'll cut that out. He is a man—a man in whom the people believe.

He is on close and friendly terms with his customers and with his hundreds of employees. He does not dictate their religious opinions or tell them how they shall vote. He respects their honest convictions and they respect his.

He is making money. But his first object in life is not to make money—it is to be true to himself, and to serve the public.

And depend upon this—the man who sets himself to serve the public, gets paid for his services. "There is that which giveth, and yet increaseth, and there is that which withholdeth and tendeth to poverty."

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Gable is as fine as the late Golden Rule Jones of Toledo, to whom he bears a marked resemblance. Jones was a very clever business man—cool, practical, courageous. His feet were always on earth, even if his head was sometimes in the clouds. It is the same with this man Gable.

Gable loves a first edition, has a weakness for autographed copies, knows the big binders, artists and engravers, and joys in the close presence of the great souls who have worked and loved and failed and died to make us free.

¶ William F. Gable is a freethinker, and every one in his town knows it. He was a close friend of Robert G. Ingersoll, and he is on friendly terms with men like Horace Traubel, Brand Whitlock, Clarence Darrow and the late Ernest Crosby. His heroes are Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine and Abraham Lincoln ✍ He knows his Emerson, Darwin, Huxley, Morris, and all the great so-called infidels. He is as frank as a Friend.

Do these things hurt his business?

Indeed, they do not.

Gable is as honest as Benjamin Franklin, and loves truth with the devotion of a Spinoza.

He is beloved by all who know him, and those who do not love him do not know him. It pays to be honest, and he who thinks otherwise is like that old maid who had a profound belief in the rascality of man—it was all founded on hearsay ✍ ✍

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON once wrote a very charming essay entitled, "Living by the Church." It seems that his house is right alongside of a church and he wrote of his neighborly experiences, which, by the way, were very pleasant. Colonel Higginson had no more respect for the creed of his neighbors than they had for his, but they met on a human basis and really liked each other.

Now it seems that Mr. Gable's residence is right alongside of a church. When it is the good old summer time and the windows are open, Gable looks down into the pews, and the pew-holders can look out and see Gable sitting on his back porch in shirt-sleeves mousing in first editions.

¶ So, to relieve matters all 'round, Gable built a high stone wall, very beautiful, and rather costly, on his property, dividing his estate from that which pays no taxes. He used a stone that matched that of which the church was built.

¶ The clergyman was delighted and grateful, but some of the members laid the matter before the Bishop, when that good man came around that way with his breeks and dinky hat and gold-headed cane.

The Bishop looked at the wall, and then said in a bishop's voice—"If that man Gable touches that wall in an attempt to remove it, get an injunction on him. The idea—it is most beautiful and useful! Gable is absurd! You must not let him intimidate you—fight him—fight him!"

And nobody knows yet whether the joke was on Gable, the grouchy members, or the Bishop.

✍

Swollen fortunes are not nearly so dangerous as a swollen navy. A nation which thinks it can lick the world is getting ready to get licked ✍

✍



THE laws of health are very simple, and for the most part are understood by all people of average intelligence.

One reason why we do not all have good health is not because we are ignorant, but because inertia has us by the foot. The trouble is in our heads—we lack will. The secret of Muldoon's success lies in that one thing—he supplies the will, for a consideration, which his clients lack. God knows, he earns his money, for he has to bump up, catch-as-catch-can, against a lot of inert grumpiness, and put it three points down ✍ ✍

If a high degree of health were the rule, instead of the exception, we would cease to talk about it. We discuss health, because pallor, languor, and breaths that almost derail trolley cars, ride Godiva-like, adown the times, and put us on the binkereens ✍ ✍

In one respect at least we have made head. It is no longer necessary to order people to keep personally clean—humanity's hide is now daily soaped, soaked and scrubbed. Whereas, in the days of Good Queen Bess, who they say was not so very good, the courtier who took a bath in his altogether between November and May was unknown ✍ ✍

Even fifty years ago, the man who ordered a bath at a tavern was regarded as reckless of both health and money. It was an event! The water had to be heated in the kitchen and carried in buckets to his room, and a porter stood by to see that the carpets and plaster did

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not suffer. The danger of catching cold through bathing, excepting in hot weather, was considered very great. Scientific plumbing is less than forty years old. The famous Fifth Avenue Hotel did not have a single room with bath attached when it was built. Now everybody bathes, and we have ceased to talk about it ☙ Will the time come when we will cease to advocate out-door exercise, deep breathing and kind thoughts? I hope so.

☙

Metaphysics is the explanation of a thing by a person who does not understand it.

☙



VIVISECTION is the act of cutting into the tissues of a living animal, in order to study the workings of the vital organs. It is a very ancient custom. In Athens, Alexandria and Rome it was practised before the Christian Era. No wide-spread protest has ever appeared against it until about the year 1880, when there was organized in London an Anti-Vivisection Club. Now, in England only those persons who have a license from the State have a right to practise vivisection. Germany, France and Switzerland have also recently passed similar laws ☙ ☙

But in the United States, Russia, Italy, Spain and Turkey no laws exist for the protection of dumb animals from scientific torture. The mere statement of a person of any social standing, cutting into the body of a live animal, that his acts are done to gain scientific knowledge, makes him exempt.

I remember once of seeing some boys with a string attached to the leg of a live frog. Various plans were tried to make the frog jump, including sticking pins into its body. Finally, one of the boys tried lighting a match and holding the flame against the frog.

Just then I happened on the scene. I tried to make the boys imagine how it would feel if some monster had a string tied to their legs and were building a fire against their bodies.

I fancied I was in a fair way to convince my young friends of their error when one of the boys broke in with, "Ah, you now, g' wan—'t aint your frog, anyway!"

The question of cruelty was shifted to that of ownership ☙ ☙

In ancient Rome criminals who had supposedly lost ownership in their property and persons, were given over to scientific men for purposes of experiment. They were poisoned in a hundred ways: by chemicals, gases, fright, thirst, starvation. Juvenal tells of a dispute between doctors as to how long a man could go without sleep. To test the matter a condemned criminal was secured "for scientific purposes." A guard was kept on him night and day with orders to disturb him by shouting in his ears, jostling him, dousing him with cold water, or pricking him with a sword.

About the same time the interesting fact was discovered by a doctor, that shocks to the mind might kill. To test this, certain undesirable citizens were arrested on trumped-up charges and placed in cells. Suddenly a man would burst in and inform the victim that his wife had killed their children and fled with the prisoner's friend—naming the person.

At other times a fire would be started in a stone cell, adjacent to the victim's and the cry of "Fire! fire!" would be raised and all would flee, leaving the poor wretch to be stealthily watched, and notes and records made as to his acts and demeanor ☙ ☙

All will recall that well known story of how a man was told he was to be bled to death. He was strapped upon a table, his arm was slightly pricked, and then water was trickled into a bowl, so he could hear the sound "of his life-blood oozing away." The story tells us that the man died in half an hour, which may be so, but the fact has no scientific value, because, for one thing, no two men are alike, and the thing which might kill one man would not another ☙ ☙

In Constantinople in the days of Justinian, doctors removed patches of skin, a little at a time, from the living human body, in order to see how much surface a man could lose and still live ☙ ☙

Iamblichus tells of how the Cæsarian operation was performed on numerous condemned women, who were preserved and cared for in anticipation of the strange experiment. Agamogenesis was also tried in the name of science ☙ ☙

The Inquisition in Spain always used the services of doctors to aid the priests in their pious duties, which in fact were more in the interests of ethics than science, since the avowed purpose was to make men good.

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The Constitution of the United States forbids "strange and unusual punishments." Before 1776, even in America, judges usually had the right to punish the erring ones by any means they thought right and proper and expedient. The law now limits the power of the judge, for we realize that justice is not divine, but very, very human.

But a few years ago men were held in the stocks in public places to receive the jeers and insult of the populace, their faces often plastered with filth by children, who took advantage of their inability to resist. In the market-places women with the scarlet letter of shame upon their breasts stood exposed to the jeers of the heedless throng.

Archbishop Laud of the Church of England, in his position as magistrate, ordered the ears of heretics cut off, their noses slit, their tongues bored with a red-hot iron. During the same period men, women and children were often frightened into insanity, then taunted into violence, and then being condemned to die, were turned over to the doctors, who performed sundry operations on them in the name of science.

But during all this time, before and since, frogs, dogs, rabbits and guinea-pigs belonged to anybody who could catch them, and the owner had a right to do with his property as he wished, just as formerly the ruler did as he wished with the persons and property of his subjects. Laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals are a very recent innovation.

The tendency to torture was surely realized by Thomas Jefferson when he defined treason, and fixed in our constitution that clause concerning unusual punishments.

It must not be forgotten that most of the cruelties of the past were instituted and carried out by so-called good men, and no doubt, honest and sincere men. It was all according to law, and these laws were framed by lawyers, justified and endorsed by priests, and in their execution doctors played a chief part, just as lawyers, doctors and priests yet play a very necessary official part in all judicial killings. Chaplains and surgeons are army officers, and war is declared by law according to laws framed by lawyers.

And the argument is this: That because a thing is endorsed by lawyers, preachers and doctors is no reason it is right, proper, useful or necessary.

Doctors no longer experiment on paupers and criminals, surely not—heaven forbid! but dogs and guinea-pigs have no rights.

The plea of the vivisector that the animal is given ether or chloroform before the operation begins, is not sufficient excuse, when we know that the first move is to tie a stout string to each of the four legs of the hapless canine, and stretch him on his back, his legs tied down tight to convenient rings, and a noose placed in his mouth and caught over his upper jaw. Fright often silences the howlings of the poor beast, before a single drop of chloroform is placed on his nose. In fact, it is often thought fatal to the success of the vivisection to chloroform the animal, because he is just that much a departure from the normal.

To expose the heart, the digestive organs, to remove a kidney, touch parts of the brain and see certain muscles move—this is called science. The trouble is, that a dog is n't a man, and to reason from the rabbit to the genus homo is a far jump in the dark.

Dr. J. W. Hodge defies science to produce a single instance where operating on the live animal has ever helped humanity in any way. ¶ Likewise, Dr. Lawson Tait, the eminent surgeon, gives it as his opinion that the whole plan of vivisection is senseless from a scientific point, and absolutely valueless as a guide to operations on men. He innocently adds, however, the somewhat doubtful argument that, "Vivisection affords practise and experience in cutting through living tissue and so gives steadiness and assurance to the surgeon, but beyond this, its results are nil."

In this sentence has not Dr. Tait given the key to the entire situation? Is n't it respite from dull work which the young medicus craves? Also added to this, is n't the doctor, being but a man, actuated by the old savage instinct of bloodlust, or the desire to finger the secrets of infinity and play with life and death?

The savages who tied their victim to a tree and shot arrows into him at the rate of two or three a day, were actuated by something beside

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cruelty—they were protecting their tribe by punishing its enemies.

Archbishop Laud, Torquemado, and Pope Alexander Borgia defended their Holy Faith by methods not less severe than these adopted by the savages.

We hang the man to protect society.

And so we kill thousands upon thousands of animals, first torturing them for days, weeks and sometimes months, in the name of human health and happiness.

But motives are never found pure. Side by side with avowals of love, kindness and good will, dwell tyranny, sophistry, cruelty and death. Otherwise no Christian nation would ever have gone to war. Cruelty is always irrational, but it becomes rational when you couple it with a noble motive to give it excuse.

The capsule is coated with sugar, but inside is the drug

At a medical college in Chicago where I once attended, we always had on hand a cage containing a dozen or more of dogs. We bought these dogs from the dog-catchers, authorized, and sometimes non-official. Never mind, we got the dogs—the acquisition aided in dispelling the monotony of existence. We were young, all had been hunters, and we craved a little excitement

We got the dogs all right.

And it was the rule of the place that any dog could be redeemed on payment to the janitor of two dollars. This money bought food for the dogs, also more dogs.

So we all owned a dog—some well-bred canine that we had bought with a price. But never were we allowed to bring our pets into the vivisecting room, for the free dog, in some way sensing the true state of affairs, would begin to howl in agony, seemingly pleading for his unfortunate mate that was being stretched, gagged and helpless, on the table. So the rule was established that any dog brought into the room, should be forfeited and chucked into the cage

One day a dog was brought in that had been operated on the day before, his abdomen cut open, so as to expose the stomach. After the class, he had been stitched up and placed in the cage. Now he was brought in again, and we were to trepan his skull. The dog was not tied down, but a young man was holding him under his arm while the professor was explaining what he was going to do. The dog was very weak, but still he could howl. The boy who held him tried stroking and petting him. Still the dog howled and seemingly turned his appeal from one to another, and at last fixed his glazed eyes on the professor, crying for mercy. Then one young man blurted out, "Here, fellows, I can't stand this—I 'll be one of four to give fifty cents and buy this dog's life!"

Everybody laughed, but the professor kindly and gently explained that the dog was already wounded and could not live anyway, otherwise he would be quite willing to accept the young gentleman's well meant offer.

I do not know whether the incident impressed any of the others as it did me—it would have been weakness to have followed up the idea—but the next day I cut the class in vivisection.

¶ The question is still unanswered, "Have dumb animals no rights that scientific men should respect?"

The worst effect of vivisection is not, I believe, the fact of the cruelty to the animal, but the evil reactionary effect on the man who practises the business. Work is for the worker, art is for the artist, love is for the lover, and murder is for the murderer. The victim dies—the one who does the deed lives on.

That poor wretch in the stocks suffered, but not so direly as did the children who were given opportunity to pelt him with mud. All cruelty and inhumanity reacts to the detriment of society

Nature is kind—she puts a quick limit on suffering—perhaps the vivisectionist is right, that the animal does not really suffer much. But the fact is, the vivisector suffers, whether he knows it or not. He has immersed his hands in innocent blood, and instead of being the protector of the helpless, he has taken advantage of the animal's helplessness to destroy it, by a means slow, complex, refined, prolonged and peculiar. Life has become to him cheap and common. Something divine has died out of his soul

On this phase of the matter, Katherine Tingley very gently suggests a thought:

Do we want a vivisector by the bedside of the sick? Do we not want more than anything else that the consciousness of the physician should be of the highest order, incapable of the slightest prompting from below? And this, not only on general grounds, but because it is from the higher nature that come those flashes of genius and intuition which may mean the salvation of an apparently hopeless case of sickness.

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It is also the higher nature which radiates the something that renders the mere presence of some doctors curative. They may only know that they wish well to the patient, but in such men this wish is power.

No such feats are possible to the vivisector. His consciousness has been blunted; the more delicate operations of intuition are impossible; he can but reason. And if his practice of vivisection has gone very far he will experiment upon his patient in the sole interests of knowledge, exactly and for the same reasons that he operates on the dog.

The priest is a man who has always mistaken the scaffolding for the edifice. Truth is a thing to be lived, not merely discussed. It cannot be caught and crystallized in a formula. When we really live truth we will cease to talk about it.



THE speech that made a national reputation for Champ Clark was made in Congress in 1893. He had the floor, the speaker's eye, the large furry ear of the House and also his nerve with him—a rare collection of assets. ¶ He was simply talking against time in order to defeat a certain measure. His subject was "Border Heroes," and in it he exalts Kansas, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, the four states that produced about as many men for one side of the War as the other. ¶ This certainly proves that the states in question were without prejudice

Champ being of Milesian descent likes people who fight on both sides.

In this speech the Elysees-One surely got agoing some. ¶ Oratory is a purely accidental thing

When speaker, opportunity and opposition meet, with a jigger of encouragement to give the product a flavor, the great speech is launched And it can never be given again. A good Roycrofter in Washington has copied the speech from the original records, and I intend to publish it in THE FRA, next month, unless Champ restrains me by injunction.

A man who can't forget is quite as bad as one who can't remember. Everybody should remember to forget.



IN the last number of THE FRA was a little item suggesting a secular Sunday School. Much to our surprise several hundred persons have written us, urging that the plan shall be given a definite form. To this end, Alice Hubbard has taken the matter up, and in each issue of THE FRA will conduct a Roycroft Sunday School Department.

In this American Sunday School, the scholars, young and old, will be taught things directly affecting this life, now and here.

All children are interested in Nature—none are interested in theology and ancient history The discussion of miraculous deeds will be eliminated, and we will talk of the things which we ourselves can do. We will discuss health, happiness—work, and all social and industrial betterments. Especially will we take up the great modern Prophets and Poets, such as Emerson, Ruskin, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Susan B. Anthony, Tolstoy, Whitman, Morris, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lowell and Holmes. ¶ We will attempt to become familiar with their lives and ideals.

When the weather is pleasant, if possible, the school should be held out-of-doors, in the parks, woods or fields. The children will be taught elementary botany, zoology, and to be on kindly terms with the bugs, bees, birds, butterflies and flowers, so that we shall grow to reverence every living thing, and recognize that all things are sacred—all places holy—all life divine.

This can all be done naturally and easily without violence of direction, or iconoclasm, or making war on present institutions. Children would never think of the absurdities of theology unless such ideas were thrust upon them. In the Roycroft Sunday School St. Paul will not be quoted as final authority on the "woman question," and Froebel will replace Solomon on matters of child education.

To repeat, the Roycroft Sunday School will work for a direct, present benefit. Its motto is Head, Hand, and Heart. Its intent is Health, Happiness, Usefulness on this planet and during this life. It will teach that indifference to the divinity that surrounds us is a grievous error, and that we can only help ourselves by helping others

The magazine space to be given to this depart-

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ment is limited, so the lesson can be presented only in outline, but in addition Mrs. Hubbard proposes to issue a weekly Roycroft Sunday School Lesson Leaflet. Yearly subscription say fifty cents, or one Dollar a hundred Leaflets, in bulk. Sample Leaflets will be sent gladly on application

Once there was a man whose sole ambition was to be an editor. He was a fool.

Song of the Ships

By Clinton Scollard

THE great ships go a-shouldering
Along my line of shore;
The little ships like sea-gulls fly
Under the blue tent of the sky,
And some will lie a-mouldering
Where phosphor lights are smouldering,
And sail no more, no more!

Spruce and trig
Is yon bounding brig—
"Whither away, my master?"
"O just for a bit of a jaunty trip,
From the lazy ooze of Salem slip
To where the long tides roar and rip
Round the coral keys
Of the outer seas,
And the combers cry 'disaster!'
Out and up with the topsail there!
There's plenty of God's free briny air
To crowd her a little faster!"

Ah, like a lark
Dips yonder bark—
Poises and dips and rises;
"Whither away?"
"To the clear blue day,
And the Lost Lagoon
Where the flame of noon
Is full of rapt surprises,
And the tropic moon
As it swings aswoon,
Entangles and entices."

It 's "champ! champ! champ!"
Goes the wheezy tramp,
With her funnels low and raky;
"Whither away?" "Well, the good Lord knows
Where we'll land if it up and blows,
For the keel is foul (that's one of our woes,)
And the screw is mighty shaky;
But we'll weather to port although it be
Under the gray-green roof of the sea,
And we'll warp to the pier
With a rouse of cheer
Though queer be the pier and quaky."

Like an arrowy shaft
From fore to aft
Onward urges the liner;
"Whither away?" Strong comes the hail—
"O'er creamy crest and o'er beryl vale
To the gates of the Ultimate East we sail
Where the rose abides and the nightingale
Sits caroling—none diviner.
A myriad hopes—not a wraith of doubt—
Throb between our decks as we hurtle out;
And the mind and the shaping hand of man,
Since the ancient surge of Time began,
Ne'er fashioned a splendor finer."

With sparkling spar
Glides the man-o'-war,
Her great-gunned turrets towering;
"Whither away?" "To the verge of earth
To guard the rights of the free of birth,
And give them a taste of our Yankee mirth
Wherever the foe be lowering;
And should it come to the last appeal,
To the cruel chrism of fire and steel,
Be it man on bridge, in hold, at wheel,
There'll be no caitiff cowering!"

And so the ships go shouldering
Along my line of shore,
And whether they dare the threat of the Horn,
Or make for the Golden Isles of the Morn,
Under the sapphire tent of sky,
Some will range back by and by,
And some will lie a-mouldering,
Where phosphor lights are smouldering,
And sail no more, no more!

IF I supply you a thought you may remember it and you may not. But if I can make you think a thought for yourself, I have indeed added to your stature. To supply a thought is mental massage; but to evolve a thought of your own is an achievement. Thinking is a brain exercise—and no faculty grows save as it is exercised.

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Help Mates

By Alice Hubbard



TO think is not natural to the animal man; it is an acquisition for which we have to pay. The law of compensation is. We are very clumsy still in our use of the brain. Among the lower animals, fighting is only used for self-preservation, for enforcing their rights when their needs demand. At one period in the development of the human race, men made fighting a business—fighting and killing. Man developed such cruelty as is known among no other animals. Read the history of Rome, of France, of England—yes, of America. Go ask the Salem witches what they think of our gentleness, of our kind hearts, of our intelligence! Ask the Filipinos their opinion of our water-cures, our soldiers' conduct toward their women, as an expression of our superiority in kindness over the animals. Male and female became so far separated in their activities that their interests were divided—man's work and woman's work were common expressions. Dangerous ground for the genus homo! The human race did not flourish under it ❧ Slaves do not bear noble, kingly sons. The fear, shrinking and cringing of the mother is the inheritance of the sons as well as of the daughters. When the mother had to steal all the freedom and privileges she had, the sons learned to steal and plot and plan and conspire as well ❧ Then the male race was said to be contaminated by the female race. The female race was called unholy—the male holy. But yet the thistle must bear figs! ❧ ❧

When the church was the state, woman could hold no office in that sacred institution, had no voice in its management, could not sing in the choir, was unworthy to enter certain parts of the building, must sit apart with her head covered. Yet one of those women had loved the pope into being, had saved him alive thru the thousand perils of childhood, and had nourished, supported and cared for him afterward.

If we think a thing long enough, it becomes truth to us. We use it as fact and build upon it, or unbuild, as the case may be. Sir Isaac Newton did not attempt to reconcile his religion with the eternal laws which he discovered and demonstrated. Neither did the churchmen use their intelligence concerning the soul-standing of their mothers whose superiority over themselves they must have known. They took as a statement of truth a scandalous tradition that had the bogus sign of "Thus saith the Lord" upon it, and did not reason. When things get too bad they must mend or dissolution takes place. Women were not dead all this time, but absolutely hand in hand with men in general development—they average the same. The calamity was in the mental separation—the difference in their activities. As man really advanced, woman advanced with him. She had a brain as active as his, and thru her peep-hole into the world she saw what made her heart beat high and her brain quicken into activity. Her prison house oppressed her—she almost smothered in her limitations. Here was the life into which she was thrust. She must learn to be a good housekeeper. She must know how to sew, bake, clean, darn and mend. It was first believed that ignorance on all subjects but those within the four walls of housekeeping was the way to make the best wives. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his book entitled, "Intellectual Life," recommends marriage as conducive to the development of the intellect. To him the intellectual life is as Milton pictures heaven—no women angels. So persistent has the thought become that man owns woman that we hear men say in generous mood that "Woman is God's best gift to man"—a possession, however, to which he has no clear title, and which he has been seldom successful in using or found much joy in holding. Have you ever thought it strange that so much is said of man's needing a helpmeet and nothing of woman's needing help? Is woman all powerful, or is it possible that she too needs to be recognized as in the line of evolution? Hamerton's "Intellectual Life" is for men only. He says, "I believe that for an intellectual man, only two courses are open: either he ought to marry some simple, dutiful woman who will bear him children, and see to the household matters, and love him in a trustful spirit, without jealousy of his occupation; or else, on the other hand, he ought to marry some highly intelligent lady, able to carry her education far beyond school experiences, and willing to become his companion in the arduous paths of intellectual labor." And he continues without a smile: "The difficulty in the first is, that she does not remain what she was; she

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becomes a sort of make-believe lady, and her ignorance, which in her natural condition was charming naivete, becomes an irritating defect. If, however, it were possible for an intellectual man to marry some simple-hearted peasant girl, and keep her carefully in her original condition, I seriously believe that the venture would be less perilous to his culture than an alliance with some woman of our Philistine classes."

You see the difficulty is that women are a part of the human race—they won't stay put—they are bound to develop if they have the opportunity.

What Hamerton wanted was not a wife, but an animal with human capabilities for serving him. The great law was unrecognized by him, that each one of us is part and parcel of a great whole, each part so connected with all others that to retard the growth of one is to hold back the rest. He did not know that to pursue culture is to never overtake her.

He that saveth his life shall lose it.

WHOLESALE CONDEMNATION IS USUALLY A SUBTLE FORM OF FLATTERY

The Publicity Man

By Joseph Appel

NEEDED—A new official at Washington; a new official in every State; a new official in every City. WHO?—The Publicity Man. And he must be Elected, not Appointed



WE hear much these days about running our government—National, State and Municipal—in a business way. Does n't it seem strange, then, that the Government should lack that great right arm of business, a Publicity Bureau?

As one somewhat familiar with the advertising of one of the great mercantile businesses of the country, let me point out just what the Publicity Bureau does for the store and what it might do for the Nation, the State, the City.

An advertising man's efforts should be two-fold: 1—Corrective; 2—Productive.

Few people, and few advertisers for that matter, understand that back of productive advertising there must be corrective work—correcting the methods and merchandise and manners of the store. That is to say, before advertising can produce adequate results the store must first have the proper merchandise, its prices must be right, its attitude towards the people and its method of dealing with them must be fair and square.

Now if any one of these things be wrong the advertiser must seek to correct it, if possible, before he goes before the public. How? "Not by advertising," you say. Yes, by advertising, but by advertising the facts to the firm, to the owners of the business. That's the first step in his campaign of publicity—to make known the evils to the head of the business—to the man who can correct them. Then he can go with confidence to the people and tell his advertising story

Now carry the analogy into the field of Municipal, State and National affairs.

Here the Publicity Man's efforts would again be two-fold:

1—To expose those things which are wrong in Government—to "lift the lid" or to "turn on the light," if you please; also—

2—To advertise the Nation, the State and the City—to give publicity to the good side of our endeavors

No store can hope to correct all the things it is doing wrong or badly before advertising to the public—nor can the Nation, the State nor the City hope to complete its corrective work before it enters upon the productive. It would not be necessary nor expected. The two efforts can well run hand in hand, for the one adds the touch of sincerity to the other.

"But why publish to the world at all our evils?" you say. This is not done in private business. ¶ No, it is not done in private business because private business is private business.

But Government is a public business. It is your business, my business, our business. It is the business of every man and woman who helps to bear the burden. It is the people's right to know exactly what is going on in their Government; else how can wrongs be righted, or how can the people vote intelligently?

We say that banks and trust companies go wrong to-day because the directors do not direct. Yet we attempt to run our Government with the

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people as directors and then fail to give them the information necessary to intelligent action.

¶ A store's advertiser gives out information so that people may buy intelligently.

A nation's advertiser, or the advertiser of a state or city would give out information so that the people may vote intelligently.

Here, then, we have three distinctive fields in which a Publicity Man could labor in National, State and Municipal affairs:

1.—In exposing wrongs to be corrected;

2.—In educating the public in governmental affairs;

3.—In advertising, as the term is popularly recognized in business.

The first two are in the line of corrective efforts; the third is entirely productive—in the way of attracting immigration, or trade or capital.

In the way of exposing wrongs, let us take some familiar examples right at hand to see what a Publicity Man might do.

Could the land frauds have gone so long undiscovered had there been a Bureau of Publicity at our National Capitol?

Could the Post Office scandals come and go if the people actually knew all the time the operation of this Department?

Could the beef inspection have become so rotten before discovery?

Would there be this uncertainty about the Panama Canal?

Could the Parcels Post, so long desired by the people and the business interests of the country, be blocked by two express companies and a United States senator?

Who knows what is going on at Washington? ¶ Magazines send their staff writers to tell us. Newspapers have their correspondents there. But why is there not a Publicity Man at our Capitol, the people's paid representative, who can give us the truth "without orders," without bias?

In State Affairs:

Think you, if the people's own Publicity Man had sat in Harrisburg during the past year could $9,000,000 have been spent on the Pennsylvania State Capitol without the people knowing it?

In Municipal Affairs:

Could there be this secrecy and collusion in city contracts? Could a boss like Murphy in New York or Durham or McNichol in Philadelphia grow fat—if the people's Publicity Man were on the watch?

You may say: "But right there is the trouble—such a Publicity Man would become the boss, and affairs would be as bad as ever." Then, I say, if we must have a boss, let that boss be elected by the people and be responsible to the people, and let him be the Publicity Man, elected for a term of one year; re-elected if the people want him, ousted in a year if he has been faithless

Would not this be changing the boss into the leader? And is not this the change that must come, sooner or later, if democracy is to continue?

But the great work of such a Publicity Man would be educational and productive.

Surely the people need education in governmental affairs, when in the last election in Philadelphia of the two hundred and thirty thousand who voted for District Attorney, less than ninety-five thousand felt competent to vote on a thirteen million dollar loan. The great majority did not vote simply because they did not have enough information.

It is upon this ignorance of the people about their own affairs that the bosses thrive.

How many councilmen in our cities are competent to plan or to pass upon plans for the improvement of their cities? How many councilmen or aldermen, or how many people, know how foreign cities are built, beautified, "sanitized" and managed?

How many people in the United States know what are the Referendum and Recall, those famous Swiss institutions which will be adopted into our Government once the public realizes what good they can accomplish.

The educational field alone, for the Publicity Man is enormous.

Yet the productive field is still larger.

We send out consular reports, painting in glowing terms the foreign fields for trade. And this is well

But when new farming districts in the far West are to be opened up, the advertising of them is left to the railroads.

Is it not to the advantage of the entire Nation, to the whole State and to each City to advertise to the world our industries?

You may say again, that we elect the Mayor and the Governor and the President and that they are responsible—that it would be simply multiplying officials, adding to the expense of running the Government and only dividing the responsibility

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In reply, let me say that these present officials, under present laws, have too many other duties, and our bitter experience shows that yet another power is needed—the power of Publicity, wielded by a man who is de facto the attorney for the people.

Competition is the life of trade, and with the States and Cities in friendly competition with each other, would there not come a new impetus to business?

Man is an advertising animal. The baby begins to advertise as soon as it is born. Man keeps it up all through life.

This will go down into American History as the Advertising Age. It is the culmination of several centuries

First the immigrants came, seeking an asylum for free thought.

They built their homes and barns.

Then they built their churches.

Then they erected schools and colleges.

And then they established newspapers—and with this Publicity came expansion and freedom

The American Merchant, the American Manufacturer, and the American Man in every kind of business recognizes the power of Publicity—yet the American Citizen has thus far failed to appreciate its force.

You better be a round peg in a square hole than a square peg in a square hole. The latter is in for life, while the first is only an indeterminate sentence

Divorce Evils

By Edgar B. Kinkead
Professor of Law in Ohio State University



THE present method of dissolving the marriage relation is characterized as the "Divorce Evil." Divorce Congresses and Church Assemblies meet, discuss and express their ideas upon the much mooted question whether divorces are now too freely granted by courts or not, the view generally prevailing at such gatherings being that the law is altogether too lax in its provisions touching the subject, and that some reformation is absolutely necessary to preserve morals. ¶ The condemnation of the divorce evil has been so loud and extensive that it has received Presidential recognition calling for uniform regulation and control.

Yes! Law should be uniform; God's law is, and as law of Government should conform to the former, it too should be universal. Conduct of men and women should conform to the standard prescribed by the conscience, which is the key to God's law, and the laws of governments should will no differently, and as a general rule they do not

To meet the requirements of the nature of human beings, laws should be so practical as to bring the best results for society. What is conducive to peace and happiness to men and women is productive of the most good for society

Men and women who are happy and contented make better members of society and better citizens of the State; men and women who are unhappy and miserable are not always good citizens. Unhappiness and misery breed discord and frequently are the cause of infraction of the laws of God and of society.

Laws of civil society, as well as the laws of God, are designed to give happiness and comfort to its members; and hence, all their commands are based upon this principle, so that whatever seems best calculated to produce these results should be incorporated into law.

The standard or rule of conduct best adapted or calculated to produce the most perfect morals among men and women should be adopted by the State, and only such penalty should be prescribed as is necessary to accomplish this purpose

God made men and women for association with each other according to their natures. Their association, like that of lower animals, is regulated by the laws of nature, and God did not intend that the State should prescribe rules of conduct inconsistent with the inherent natures of men and women.

Our attention is directed to the divorce question by the Presbyterians recently assembled in general convention. Ministers, they say, should not marry divorced persons, except the innocent party in a case where the divorce has been granted on scriptural grounds. The Church must not suffer itself to be scandalized, they contend, by solemnizing marriages that have not the sanction of God's word. The Church is ready to ostracize and condemn those who are

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divorced on grounds not scriptural. So the Church would not permit a woman who is divorced because her husband is an habitual drunkard, or who deserts her, or is imprisoned in the penitentiary, or fails to provide for her. A woman should be permitted to marry again only when she is divorced from her husband when he has committed adultery, and vice versa. For example, a woman with small children should not be permitted to marry again and have the comforts of married life and the support of a man who loves her, simply because her husband has not committed the unpardonable sin

Partizan church men and women insist that a man and woman who fight like cats and dogs seven days in the week, making their children and themselves most miserable, must continue this disagreeable life, without the privilege of divorce or remarriage, though either might again marry one whom they love, with whom they may live happily, becoming contented and useful citizens of the community.

The foundation of the State is the marriage union, and the more perfect the latter, the more stable the former.

If the marriage is happy, God's purpose is accomplished; if it be a failure and the parties thereto are compelled to suffer and be miserable, they must do so, because there is nothing in Holy Writ authorizing them to do otherwise. The law must compel them to get along, whether they can or not, because the State should not prescribe a ground for divorcement not sanctioned by a supposed scriptural law.

Practical experience of lawyers and courts in dealing with the divorce problem certainly demonstrates that existing statutory grounds are entirely proper and beneficial to parties and the State. If there be abuses under the system now prevailing or fraud practised, it is up to the lawyers and courts to do what they can to prevent the same.

Associations of lawyers at their annual meetings have had occasion to deal with the "divorce evil," and have recommended precautionary measures to guard against fraud and deception possible in ex parte hearings.

I do not believe lawyers and judges would recommend a curtailment of the grounds of divorce to the so-called "scriptural grounds." ¶ Ministers and churchmen do not have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the divorce question so well as lawyers and judges who deal with it in a practical way If they did, and could come in contact with the misery and distress found in domestic troubles, they would undoubtedly conclude that it is a god-send for some to be divorced.

Perhaps when the Apostle said that what God hath joined together let no man put asunder, he had in mind a marriage for love. God did not intend that there should be any marriages for anything but love. But it is not every one who knows what love is. I believe that God pities married persons who are trying to live without love in their hearts, and that the good church men and women should do so also. "God in His divine providence has provided for us—first, in our love for Him, and secondly, in that beautiful love which links the soul of man to woman, where they are one in soul, yet are two. When God gave woman to man, it was with a definite and divine purpose."

We should be charitable to those who have made a mistake in marrying, and according to Christ's doctrine, we should not even cast a stone at the guilty divorcee.

Remarriage of divorced persons, be they guilty or innocent, will more than likely be best for the parties and the community.

Condemnation of such persons, or denial of remarriage is productive of misery and sin.

The example set by condemnation and denial of remarriage is not more wholesome or beneficial than forgiveness and sanction of remarriage. Good minister, good church-member, if your son or your daughter were unhappily married, so unhappily that the marriage was a curse, would not you pity them? And if you would, would not God also? If your son or daughter were the guilty party divorcee, because of a loveless marriage, would not your heart go out to them, would you not forgive them and take them back into your own home? Would God have you do otherwise? Would you not be pleased to see them remarried for love? Would God have you do differently?

Whatever is best for the individual is best for society

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The cure for divorce is to marry for love. The cure for domestic misery to man and woman, as well as children, is divorce.

The cure for the evils arising from divorce is less censure of the unfortunates, more charity, forgiveness and encouragement.

Ballade of Justice

By Frank Putnam

I

If all sad tales that ever were told
None more bitter has reached my ears
Than hers who, gay in a gown of gold,
Man with derrick and windlass rears
To guard his weal, to allay his fears
And prove to the gods his own great worth.
She wrings my heart, so excuse these tears!
Poor little Justice, blind at birth!

II

High on the Court-House dome she stands,
Symbol of man's supreme desire,
Scales and sword in her shapely hands,
Brow that glows in the sun's red fire;
Beneath her, men sell Truth for hire
And make her a mock in their mad mirth;
They sell her, too, when they find a buyer:
Poor little Justice, blind at birth!

III

Others our gods do we likewise flout,
Praise or punish with gross disdain;
Kind when our future seems in doubt,
Cruel when life leaps up again.
I take no heed of other gods' pain
Wrought by the wayward sons of earth;
In pity of her my peace is slain:
Poor little Justice, blind at birth!

L'Envoi

Prince, some day under fairer skies,
Enshrined in love above each hearth,
She will guide our steps with opened eyes:
Poor little Justice, blind at birth!

THE medical fraternity is at bay. From the depths of the scientific dens, where its members have sought refuge, they hear the halloo of their pursuers.

The misfortune is that actually the prevailing feeling of families in regard to doctors is one of repulsion. He is not the paramount friendly adviser of yore. People ask his advice "in extremis" for form's sake, but he is mistrusted; his prescriptions are criticized, his advice discussed, and plainly speaking, let it be said that patients are afraid of him. Formerly a doctor was sometimes the subject of ridicule, but nowadays there is a tendency to view him as a sinister and hateful individual. When in contact with him people fancy they inhale the tainted air which his clothes had absorbed in the physiological laboratories, through whose half-opened doors the public has peeped with terror.—Dr. Ph. Marechal.

We cannot escape history.

If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong.

This country belongs to the people who inhabit it

The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea

I authorize no bargain for the Presidency, and I will be bound by none.

I believe that this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free.

Understanding the spirit of our institutions to aim at the elevation of men, I am opposed to whatever tends to degrade them.

The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail accurately to perceive them in advance.

I protest against the counterfeit logic that concludes that because I do not want a black woman for a slave that I must necessarily want her for a wife.

—Abraham Lincoln.

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THE FRA

A JOVRNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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Throw physic to the dogs—it will not hurt them, for they know better than to swallow it

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA



EBANON, Ohio, is a pleasing and picturesque town, containing three thousand, five hundred and two souls In Eighteen Hundred and Forty the population was just three thousand, five hundred

Recently I spoke in Lebanon, and a thrill of trepidation came over me as I faced my audience and realized that I was in the home town of Tom Corwin, the greatest popular orator that America, or perhaps the world, has ever produced

In Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-nine, Ingersoll came to Lebanon on pious pilgrimage bent, and standing where I stood, prefaced his lecture with these words:

Being for the first time where Thomas Corwin lived and where his ashes rest, I cannot refrain from saying something of what I feel. ¶ Thomas Corwin was a natural orator—armed with the sword of attack and the shield of defense.

Nature filled his quiver with perfect arrows He was the lord of logic and laughter. He had the presence, the pose, the voice, the face that mirrored thoughts, the unconscious gesture of the orator. He had intelligence—a wide horizon—logic as unerring as mathematics—humor as rich as autumn when the boughs and vines bend with the weight of ripened fruit, while the forests flame with scarlet, brown and gold. He had wit as quick and sharp as lightning, and like lightning, it filled the heavens with sudden light. ¶ In his laughter there was logic, in his wit wisdom, and in his humor philosophy and philanthropy. He was a supreme artist. He painted pictures with words. He knew the strength, the velocity of verbs, the color, the light and shade of adjectives.

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He was a sculptor in speech—changing stones to statues. He had in his heart the sacred something that we call sympathy. He pitied the unfortunate, the oppressed and the outcast. His words were often wet with tears—tears that in a moment after were glorified by the light of smiles. All moods were his. He knew the heart, its tides and currents, its calms and storms, and like a skilful pilot he sailed emotion's troubled sea. He was neither solemn nor dignified, because he was neither stupid nor egotistic. He was natural, and had the spontaneity of winds and waves. He was the greatest orator of his time, the grandest that ever stood beneath our flag. Reverently I lay this leaf upon his grave

Tom Corwin was born in Kentucky. His family drifted up to Ohio. Aged twenty, Tom won fame as the driver of a freight wagon, swinging a six-mule team into line, and flicking the ears of the off leader with a whip that sang merrily thru the air, and awoke the echoes of those romantic stage-coach times.

Later Tom played with the English language in very much the same way.

In Eighteen Hundred and Five the Shakers had settled just west of Lebanon, and Tom hauled freight from Cincinnati, thirty-six miles away, for the conscientious Shakers.

Tom was not a Shaker. They hired him because no Shaker had a vocabulary that could do justice to a six-mule team, and at the same time persuade it with the merry music of the swinging, singing, sighing, soothing, searching lash that sought each recreant son of Balaam's ass in turn

Tom loafed in the law office of a local limb of alleged justice, and at odd times read.

Soon he resigned the reins and handed the whip to another.

He became the Wagon Boy Orator.

He was sent to the State Legislature at Chillicothe, which was then the Capital of the United States of Ohio.

Then he became state senator.

Next he went to Congress.

The next move was to become Governor of Ohio. At the expiration of his term he became a United States Senator.

He was Secretary of the Treasury under President Fillmore, and would have been President had it not been for his blistering wit and his fatal felicity and facility with words.

He was the rival of Henry Clay, Stephen A. Douglass, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun and John Quincy Adams. He was a match for any of them and a terror to the blatant talkers who were given to vibrating the atmosphere

His oratory was soft, smooth, intimate, confidential, and not the typical western article exemplified by Colonel Yell, of Yellville. It was artistic harangue. Tom Corwin was the greatest stump-speaker the world has ever seen. During the "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," campaign he drove six horses to a wagon all over Ohio, making speeches. On this wagon was a log cabin —the badge of the party. Thousands of people followed him on horseback and in moving wagons. Where Tom was to speak, tents were pitched and barbecues held, when whole oxen were roasted and hard cider flowed free, like salvation at camp-meetings. Often there would be twenty thousand people present. Nothing like it was ever seen, the nearest approach being when Tom Johnson did a similar stunt with his red devil automobile.

In the Senate, Tom Corwin won fame, and some said shame, by opposing the Mexican War. In the troubled times of Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-eight and Fifty-nine he was a Republican, but was inclined to follow his prenatal tendencies and side with the South.

Lincoln loved the man, but feared him for that terrible tongue of his and its indiscretion. So Abe played a joke on Tom—a joke so subtle that Tom, with all his sense of humor, never saw it. Almost the first official move of Lincoln when he became President was to make Tom Corwin Minister to Mexico. Tom's beloved Mexico! Thus was Tom, with his persuasive power, safely shelved and pigeonholed. Tom was getting old, and iron was needed, not lime, and Lincoln, the great and wise, who only joked to a purpose, knew it.

"What is the secret of oratory?" asked a sophomore of Tom Corwin.

"Young man," said the great orator, "young man, when you speak in public never make people laugh. Be solemn, solemn as a large mouse-colored owl, and you'll win."

Tom Corwin died in Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-five in a fit of laughter. So passed away this most human, lovable, kindly and talented man—a man whose words were honey or venom —a man who lured other men with a round, soft persuasive voice that took opposition captive, bound it with green withes and made it his own.

In Lebanon I met a score of men and women who said, "Alas, poor Yorick! we knew him well!"

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The successes of oratory, unless backed up by deeds, are pathetic. Oratory dies on the empty air, living only in memory, and then in tradition, its echoes growing fainter as the swift seasons roll. Alas, poor Yorick!

Here is a taste of Tom Corwin's quality:

Sir, the gentleman from Michigan, being a militia general, as he has told us, in that simple statement has revealed the glorious history of toils, privations, sacrifices and bloody scenes, through which we know, from experience and observation, a militia officer in time of peace is sure to pass. We all, in fancy, now see the gentleman from Michigan in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia general on the peace establishment—a parade day! The day for which all the other days of his life seem to have been made. We can see the troops in motion; umbrellas, hoe and axe-handles and other like deadly implements of war overshadowing all the field, when lo! the leader of the host approaches. Far off his coming shines, his plume, white after the fashion of the great Bourbon, is of ample length and reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts! ❧ Like the great Suwaroff, he seems somewhat careless in forms and points of dress, hence his epaulettes may be on his shoulders, back or sides, but gleaming, still gloriously gleaming in the sun. Mounted he is, too, let it not be forgotten.

Need I describe to the colonels and generals of this honorable house the steed which heroes bestride on such occasions? No, I see the memory of other days is with you. You see before you the gentleman from Michigan mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquities of whose hinder limbs is described by that most expressive phrase, "sickle hams"—her height just fourteen hands, all told; yes, sir, there you see his "steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear;" that is his "war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder." Mr. Speaker, we have glowing descriptions in history of Alexander the Great and his war-horse, Bucephalus, at the head of the invincible Macedonian phalanx, but, Sir, such are the improvements of modern times, that every one must see that our militia general, with his crop-eared mare, with bushy tail and sickle ham, would literally frighten off a battlefield a hundred Alexanders. But, Sir, to the history of the parade-day.

The general, thus mounted and equipped, is in the field and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprise, such as giving order to shoulder arms, it may be, there occurs a crisis, one of the accidents of war which no sagacity could foresee or prevent. A cloud rises and passes over the sun! Here an occasion occurs for the display of that greatest of all traits in the character of a commander, that tact which enables him to seize upon and turn to good account events unlooked for as they arise. Now for the caution wherewith the Roman Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal. A retreat is ordered, and troops and general, in a twinkling, are found safely bivouacked in a neighboring grocery! But even here the general still has room for the exhibition of heroic deeds.

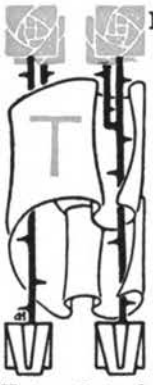
Hot from the field and chafed with the untoward events of the day, your general unsheaths his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length, as you will well remember, and with an energy and remorseless fury he slices the watermelons that lie in heaps around him, and shares them with his surviving friends. Other of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whiskey, Mr. Speaker, that great leveler of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the watermelons are filled to the brim. Here again, Mr. Speaker, is shown how the extremes of barbarism and civilization meet. As the Scandinavian heroes of old, after the fatigue of war, drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies in Odin's Halls, so now our militia general and his forces, from the skulls of melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whiskey assuage the heroic fire of their souls after the bloody scenes of a parade-day. But alas for this short-lived race of ours! all things will have an end, and so even is it with the glorious achievements of our general. Time is on the wing, and will not stay his flight; the sun, as if frightened at the mighty events of the day, rides down the sky, and at the close of the day when "the hamlet is still," the curtain of night drops upon the scene:

> And glory, like the phœnix in its fires,
> Exhales its odors, blazes and expires.

❧

Man could behold the Infinite, if only he would not stand in his own shadow.

❧



TEACHING things out of season is a woful waste of time. It is also a great consumer of nerve-force, for both pupil and teacher. ¶ For instance, the English plan of having little boys of eight study Latin and Greek, killed a lot of boys, and probably never helped a single one to shoulder life's burden and be a better man. Knowledge not used, like anything else not used, is objectionable and often dangerous.

Nature intends knowledge for service, not as an ornament or for purposes of bric-a-brac.

"Delay adolescence—delay adolescence!" cries Stanley Hall. The reason is plain. The rare-ripe

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rots. What boy well raised, of ten or twelve can compare with your street gamin who has the knowledge and the shrewdness of a grown-up broker! But the Arab never becomes a man ❧ The awkward and bashful boy from the country —with mind slowly ripening in its rough husk, gathering gear as he goes, securing knowledge in order to use it, and by using it, making it absolutely his own, and gaining capacity for more, is the type that scores ❧ ❧ ❧ The priestly plan of having one set of men do all the thinking, and another set all of the work is tragedy for both. ¶ To quit the world of work in order to get an education is as bad as quitting the world of work and struggle in order to be "good." The tendency of the classical education is to unfit the youth for work. He gains knowledge, like the gamin, in advance of his needs.

IT is easy to get everything you want, providing you first learn to do without the things you can't get ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The boy of eighteen who enters college and graduates at twenty-two, when he comes home wants to run his father's business. Certainly he will not wash windows.

He has knowledge but no dexterity—he has learning but no competence.

He owns a kit of tools, but does not know how to use them. And now, if his father is rich, a place is made for him where he can do no damage, a genteel and honorable place, and he hypnotizes himself and deceives his friends with the fallacy that he is really doing something. ¶ In the meantime the plain and alert young man brought up in the business, keeps the chimes on the barrel, otherwise 't would busticate.

Use and acquaintance should go hand in hand. Skill must be applied. All great writers learned to write in just one way—by writing. To acquire the kit is absurd—get the tools one at a time as you need them.

College has just one thing to recommend it, and that is the change of environment that it affords the pupil. This is what does him good—new faces, new scenes, new ideas, new associations. The curriculum is nil—if it keeps the fledgling out of mischief it accomplishes its purpose. But four years in college tends to ossification instead of fluidity—and seven years means the pupil gets caught and held by environment: he stays too long. ¶ Alexander von Humboldt was right —one year in any college is enough for any man. One year gives him inspiration and all the spirit of good there is in it; a longer period fixes frats, fads and fancies in his noodle as necessities ❧ Men are only great as they train on. College may place you in the Two-thirty list, but you get into the Free-for-all only by letting the Bunch take your dust.

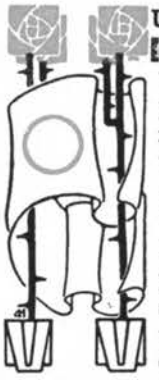
Happy is the man, like Ralph Waldo Emerson, who is discarded by his Alma Mater, or like Henry Thoreau, who discarded her.

In any event, in God's name, get weaned!

❧

I do not fear Nature, but I fear for the man who sets himself in opposition to Nature.

❧



OUR Canadian friends, who in some ways do things better than we do, have stopped all street preaching in most of the Dominion cities.

The reason given is that many of the street preachers were "frauds."

If the Canadians would now stop preaching in churches on the same grounds, they would do well, and be quite as logical.

Curiously enough it was the Salvation Army that brought about the new order of things.

The lassies and laddiebucks reported that everywhere there were men and women holding services on the streets at night—doing four religious things: praying, singing, exhorting and taking up collections.

Often two or three women would do the singing and exhorting, and they would have a man on the sidewalk to act as a kind of guard if necessary, and at the same time encourage the proceedings. These folks often carried a big drum, a cornet and a tambourine. If they sang well and made enough noise, calling men to repentance, telling of the love of Jesus, they might attract quite a crowd, and pick up a dollar at every collection. There would be at least six collections in an hour. If they kept moving and right at it, they would often pick up ten or fifteen dollars a night, much more than they could earn at work. A red ribbon on their hat-bands would proclaim them as "Salvation Army" folks, although they might use the term or not. Anyway, the unchurched patrons who stand on

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the curb and listlessly smoke, spit and swear, call people who sing, exhort, pray and take collections, "Salvation Armies."

The evening work done, our evangelists would adjourn to some saloon, order the best of everything, remove their red hat-bands and proceed to divide the boodle.

So much has this kind of religious competition increased, seemingly thriving best in hard times when men are out of work and on the streets—giving five cents to a religious cause in the hope of turning their luck—that the sure-enough Salvation Army has become alarmed.

Now it is not for the police to decide who is "sincere" and who not. Plain beggars are not allowed to ply their trade, but religious beggars are looked upon leniently.

They tell in Toronto of an actor and his wife from Buffalo, who had attended revivals until they got the lingo, who went out on the street and sang, spelled and tooted so effectively that they picked up twenty-five dollars every night. ¶ The Ministers' Association took it up, and laid charge against the histrion and his wife "Let him establish a church, if he wants to preach," they said. That is, let him join the legit. It was a poor argument, but any kind of logic is good enough if we do not like a man.

So now in Canada you can march with a big drum, but you must keep on the go, and if you want money you must lead the sinners to a hall where exhorting is done, experiences related, and the collection is taken, all as duly provided and enacted by law.

To know the great men dead, is compensation for having to live with the mediocre.



WHEN our friend La Follette introduced us to the one hundred men for whom we work, and who take care of our money, he did a unique and interesting service. Several of these men, it will be remembered, swore halibis and asked to be searched. La Follette courteously accepted their denials, apologized and put them in the dummy class, that curious collection of commercial and financial teddy bears that dance only when somebody pushes a button and the buzzer buzzes.

However, since nothing lies like figures, it may be that La Follette did not tell the whole story, and that there is more to be said. La Follette did not intend to erect a Hall of Fame, but certain it is, he did not construct either a Den or a Hall of Infamy

All he did was to point out a very interesting phenomenon in social evolution.

Of those ten men in what La Follette might call his Class A, only one of them, J. Pierpont Morgan, is a college graduate. Morgan got his degree at Harvard in 1871, and was so elated and surprised when he secured the sheepskin that he has never looked inside of a book since He could not decline the verb "To Love," to save his bank-balance alive.

His art collecting is done vicariously, and his excursions in philosophy, religion and bibliogenesis, are left to experts.

In fact it would be a miracle if it were otherwise—human limitations forbid.

Morgan knows the sciences of finance and finesse better than any other living man. In religion he, like most millionaires, patronizes the conventional, swallows the popular, and believes that anything which tends to keep the dear people quiet is good enough.

To expect a financier to be interested in anything but expediency is too much to hope for Champ Clark, Tom Watson, La Follette know the great names in history. They have a certain knowledge of the arts, delve in science, and reverence the martyrs, reformers, inventors, discoverers. But during the time they have studied and dreamed and dived and delved, other men have collared the swag and placed their own names in what horsemen call "The List."

Yet, while it is a great general truth that the mind of a millionaire is a howling wilderness, to use the phrase of the late Judge Jere Black, it is never safe to dogmatize. There is one man in that list of one hundred, and only one, who deserves to be called an educated man.

Of course, all education is comparative, anyway. But Andrew Carnegie possesses a liberal mind. He does not delegate his religious views to specialists and then merely pay and O. K. the report. He thinks, and he expresses his thoughts. He is the world's most prominent advocate of international peace. He also reverences the memory of his mother and pays tribute to her by improving upon her religion. He no more accepts her theological creed than he does her conclusions on finance, pedagogy, art and science

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Andrew Carnegie's mind began to evolve when as a lad he was given the freedom of James Anderson's little library of five hundred volumes and counted it paradise.

Anderson, the boss teamster and ironmaster, like the man who taught Alexander von Humboldt, had at least one good pupil.

The germ of all of this great chain of Carnegie Libraries originated in the mind of Anderson, and the seed was sown when he threw open his private library, and there walked in a young, stubby, sandy Scot with an eager, hungry, receptive Scotch mind.

What an epoch! that moment when this youth from over the sea ventured into that room and stood on one foot, then on t'other, rolling his hat and gazing on the five hundred books with his wide-open wondering eyes of blue!

From errand boy to clerk, telegraph operator, chief clerk, assistant despatcher, division superintendent, manager—financier, owner and distributor, and one of the ten men in Senator La Follette's list!

And the only educated man in the list!

Andrew Carnegie has no respect for popular theology. He gives no money to build churches to unknown gods, sends no missionaries to the heathen with intent of replacing their superstitions with others just as good, contributes no funds for the support of creeds, whose tendency is to divide and separate men.

Every Carnegie Library is a radiating centre of light, and the building itself is an object lesson in good taste and honest construction. The condition that the town accepting a Carnegie Library shall raise a fixed sum, yearly, for its maintenance is the wise saving clause which prevents the gift from pauperizing the recipients. Responsibility is a burden, but the carrying of a burden gives strength. Oh, wise Andrew Carnegie!

James Anderson died never knowing or guessing or imagining the good he had done in giving the public the use of his books.

If every Carnegie Library, during each fifty years of its existence, inspires and gives opportunity to one solitary, eager, hungry receptive mind to grow, evolve and become, they will revolutionize the race and do more good than all the churches that ever pointed their spires toward the vacuous ether and diverted mankind from the beauties of this world to a hope of happiness in another.

In closing this paragraph I desire to say that I have no furtive designs on Mr. Carnegie's exchequer in way of an artistic touch. In material things, I have all I need or can use. Mr. Carnegie has nothing that I want, save his hope, his courage, his sincerity, his zeal for peace, his Scotch persistency and devotion to humanity, and these he cannot impart to me —I must achieve them for myself.

I have written these words, seated on a bench in Schenley Park, overlooking the Carnegie Library, Museum and School given by Andrew Carnegie to the City of Pittsburgh. In these buildings aggregating a gift of ten million dollars, I see the germ of an unfoldment which Mr. Carnegie probably no more realizes than did James Anderson when he flung open the doors of his one little room, 16 x 20, and invited a shy little youth to enter.

The Pittsburg "fast set" are drowning themselves in the convenient waters of the Monongahela, the natural end of idleness and orthodoxy, but the Pittsburg Spirit, which is really the Carnegie Spirit, symbolizes industry, progression, competence, helpfulness, solidity, genuineness, art and beauty—is as yet only a young but robust youngster.

Its manhood will make Athens pale, and Rome and Venice hide their heads. Give Pittsburg time! The work is under way and it will not languish nor rest.

Belief is an error if it excludes belief in its opposite



LET us get rid of this bugaboo that freethinkers are tabu. No man is on the bink except the one who has bink-bubbles in his think-tank. Stop hedging and doing goose-step to either the dead or living. When you run, all the kioodles in town get after you. With truth on our side, we surely stand back to the wall.

Out in Wichita, Kansas, lives Mrs. L. S. Carter, eighty-six years young, who has faced every foe save death, and she is not afraid of him. She makes five thousand dollars a year selling books, taking subscriptions for magazines, and running a lecture course. Recently she sent me payment for ten years' subscription to THE FRA, as she said she did n't want to be bothered remitting every year.

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She is up early, works late, and is the cheeriest, sunniest big soul in a little body you ever saw. ¶ And note you: she is not afraid of the term "infidel." She does her own thinking, and reverences the names of the great rationalists —men and women. She dotes on Anne Hutchinson, Mary Dyer, Elizabeth Fry and Anne Lee. She quotes Voltaire and with him calls superstition "The Infamy."

And best of all, she is universally beloved by everybody in Kansas who has a groat's worth of wit. Doctors, lawyers, preachers, business men, take off their hats to her. Her absolute honesty, frankness and sincerity have unhorsed every critic. She belongs to that small, but select class to which Josephine K. Henry, Mabel McCoy Irwin, and Marilla Ricker belong ☙ These women prove that to keep your brains, you must use your brains. They are also living proof that women do have brains. They have not run away from the world in order to be "good"—they have faced the fight and are yet in the field. They have not looked for ease, or favors or immunity of any kind. In fact, I once saw Mrs. Carter get up and give her seat to a man in a street-car while she turned strap-hanger. She says she is one of the "common people," and it really never dawns upon her that she is most uncommon in her thinking capacity, in her intellectual honesty, in her plain, simple commonsense, and her great generous love and sympathy which goes out, not only to humanity, but to the whole animal creation. Hats off to Mrs. Carter!

☙

Tolerance is an agreement to tolerate intolerance ☙ ☙

☙



IN this matter of bodily health, just a few plain rules suffice ☙ And these rules fairly followed soon grow into a personal habit. And the habit is a pleasure.

Fortunately, we do not have to superintend our digestion, our circulation, the work of the millions of pores that form the skin, or the action of the nerves. ¶ Folks who get fussy about their digestion and assume a personal charge of nerves, have "nerves," and are apt to have no digestions. ¶ "I have a pain in my side," said the woman to the busy doctor.

"Forget it," was the curt advice. ¶ Get the Health Habit, and forget it, is excellent advice. It is the same with your soul as it is with your body ☙ ☙

The man who is always stewing about his soul, has a very small and insignificant one.

You don't have to trouble about your soul's salvation ☙ ☙

Everything in the universe worth saving will be saved. ¶ Don't worry.

That advice of the busy doctor should be used by the preacher, and when the black ant breed come around fussing about their souls, the advice should be, "Forget it!"

☙

RIGHTEOUSNESS IS WISE [illegible]

☙

With All Thy Gifts

By Walt Whitman

WITH all thy gifts, America,
Standing secure, rapidly tending, overlooking the world,
Power, wealth, extent vouchsafed to thee—with these and like of these vouchsafed to thee,
What if one gift thou lackest (the ultimate human problem never solving)
The gift of perfect women fit for thee—what if that gift of gifts thou lackest?
The towering feminine of thee? the beauty, health completion fit for thee?
The mothers fit for thee?

☙

SOCIETY IS A [illegible]

☙

Prison Experiences of a Suffragette

By Winifred Mayo



I COULD not believe I was arrested; but I found myself being really taken to the police station, and a crowd of shouting men and boys 'round us. At the corner of the turning out of Westminster Bridge Street, a stout working woman with a shawl and a black bonnet was standing. She stretched out her hand to me; I think she did not dare to touch me, and said, beaming with joy, "Bravo, you 're doing the right thing; you 're doing it for us."

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The crowd was both hooting and cheering, but mostly cheering; the faces and demeanor were distinctly sympathetic.

I had not thought of this experience previously, but had I done so, I should have considered that a march in custody would be the most terrible ordeal of all, but, oddly enough, I did not find it so. I think I felt a little exultant, and glad to be able to show my opinions publicly ✍ The policeman gripped my arm painfully tight, but I knew he did not mean to hurt me; in fact he said so next day, with many apologies, and explained that it was difficult to gauge what force was necessary to detain a prisoner. Of course, no force was necessary, as I made no attempt whatever to escape; in fact, it would have been quite useless. On our arrival in the Police Station (it was Cannon Row, by Scotland Yard,) we were seated on a bench along the wall, each with our captor standing in front of us. The girl next to me was crying bitterly. I had heard her scream out that the man was hurting her; he had held her arm too tight, and possibly she had struggled. I think her tears were as much from excitement as actual pain, though she nursed her arm and sobbed for some time. I tried to console her, and looking along the bench, saw Miss H., and smiled at her. Two or three from me was my tall, fair friend. I found out her name later, and that she was an art student, and painted animals in Lucy Kemp Welch's studio. She was very calm, and producing her copy of the resolution, read it out in a loud clear voice to the line of policemen confronting us ✍ They seemed interested and amused. She then proceeded to make a suffrage speech, of which I caught one phrase, "Remember, men, that we more fortunately placed women who enter this movement, do this, not so much for ourselves as for our poorer sisters, and your wives and daughters." I said to my giant—he was quite six feet, four inches.—"And for you, too; we care for our own sex, but we do believe you will benefit by our movement." My man blinked and winked, and said he had a fearful headache ✍ ✍

By this time other Suffragists had arrived, and we were told to move up higher to make room for them. I asked permission to go and sit by my friend, and was told that I might, so I went along to Miss H., and we found a place by an open window, for the room was stiflingly hot, and argued with a policeman on the suffrage question. We were then taken one by one to an inspector and charged. My offense was "Assaulting the police!" My height is five feet, two inches, and my weight seven stone, twelve pounds. So, when I heard that, I said firmly, "I object to the word "assault," and turning to my policeman, I said, "You know, I never touched you." The word was then altered to "Insulting the police and resisting them in the execution of their duty." My policeman saw the humor of the situation, for pointing down at me and nudging a stalwart colleague, he said, in a stage whisper, "Assaultin' the perlice!" and they both laughed. When the charge was read out to me, I said to the inspector, "Really, I wonder you don't feel ashamed at saying anything so silly."

I was then taken up stairs. By the courtesy of the Chief Inspector at Cannon Row, we were placed in the sergeants' recreation room, a very large room with two billiard tables. I was ushered in, and was greeted with a hearty round of applause from the prisoners already assembled there—as were all subsequent arrivals. I found several people I knew at Lewisham. There I learned for the first time about the Pantechnicon episode ✍ After a while Mr. Pethick Lawrence arrived to bail us out. He was most kind, and took telegrams and messages for us, and presently brought in writing paper and stamps, as well as the evening papers, in which we read highly colored reports of our adventures. Tea was also provided, I understand by the kindness of Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. We were detained at Cannon Row Police Station until 10:30, long after bail had been provided—the police stating that they desired to keep us until after the evening meeting at Caxton Hall was over. I believe this detention to be quite illegal. Four more women came in during the evening, bringing our number up to fifty.

I employed the time at first in making acquaintance with as many of my fellow captives as possible, and hearing the stories they had to tell of their arrests. One is employed in the office at Clement's Inn, and I believe was in the van.

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Another is a very jolly little girl, with great big eyes, and the puggiest nose you can imagine. She was a secretary out of work, and had come up from Glasgow on purpose to go to prison. She knew not a soul there, and was glad to make friends and talk to people. Miss H. and I sat with her a long time. Two others, whom I knew before, were, as one of the working women informed me in awestruck tones, "county people!" They were both in the Pantechnicon, and so was a little actress from Birmingham. She had come up on purpose, and was staying with friends in Stanhope Place. She was the only one I talked to who had met with really rough handling. She said a policeman knocked her down with a tremendous blow—she is a little thing, and plays boys' parts chiefly. She said she flew half a dozen yards, and fell flat on the ground from the force of the blow. She picked herself up and a man from the crowd deliberately knocked her down again; she got up again and saw them taking away Miss B., so she rushed up and seized Miss B.'s arm, exclaiming, "Don't take my friend, take me instead!" She had never seen Miss B. before, and did n't even know her name, but of course they arrested her instantly. She was very lively all the time, and caused great amusement by exhibiting a grebe toque she had specially constructed for the purpose of being arrested in, much padded to protect her head from possible truncheons! Her married sister was also there, a very childish-looking little person; she had left her two young children to come up, and had also lately herself undergone a very severe operation. Her state of health was bad, I should think, and though full of spirit, she will not be able to stand much prison. Miss J. I did not speak to, but I know her family are wealthy Chelsea people; her maid, inspired by her mistress's example, went to prison on the fourteenth with Mrs. Pankhurst.

I found that the third person arrested at the gate with Miss H. and myself was a little Bedford College student. She gave her name as Y., and her age as twenty-one, but she was much younger than that really, and the daughter of a well-known barrister, a strong opponent of women's suffrage! Her people did not know of her participation in the movement, but the next day they, very rightly, bailed her out before our departure for Holloway.

I believe much pressure was brought to bear before the plucky little soul would sign the pledge to "keep the peace," as they phrase it! ¶ One young woman told me that she had been married only three weeks. Her husband was keenly enthusiastic about the movement, she said, and had evidently egged her on. The heterogeneous collection in that room interested me greatly, as it showed how widely the women's movement had spread. The women present were of all ages and classes, from my little Bedford College student, a possible eighteen, to a frail little white-haired lady of sixty, who had been trying to sell post-cards with a portrait of Christabel Pankhurst. She was the one prisoner discharged next day, as no possible offense could be proved against her. There was also a charming elderly lady, whose two grown-up daughters met her outside the police station on her release that night. She was a quiet, well bred woman, and rather impressed me. I calculated that about fifteen of us were gentlewomen by birth and education—several people of considerable means and position. A very large proportion of the others were cultivated refined women of the middle class; the rest were working women. There was a bright little woman in mourning, a boarding-house keeper from the North of London, and a woman who kept a draper's shop at Leeds, with her daughter, who acted as her assistant. It was suggested that some one should recite, for time began to hang heavy. A Mrs. D. gave us "The Rhyme of True Thomas," by Rudyard Kipling. Then I was asked to contribute something, and I told one of Olive Schreiner's "Dreams," "I thought I stood in Heaven." Later on, when we were signing a book agreeing to appear next day, the constable in charge said to me, "I want to thank you for your beautiful recitation, I did enjoy it." (There were about a dozen policemen in the room with us all the time, and others coming and going.)

I was interested by the man's remark, and wondered very much if he knew from the story why I was there. Other people recited, some Shakespeare, and some of Mrs. Stetson's pungent verses, but no one would sing, as there was no piano. I am told the police were struck by our accomplishments, and remarked we were "a talented lot!" ¶ At last the long waiting was over, and a very pleasant-mannered servant directed our departure.

AT eleven o'clock I reached home, and found mother very anxious. Mr. Pethick

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Lawrence had wired to her at my request, and the servants were waiting up with hot supper for me, though they had influenza. I was not in bed till two, as I had to write letters, and make arrangements. Mr. Pethick Lawrence had told me I should probably get a week's sentence; I decided I would stand that, but it did not seem possible to leave mother for longer.

The next morning Miss H. called for me, and we went off to Rochester Row Police Station, where we were cited to appear at ten o'clock. The doors were not opened when we arrived, and a little group of prisoners, all with hand-bags, was waiting there with friends, and a large crowd looking on. Every one looked and felt rather forlorn. Presently they let us go inside, and when most of us were assembled they took us through into a sort of waiting-cell, our names being called over one by one. The crowd soon filled the little room till there was not standing room, and to prevent our being asphyxiated, they let us go out into the yard of the police barrack, and brought out a bench, on which six of us at a time could sit down. Some had brought sandwiches with great foresight, for we needed them before our turn came to be tried at about twelve or so.

I had not been there long before a lawyer friend of mine appeared. He gained access to me by saying I was going to offer a defense and that he was my counsel. I told him I would offer no defense—it was not part of our plan—nor should I pay any fine imposed, as he was determined I should, having brought a cheque for the purpose. He used every argument he could to make me give in, his most forcible being Mother's state of health, and the terrible anxiety she would suffer at not being able to communicate with me in any way. I felt, however, that it would be absolutely impossible to leave my friends and the cause I had so much at heart.

After about two hours' waiting our cases came on. Mrs. C.'s was the first and the only one which took any time, for it was then only that Mr. Muskett, for the Public Prosecutor, delivered his indictment, when he threatened to revive an Act of Charles II., long fallen into disuse, forbidding the presentation of petitions to the Houses of Parliament by more than ten persons, the penalty for the infringement being three months' imprisonment. Then the Inspector of Police gave his account of the proceedings, in which he spoke of the women "hurling" themselves again and again at the police! ¶ This amazing misstatement was listened to with gravity and apparently swallowed by the magistrate. This I only learned from hearsay. After a while my legal friend came out, looking rather anxious. He said they were all getting six weeks' sentence without the option of a fine. There was the alternative of providing two sureties, and signing a pledge. I declined to do this in Court, but said I would go to jail and be bailed out later, as soon as he liked, in fact. Presently my turn came and I was led into Court, and placed in the dock. The Court was quite a small room and there was only room for about twenty people in the part allotted to the public. Everything passed in about a minute and a half. The Prosecutor just said he "understood there was a defense to offer, and that some one had been admitted to see me on that ground." My friend came forward and said that he had been prepared to defend, but that I had refused. It was a great comfort to have him there, though he was behind me, and I did not look at him. Then my policeman (I had had quite a long talk with him in the barrack-yard) went into the witness-box. He greatly surprised me by saying that "I had come up to the gate of the Old Palace Yard and tried to push past him twice, that I had said it was a public place, and that I had as much right there as he had, and lastly, that he had told me to go away, and that I had refused." Of course, not one word of this was true. While we were in the yard a letter from Mr. Pethick Lawrence had been passed round, begging us to make no complaint or accusation against the police, as they were all acting under orders, and had to justify our arrest, and their charge against us. So when asked if I had any defense to offer, I said, "No," and the same to the question, "Have you any questions to ask the witness?" I was then asked, "Have you anything to say?" and I said, "Yes, I felt it to be my duty to make public protest in the only way open to me," and I was going to say, "against the injustice of Government in denying us our rights of citizenship," or something like that, when the white-bearded old magistrate, Horace Smith, waved his hands at me and stopped me very rudely, saying, "You don't come here to argue," and much more to the same effect, and this after having invited me to speak! The Prosecutor then said, "I understand there is a gentleman in Court who offers to go surety for Miss Mayo," and my

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friend stepped forward and said, "No, sir, I was prepared to do so, but Miss Mayo knows what her duty is, and will do it at all costs." This was particularly charming of him, as he is not in sympathy, and thinks me utterly in the wrong! Then the magistrate mumbled something which I suppose was my sentence of six weeks, and I was hustled out, but I should not have understood what any of the proceedings meant had I not been told what was coming. ¶ The piteous bewilderment of a poor, ignorant offender is easy to imagine in these "courts of Justice."

NEXT followed a very terrible ordeal. I was led upstairs, and pushed through an iron grating into the police cells with the others. This place is a disgrace to any civilized community. It is a stone corridor, off which open some seven or eight cells, unventilated, and apparently, never cleaned. There were seats against the wall in the cells, but not seating capacity for all of us. These places were swarming with vermin and the atmosphere was stifling, crowded as we were. There were other prisoners in one cell, and before we left, a wretched old woman was brought in charged with being drunk.

Of the other occupants of the cells, one was a terrible-looking woman; she had been drunk and disorderly, and had only been out of prison two days, after serving a sentence of five years' penal servitude for robbery with violence. The poor wretch looked scarcely human, and when one of our girls spoke to her she took offense and uttered a volley of terrible oaths. The girl, shocked and horrified, shut the door on her, whereupon she flung it open again, and threw a lot of water at her, most of it going over me. ¶ Another little woman was there, a wretched creature, indescribably filthy, and pitiful as I felt towards her, her near proximity was highly offensive. She had been taken up for selling matches without a license. She told us that she had five little children to support, and could not afford to pay for one. All this was very awful to me, and the distress of mind and bad air made me feel faint.

The W. S. P. U. people sent us in some baskets of food, sandwiches, bananas, and oranges, and the wardress at the gate made us some tea, but there were only five cups, all very dirty, and I could not have touched it had not some of my kind friends insisted on my having some. We shared with the poor women there, for the authorities provided no food, in spite of our long detention from ten to four in the afternoon.

A girl belonging to the W. S. P. U. got leave somehow to come and sit outside the gate. She sat there all those hours, and talked to people and took down their messages. Most of the others were very lively, and there was much laughing and talking, and bye-and-bye they managed to get a window at the end of the passage opened; but as they all crowded round the opening, not much air penetrated to us within. Every one was most kind and thoughtful to me. There was some anxiety lest I should faint. At last they began to take us away in batches. I was in the last lot, starting soon after four o'clock.

GETTING away from those awful cells, my spirits rose, and my ride in "Black Maria" thoroughly amused me. In fact, I laugh now whenever I think of it. I had quite the best of it there, but to some it was the worst experience of the whole. "Black Maria" has a corridor down the center, and twelve little boxes leading off it, six down each side. I was led out first, and put in the front box on the right-hand side. A little sort of shelf serves as a seat (you all face the horses) then you tuck in your knees and the door is shut on you. I say "tuck in" advisedly, for even I had to double up, and it was a tight squeeze for me. For a large man it must be nothing short of torture. The position is painfully cramped, and I was in the only compartment that had any air. Just in front of me was a slit about seven inches long and an inch wide, through which the crank of the brake went, and in which it moved up and down. There was air in my face, therefore, all the time, and I could see small peeps of the buildings we were passing, and was able to announce to my fellow passengers, "Now we are passing the Houses of Parliament," or "I can see the Hippodrome," or "Shoolbred's." The other boxes have small holes in the roof, and a roof over that again, so they are almost without air. In the door opening into the center passage was a small window: through it I could see the white face of a woman in the opposite box. She looked so dead and still I felt frightened, and when we got out she seemed unable to stand, so Miss Lane and I supported her into the prison. The prison people took no notice, but it was some time before she realized where she was.

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When we were actually within the walls of Holloway Gaol, we were placed in a row against a wall, and our names and details concerning us called out, and written down by a wardress. We were then put three together into a little cell, not quite five feet by seven. There was a little window high up, that would not open, and no furniture but a small wooden stool. My two companions were a working woman from Rochdale, and a dressmaker from Bournemouth. The latter was a thoughtful, cultivated woman of about forty. Her sister was carrying on the business while she came up on this political errand. She had read a good deal, and we talked of books, Kipling, and other authors. She was also an amateur reciter, and had "obliged" us in the Cannon Row Police Station. The woman from Rochdale interested me very greatly, her conversation helped to while away the long tedious hours. I taught them both some breathing and physical exercises, which I strongly recommended they should do every morning for the benefit of their health in their cells. They took up the idea keenly, and I think they will profit by my instructions. One suffered greatly with asthma, and was very much alarmed lest they should deprive her of an inhaler she had with her, which gave her relief.

In a very short time they called us out, still three at a time, to be examined by the doctor. He was a very young man, and the "examination" consisted of sounding our lungs, to see if we were consumptive. Mine being declared "all right," I was hastily boxed up again with the same companions. The asthmatic patient had been allowed to keep her inhaler, much to her delight. Soon the door opened once more, and some supper was thrust in, two tins of food for each. My supper was some very greasy cocoa in one tin and a lump of tinned meat and a large piece of coarse brown bread in the other. I ate some of it, sitting on the floor, and eating perforce with my fingers, for I was hungry, but the Rochdale woman scorned the meat, which she said was Australian and not fit to eat.

Then followed several weary hours in this cramped and airless cell. I calculated we were there five hours without any one coming near us. It was just before five as I saw by the clock on our arrival in the prison, and when we left the waiting cell the wardresses were yawning and complaining of the lateness of the hour. We endured much discomfort during this long wait. After a while I lay on the floor with my head on my bag, which I had involuntarily clutched tight in my hand all this time; and dozed a little, I think from sheer exhaustion.

The spirits of the working woman from Rochdale never flagged. Her wrongs were in no way personal, she said. Her husband was a Socialist, and "they always treat their wives as human beings." When she married she stipulated that everything she earned was to be her own, to be spent at her own discretion, but she said that this state of things was very, very rare; in fact, she did not know another instance of the wife having the spending of her own earnings. She made Miss H. and me shriek with laughter, by an imaginary dialogue, representing her coming interview with the prison chaplain, in which she withered the poor man and his doctrines with the fire of her sarcasm.

PRESENTLY I told the others a story from Mrs. Ewing, and then our Rochdale friend gave us a long poem in broad Lancashire dialect, describing a working woman's day, with a large family of children to look after. The refrain was "A woman's work is never done." She told us much about the lives of working women in those large manufacturing cities in the North, and of how she became a suffragist. "Ma mother's life! ah, ma mother's life!" she said in her broad Lancashire. She worked early and late, she bore and reared ten children, worked all day long in the factory, and then came home to a second day's work of cleaning, washing, cooking, mending. All her earnings were handed over to the husband. "Selfish brute was my father, he earned a pound a week regular, and his wages were less than my mother's; but he pocketed all of the money, never did a hand's turn in the house; when his work was done, he was off to his pleasures, billiards at the club, or an evening at the public-house, and half the money went in that and his yearly holiday. He loved travel, did my father, why he's been to Boulogne!—he's been all over the country, and if my mother spoke of going too—'What's a woman want wi' a holiday?

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Woman's place is her home.' I never knew my mother have a day's holiday all her life, aye, or an hour's rest, and she died worn out and old before her time; my father 's living still, and when I told him I was going to prison, he said, 'Well, I hope they 'll keep you there. Best place for a woman!'" She was bitter against the working man, and strongly against the plan that prevails of the wife's earnings going into the husband's pocket. "A woman is then no better than a slave, and they don't spend it on themselves, but on the support of the home." She was simple and eloquent to a degree, and she was full of humor, too. Her account of her mother's life we knew to be typical of that class. It was the same sort of drudgery that killed Annie Kenney's mother, and drove that indomitable little spirit to take up the cudgels for her sex. I can see her now, little five foot nothing, with her eyes blazing, exclaiming, "I promised my mother on her death-bed that I who was strong would fight the battles of the weak!" ¶ So the long hours passed, and at last the wardress flung open the door and let in a breath of fresh air, welcome, though it made us shiver

Every one else was taken away, and I was left alone; but my turn came at last, and I was taken into a room where a fire was burning, and ordered to stand on a sheet spread on the floor and strip off my clothes and don a coarse chemise from a pile lying on the floor. This was in the presence of a matron, three wardresses, and a convict in the brown clothes of the third division, or long-sentence prisoners. Others of the prisoners (our own lot) were coming or going through this ordeal. I was weighed, measured, and all details concerning my person, such as color of hair, eyes, etc., entered in a book. Some of the others were in the room and this part of the proceedings struck us as highly amusing. I was then told to go into one of the bath-rooms, of which three or four led off the "disrobing room." I looked dubiously at some soapy water in which goodness knows how many others had washed, and remarked that I had had a bath that morning. "Then you can't want another," remarked the wardress firmly, and I was then given a bundle of clothing, and told to put it on. Every garment was of the most grotesque shape, and all were stamped with the broad arrow. I was not depressed at any stage of the proceedings, except when I felt ill in the police cells, and the humorous side of the affair was constantly uppermost. I will not attempt to describe the underclothes: some were flannel, some unbleached calico stamped with the broad arrow in red! The stockings were coarse wool, hand-knitted by the prisoners, with red stripes round them. Every garment was about eight inches too large in the waist for me, so I had to double them over and tie them round me as best I could.

The dress consisted of a coarse, dark green serge skirt and a shapeless jacket with one button at the neck. An apron made of dusters and two large cotton handkerchiefs, one for the neck, to be worn inside the dress, and one to serve as a mouchoir. There was also an odd-shaped little cap. When I emerged, looking like a Guy Fawkes, I came face to face with two of my comrades, similarly dressed. We recognized each other with difficulty, and the prison walls resounded with our laughter. I must say the wardresses were very good, and did not check this tendency; indeed, it would have been useless. Only when I started to hum, "A little pink petty from Peter," (for our bulk about the skirts was distinctly Dutch) did I receive a stern frown as an intimation that there were limits to forbearance. The peremptory orders and sense of discipline carried me back to early nursery days, and when the command followed "Go and get cher boots," I meekly obeyed. The boots were in the corridor outside the cells—piles of them in huge clothes baskets—big boots in one basket and little boots in another. I hunted and found a pair at last small enough. The authorities had just ordered in a large consignment of new boots in all sizes. We were told that they had been preparing for us, and they evidently expected a specially large contingent of very little women! Mine were new as far as the leather was concerned, but positively antediluvian in shape. I wish I could portray them, but no pen could possibly do justice to them, or give any adequate notion of their appearance. They were nearly square, in any case almost as broad as they were long, and the soles half an inch thick. They were supposed to lace up, but the leather laces given me would not go into the eyelet holes. I tried my hardest when I came out to buy them, and I said I would give any sum they liked to name, but in vain—they would not part with them. One aspect of comfort they had, that I found it impossible to feel depressed when wearing them; one glance at my feet was enough to set me off laughing.

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UNTIL half a dozen of us were ready, we waited in the corridor. Poor Miss H. was in my batch, and sorely I felt for her. She was taking the affair tragically, prison clothes, boots and all, and one of the girls whispered to me that during those hours of waiting, in addition to other discomforts, they had suffered dreadfully from the vermin picked up in the Rochester Row cells. When the number of our batch was complete, we were each given a towel and a pair of sheets, and marched across courtyards and through buildings to the cells we were to occupy. The wing we were in was a hollow building, if I may so describe it, of three stories, with iron galleries running round and iron staircases connecting the floors. We were on the third and uppermost story. The cells there are better lighted and more cheerful than those down below. My cell number was thirty-one, and my name and crime—"resisting the police!!!" were written on a card on the door of it. I was ushered into the cell and told to get to bed as quickly as possible. I made a survey of the contents of the place. The cell was seven feet by twelve. The door was studded with heavy nails and was immensely thick. There was a spy-hole in it with a covering, movable on the outside, such as a latch-key hole has. Thru this you were always liable to be watched, though you could not see out. I cannot tell you what an uncanny feeling this gave me. The floor was concrete and very chilly, though the cell was heated by a large iron pipe which ran across the window end of the cell furthest from the door, and which was warm all the time. Other prisoners complained bitterly of the cold, but though I was shivering in the morning for a while, I cannot say I suffered in that way, chilly mortal though I am. About midday the pipe was quite hot again. The window faced the door and was three feet wide by two feet six inches. It consisted of a number of small panes in a thick setting, and was very dirty.

Next morning, by climbing on a shelf, and leaning sideways in a precarious attitude for a few seconds at a time, I could look out, and saw part of the yard with the prisoners exercising; and always sky was visible. This is not so in some of the cells. I should have said that the window was about six feet six inches from the ground. Across the left-hand corner furthest from the door were two shelves, one about eighteen inches, the other about four feet from the ground. On the lower one was balanced the bedding, all rolled up; on the upper were arranged a sort of pocket of cardboard containing the prison rules, a large jam-pot which was my drinking cup, a slate and pencil, a wooden spoon, a salt-cellar full of salt, a piece of soap, a very dirty little brush like a blacking-brush, for my hair, and an equally dirty little comb, about four inches long, stamped with the broad arrow. On a nail on the wall hung a grubby looking cloth, which I was informed was a table-cloth, and a large yellow cloth badge which I was to button on my shoulder, with my number, thirty-one. ¶ Under the hot water pipes was a row of tin pots. Their respective uses were explained to me. One had a cover and was the slop pail; there was one for a washing-basin, and one held water and had a tin plate put as a cover. There were also a dust-pan and brush, a bundle of rags and a piece of hearthstone, for cleaning the floor ❧ ❧

Just inside the door in the right-hand corner was a shelf for a table, and a wooden stool, and further on, leaning against the wall, was the "bed"—some heavy wooden planks fastened together and raised by cross-pieces about three inches from the floor. I had then to put down the "bedstead" to make my bed for the night. To my consternation I found it too heavy for me to move. However, with much effort and dragging inch by inch, at last it fell prone on the floor with a heavy clang. I was much alarmed at the disturbance I had made, and imagined I should be visited with heavy punishment for this involuntary "breach of the peace." I believe they frequently take away your mattress for any infraction of the prison rules, so then you have only planks to sleep on. They also dock your food, at which I would not have grumbled, for I know I could not have eaten the fare in any case. However, no one came to complain of the noise I had made and I proceeded to make my bed.

The mattress was barely two feet wide, very hard and lumpy, and there was a pillow, both stuffed with straw. I had, as I said, a pair of sheets, very coarse, and by morning light I discovered they were filthy! I am told there is an excellent laundry in the prison, quite up-to-date, so there should be no excuse for this. There were also two blankets like coarse horse-cloths, and a coverlet, also like a horse-cloth. There was no nightdress, but a peculiar sort of a jacket, quite short, but with sleeves. I was quite warm, and though I felt the discomfort of my couch

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acutely when I first laid down, the intense fatigue and the previous sleepless night acted on me, and I slept like a top till the electric light was turned on in the morning. I forgot to say the cell was lighted by electricity, the lamp being over the shelf near the door. Under it was a button, and I had another terrible fright, for when ready for bed, I was prepared to turn out my light, and found to my horror I had rung a bell instead. I suppose the bell is placed there to be sounded in case of illness in the night or in any emergency; I might have been in extremis and nobody came near me.

EARLY next morning, as I have said, the turning on of the light woke me—I had an idea it was six o'clock—but I am told five is the hour to rise in prison. Anyhow, I then rose, washed as well as I could in the quart or so of cold water allowed me, and dressed in my Guy Fawkes clothes. There was no tooth-brush, but I had one brought me later. I spent much time over my hair to make it as becoming as possible under the prison cap, and found a fair substitute for a looking glass in the polished tin cover of the slop-pail. I tried to put up the "bed," but could not lift it, so I sat on it to keep myself from the chilly floor. You are not allowed to do this in prison, if you use your bedding in the day-time or do anything but sit upright on the stool, your bedding is taken away. After a while the door was opened a little way, and an order was called out to "Empty your slops." I poured away the water I had washed in, and was allowed to go down the passage to empty my pail. On my return a pail of water with a house cloth in it was outside my cell. I was ordered to take it inside and scrub my cell, with the addition that some one would presently show me how to do my cell. As the some one never came, and I could not move the bedstead, which occupied a good space, I left matters alone, except that I swept the floor with the brush and found it very dusty. I then rolled up my bedding and waited. Soon my breakfast arrived—a large piece of brown bread was dumped on the table and the order given "Bring your cup." I fetched my jam-pot and some brown liquid was poured into it, out of an enormous can, carried by a brown-garbed convict under the charge of a wardress. The liquid was evidently intended for tea; though it neither smelt nor tasted of that beverage, and was sweetish and quite indescribably nasty. I ate a little scrap of the bread, about as much as two fingers, and drank the tea stuff, a little at a time. Presently they came and cleared away the remains of my bread & Then came some one to say "Any application?" If you are ill in prison and want to see the doctor, you must say so now or wait twenty-four hours. I said I wished to send a telegram; my legal friend had asked me to do this to facilitate the matter of bailing out. I was told this request must be referred to the Governor, and was again left to myself.

There were many diversions this morning, before things were in working order, for presently five books were thrust in on me—a Bible, prayer-book, hymn-book, a book of devotions with prayers for the bishops and clergy, and long details as to self-examination in it, and a pamphlet called, I think, "A Healthy Home"—relating to hygiene. I examined these, and sat reading the book of Job until I was called out, and led by a wardress downstairs and along corridors to the matron's room. Here inquiries were made as to the telegram I wished to send, and I was sternly told that no communication with my friends could be made on any subject whatever, only and except the finding of sureties. At last I worded my telegram to their satisfaction, and it was sent, and I noted that it was sent at my own expense; had I not brought any money with me into the prison, I could not even have written a letter to my friends. I was then led back to my cell, and soon came another interruption to my solitude in the shape of the prison chaplain. He was very young and terribly shy, about the last man I should have chosen for a post of that kind. I smiled at him as he stood in the doorway, with a wardress to protect him, and asked me questions with long pauses in between—"Was I married?" "What was my work?" Then very timidly, "Could I read and write?" I laughed and said "In more than one language," whereat he apologized profusely, and said he hoped I did not think him rude, and that his visit was purely official, and the questions set ones. I tried to put him at his ease, and said that of course I did not think him rude and that I perfectly understood the nature of his visit and the compulsory character of his questions; but he melted away in apologies and confusion to repeat the scene, I suppose, with my next door neighbor.

Not long after, all the cell doors were flung open and we were marshalled down to a lower floor.

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There the matron I had seen was seated at a desk and we were called up one by one and the same details asked—name, age, length of sentence, etc. It was then I had the chance of seeing my friends and holding whispered conversations with a few of them. The girl next me said she would remain a fortnight only—she was crying and complaining of the cold. I tried to cheer up the poor little thing and told her to sit on the pipe, and managed to get a smile out of her. Miss N. was beaming and had contrived to look quite smart in her shapeless clothes, I don't know how! Most of them looked cheerful, and greetings passed without repression. Miss H. looked so pretty, and Jessie M. far better than in her own smart red hat. Mary M., on the other side, whispered to me that I looked like a most horrible criminal, so I gathered without surprise that my efforts in the hairdressing line had not had the desired effect! ¶ Quickly this marshalling before the matron was accomplished, and we were soon back again in our cells, but the door had hardly closed on me before a wardress came bustling in and told me "your bail has come." I was led back to the cells we were placed in on our arrival, given back my own clothes, in which I hastily dressed and went to the big entrance-hall of the prison, where my friends were waiting for me. A ceremony was gone through of signing the bail. To my disgust I found I would have to sign, too, pledging myself to "keep the peace" for twelve months. As I have never broken it I shall find no difficulty, and I am in no way pledged not to work heart and soul for the suffrage movement. All the same, I had a horrid feeling of backing out and abandoning friends, and had it not been for mother's illness, I would have stayed on then and tried to serve my sentence; anyhow, I would have seen how much I could have stood. It seems to me one can undergo a great deal without feeling it at the time, but that the after effects might be serious. Judging from the result of my one night in prison, I should certainly have collapsed completely before very long in spite of my resolution, for I was utterly "bowled over," and could not sleep for some nights, when I did doze off, waking and crying like a frightened child imagining nameless horrors. I think I'm too "nervy" to play these sort of games with impunity—but I have not "learned wisdom," as the magistrate suggested, and am perfectly ready to face the whole thing in a year's time, in the unlikely event of our political freedom not having been attained by then.

Be a creator, not merely a creature and consumer

The Fellowship Idea

By Benjamin Fay Mills



WHATEVER makes for unity is right; whatever makes for discord and inharmony is wrong. ¶ The answer to the question, "What is the loving thing to do?" answers every other practical question which the individual can ask.

The application of this principle would solve all the problems of human association.

In the home it would sanctify every holy affiliation and lead to wisdom and permanence in domestic relations. ¶ In education it would teach our children to be true men and women, sons and daughters of the Most High, and to live as members of one great family

In society it would paralyze our foolishness and frivolity and cause our intercourse with one another to be truly recreative and inspiring.

In the economic world it would produce a larger measure of justice and regard for the welfare of all, rather than of the few. It would bring about a sane administration of commerce, so that fruit would not rot in California while children starve in New York, and the whole civilized world breathe uneasily in intervals between the attacks of the deadly underconsumption; and it would cause the principle of co-operation to entirely banish our present economic strife, until the business world would resemble the family, rather than an array of hostile armies.

In politics it would mean the extension of a real democracy, and in our larger politics the spread of peace on earth, until war should be abolished, and good will and brotherly service be permanently established among the nations of the earth

"Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven and the lack of fellowship is hell * * * Therefore, you should not dwell in hell, but in heaven!"

Out of an Era of Investigation the world is entering on an Era of Appreciation.—Paul Morton

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THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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Genius Consists in Doing the Right Thing Without being Told more than Seven Times

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Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, EAST AURORA, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA



THE best thing in the whole career of Theodore Roosevelt is his peaceful abdication in favor of William Howard Taft. ¶ And the one thing which proves the greatness of Taft is that he has been able to curb and control the Rough Rider, who a few months ago was intent on shooting up the business interests of the country. Taft has been big enough to allow the Explosive One to think he was It. The best way to manage a termagant, we are told, is to let her believe that she is managing you. Only in that way is peace possible ❧ There are no notches cut in the butt of Taft's pistol; in fact, Taft does not tote a shooting iron—he does not have to—he has his smile.

¶ If Theodore and his misguided friends could have stampeded the Chicago Convention for the Rough One, they would have done so. They tried it all right—the flag was flung out—the banner with the portrait was waved ❧ But the spectacles, teeth and cocked hat were all knocked into a cocked hat by the silent, stolid, unapplauding hands of the delegates ❧ The carefully planned, spontaneous uprising died a natural death. The stampede was expected, and the preparedness put it to sleep, not by opposition, but by a cold, silent smothering indifference ❧ ❧

The program was to use Taft as a stalking-horse. The program failed. Taft turned out to be a live, strong, useful, trained and obedient equine—obedient to the best will of the people. He weighs sixteen hundred pounds, is a quarter-bred Norman, sound in mind and limb, will pull

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anything you hitch him to, does not scare at the cars, and is safe for ladies and children.

Taft is not a preacher nor a soldier ✍ He is a lawyer, a business man, and a diplomat. His religion is of a safe and sane brand. He will not meddle and interfere with things that are none of his. He lays no claim to being better morally and ethically than the average law-abiding citizen. He realizes that no man is so wholly right that he can afford to say that another is wholly wrong. He does not call people bad names. He is modest, kindly, human, humane, sympathetic toward men and dumb animals. He is disposed to give everybody their own way, but if it should come to a crisis—a great question of national principle—he would have his ✍ ✍

With Taft for President, we are safe from government by impulse. The gas-engine runs by explosions, but our government is not a gas-engine, and let us pray that it shall never become one.

With Taft as President, the angel of progress will move steadily forward, and prosperity will be ours such as this tired old world has never seen. Taft has not only shown his ability to rule his own spirit, but he has quietly haltered those who were pledged to revolution and by it had nothing to lose ✍ Well did that chaplain pray, "Free us, O God, from the reign of the jingo, the demagogue and the undesirable citizen." Taft has delivered us.

Taft will go to the White House with the best equipped mind of any man who has ever held that office, except one, and that man is Thomas Jefferson ✍ ✍

His life has been a preparation for this one thing. Taft is the only presidential candidate who has ever looked the property of your Uncle Samuel over thoroughly. He knows America and he knows the world.

Ahead of him there are a few little difficulties, and one of the first of these will be with Theodore Roosevelt. When Teddy reminds Bill in plain words, keyed high, that he must do this and that, because it was Teddy who hath made him, and not he himself, Teddy will find his easy-going man a background for an advertisement of the Prudential Insurance Company ✍ Taft, I repeat, has already done our country a great service. He has done it so gently, carefully and well that we can hardly realize the beneficence of his act. And he has done it so naturally that he himself, probably, could not tell how he did it ✍ If accused of it he would smile and declare an alibi.

Taft is pledged to the policies of Roosevelt, but he is not pledged to his methods nor his manners ✍ Socialism is right, but there is a right and a wrong way to introduce it. Reform is beautiful, but wrong methods in reformation mean brutality, tyranny and death ✍ Let the Sleeping Beauty be awakened by a kiss, rather than by the aid of the Big Stick.

Taft is a big man—big in body, big in mind, big in heart. He is a wise man, and as men go, I believe a good man.

While not indifferent to honors, Taft has no lust for power or place. He has the interests of all the people at heart.

Taft will give us that peculiar thing of which we have heard so much and seen so little—a Square Deal. Prosperity, smiling, in a Mother Hubbard wrapper, is just around the corner.

✍

In this matter of clothes, avoid the speed limit.

✍



LITCHFIELD COUNTY, Connecticut, is mostly made up of great green hills, that are speckled and freckled in the month of June with flowering laurel.

I think I never saw so much laurel, and such rollicking, happy, profuse, flaunting and unapologetic laurel as I saw dotting the hillsides as I rode from Torrington to Litchfield.

Laurel with me has been lacking; that is why I love it.

¶ Some years ago The Roycrofters advertised laurel for poets, and then we also offered sage plants—and got many orders. But alas! we were short on sage and had no laurel, and so had to return the money.

But as I rode from Torrington to Litchfield, I was wondering why God had been so lavish with His laurel in this particular spot, when it came to me, all at once, that it was because Ol' John Brown was born at Torrington, and Litchfield was the birthplace of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

John Brown walked out of Litchfield County a barefoot lad, slim and slender and serious, with a hook-nose, a protruding chin, and silent ways ✍ It took him fifty years to arrive at Charleston, West Virginia, and to reach the foot of a gallows. And on the coffin he saw

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resting there awaiting him, there were no wreaths of laurel. He climbed the steps with steady tread, his lips moved in prayer and then he said, "I am ready."

The noose was adjusted, the black cap was drawn down over his head and the sunlight shut out forever. The trap was sprung and the lean, bony body of Ol' John Brown swung and swirled between earth and sky.

Did that dispose of Ol' John Brown?

Oh, no, Terese, you can't dispose of a man with a mission that way. His soul goes marching on, even though his body lies mouldering, buried beneath a sour apple tree.

That is one of the things that the hemlock, cross, gibbet, gallows, guillotine, and fetters and fagots cannot do—they cannot stop great souls from marching on.

But curiously enough, the only souls that go marching on are those that throbbed with a yearning desire to make men free.

There is only one thing worth living for, writing for, working for, dying for—and that is freedom

On the way to the gallows, a mother held up her baby boy, and John Brown stopped long enough to kiss the cheek of the little black baby. John Brown could not take the baby in his arms, for his hands were tied behind his back. Happy l'il coon—Mammy's pet! kissed by Ol' John Brown on his way to launch his soul upon the River Styx. Did the black baby grow up and become a Sleeping-Car porter? If so, and I knew him, I would surprise him with a dollar the next time he pounds me on the back with the butt end of a whisk-broom.

¶ To be kissed by a man who was on the way to the Ferry, going because he tried to make men free, is no small matter It has been denied that John Brown kissed the black baby, but I guess, and I also reckon, that it was so, for I've seen that painting depicting the scene, by dear Tom Hovenden, who died rescuing a child from in front of a moving train.

John Brown was a fanatic, certainly, that is true. His methods were wrong—but the man himself was right, as every man is who lifts up his voice for freedom, and flings away his life that others may have liberty. The path of progress winds by the thorn-road, and all along one can trace it by the tracks of bleeding feet.

¶ Through the generosity of Carl Stoeckel, the house where John Brown was born has been purchased and deeded to the people in perpetuity It is a John Brown museum of many curious things, that once belonged to those Abolition Times. In this house is a bust of Brown, made by my St. Jerome, artist extraordinary, and Irish forever.

At Litchfield, set into a great granite boulder, is a medallion bas-relief showing the faces in profile of Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, Mrs. Stowe. Around the well known faces are wreathed, in bronze, great clusters of laurel.

¶ And when I saw the medallion, it was almost buried in living laurel, brought by myself and some more foolish pilgrims.

I wandered around the old village, knee-deep in its memories I talked to the modest and scholarly man who is now pastor of the church where Lyman Beecher so long preached. "No, I do not call myself successor to Lyman Beecher," he said; "I am merely one of his followers." He showed me many books which once belonged to the Beechers and various manuscripts and notes for sermons Also a big pewter gin-bottle which once stood behind the boxed-in pulpit and supplied inspiration for Lyman Beecher, "whose loins were wiser than his head," according to Carlos Martin.

¶ It is through the influence of Carl Stoeckel more than any one else, that Litchfield County has awakened to the fact that there were giants in those days.

Not only that, but Stoeckel believes that there are giants and genii now, only we do not know how to play upon the reeds that will awaken them from their slumbers.

Stoeckel lives at Norfolk, a village not far from Torrington and Litchfield If you are in an automobile you might go right through Norfolk, and never see it, it is that quiet, modest and unobtrusive. There is a fine old Colonial church there that lifts its steeple out of the mass of green This church was built in Seventeen Hundred and Fifty, and I opine that Norfolk was about as big then as it is now. Norfolk is not a boom town, nor does Litchfield vie in enterprise with Wolfville and Red Dog. The old taverns of stage-coach times in Litchfield County have oats growing in the courtways, and snag-toothed hostlers wait for coaches and outriders that never come In some of these old road houses the smell o' hoss has been replaced with the odor of gasoline

The village of Norfolk, to me, is a great place, because Mr. and Mrs. Stoeckel live there in a

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house built by Mrs. Stoeckel's grandfather in Seventeen Hundred and Eighty, four years after the Declaration was signed and John Hancock rode this way home to Boston, so to drink of the mineral spring waters and mitigate his gout.

Here hidden among the green hills, just for himself and his neighbors, Stockel has a choice little art gallery of paintings, all by American Artists ✍ ✍

Among these pictures is that famous one of John Brown on his way to be hanged, and several others by Tom Hovenden. Stoeckel did not tell me how much money he had put in pictures, but I know it is n't less than a hundred thousand dollars. His book-plate reads, "This book belongs to Carl Stoeckel and his friends." I asked him if he ever expected to make it read, "This book belongs to Carl Stoeckel, his friends and his enemies," and he said he might, only he did not care to recognize his enemies by assuming that they were such ✍ ✍

Oh, you say, if one is rich and owns a thousand acres, it is easy to be generous! In one sense this may be true, but how many rich people do you know who realize that wealth is a trust, and that to use it wisely and well for the benefit of society is both a privilege and a duty?

Mr. and Mrs. Stoeckel have organized a "Litchfield County Choral Society," and have set a thousand people in that one county singing. They hired a special teacher and sent this man from town to town getting people enthusiastic over vocal music. Clubs were organized, and then once a year there is a Sing-fest in the Music-Shed on the Stoeckel estate ✍ If your salon is fine enough you may safely call it a "shed," just as you can call a sky-scraper built of iron and marble, "The Rookery." This shed was designed by Rossiter the architect, who is a bird in his line ✍ It seats two thousand people and is so compact and cozy that a conversational tone searches out every corner of it. Here come wending the pilgrims once a year to sing or listen, and then the whole town is taxed to give them food and shelter ✍ Only two such singing centers do I know in America: one is Lindborg, Kansas, and the other is Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where the good Pennsylvania Dutch love and honor the memory of Bach.

Stoeckel traces to the same stock. His father was Gustave Stoeckel, the first Professor of Music at Yale. He was blown out of Germany by the social blizzard of Eighteen Hundred and Forty-nine, when for a like cause Richard Wagner was banished to exile, and the heart of Friedrich Froebel was broken through the interdict that ignorance and tyranny placed upon the Kindergarten.

Carl Stoeckel has both his father's love of music and his love of liberty ✍ John Brown did not care much for harmony as expressed in sweet sounds, and Lyman Beecher was too busy with the intricacies of theology, and bringing up his big family, to cultivate Bach and Buxtehude ✍ But Carl Stoeckel sums up the virtues of all and each, and is redeeming at least one little corner of the world by the methods of Orpheus. Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Emma Eames, David Bispham, Walter Damrosch, Liza Lehmann, Horatio Parker, and many other great singers and players have gone there at the invitation and expense of Mr. Stoeckel and did good to the throngs who heard them ✍ ✍

And as if this were not enough, Mr. and Mrs. Stoeckel have made it possible for their friends and neighbors to hear speakers like Lyman Abbott, Rabbi Wise, Senator Lodge, Howard Griggs and dozens of other men of brains and phosphorus plus, who come here, give their message and go away full of delight and surprise that a man and a woman should have the means, the inclination and the generous heart o' them to bring the artistic and thinking world to their door, just for the joy of doing good to their neighbors ✍ ✍

And then the Stoeckels love birds as well as folks, for Stoeckel up and buys a thousand volumes by my old friend Herbert K. Job, the friend of the birds, and gives the beautiful books away for missionary purposes.

No doubt but that Browning was partially right —"God's in His Heaven," but fortunately, He does n't remain there all the time, otherwise the sunsets would not lay golden robe upon the laurel of Litchfield, and Mr. and Mrs. Stoeckel would "enjoy themselves" spending

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their money, instead of growing spiritually rich by giving it away, filled with a passion for pictures, birds, music, love, laurel and liberty.

Verily, the word "Studio," like the ulster and the raglan, covereth a multitude of sins.



LOYALTY is that quality which prompts a person to be true to the thing he undertakes. It means definite direction, fixity of purpose.

Loyalty supplies power, poise, purpose, ballast, and works for health and success.

Nature helps the loyal man.

If you are careless, slipshod, indifferent, Nature assumes that you wish to be a nobody and grants your prayer.

Loyalty, in one sense, is love, for it is a form of attraction.

A vacillating mind is a sick mind in a sick body. Vacillation is lack of loyalty—and it is a disease.

Loyalty is not a mere matter of brain capacity; success does not go to those who know the most—it gravitates to those who are true to the cause which they undertake. "This one thing I do."

The human mind can be likened to a tract of land divided up into lots. These mental lots are made up of say, business, religion, education, love, art, music, work, play—a single lot being given to each subject—then each of these are also subdivided.

In some of these town lots the man has a devout, loyal interest; for others he is neutral; and toward others he may have an indifference bordering on repulsion.

No man has ever lived who had an equal loyalty toward every department of life, and if a person is absolutely loyal to one he does well. If he can show himself equal to being true to several, he is a genius. The more worthy things to which you are loyal, the greater are you.

Unloyalty is very much more common than disloyalty. Unloyalty means simply indifference. For instance, most church members are quite indifferent to truth. Their belief is supplied hand-me-down. They join the church for social reasons—in response to mild coercion or family pressure, and so are moving in the line of least resistance. The person of intelligence who does not join a church is usually one who resists this polite social blackmail, because his religious conscience forbids his being disloyal to truth. Such were the martyrs—Tyndale, Wyclif, Ridley, Latimer, Savonarola, Bruno. These men all preferred the fagots to social favor and intellectual slavery, just as there are women who prefer death to ease, gauds and baubles and disloyalty to their ideal of love.

But it might be that a woman could be disloyal in a love affair, and yet be loyal to her religion. Such they say was Madam Guyon.

That is a true story of the murderer who confessed to killing the man and robbing him. "I ate the bread in his lunch basket and threw the meat away."

"Why did you throw the meat away?"

"Because it was Friday."

He was loyal to his religion, or thought he was.

Instances are too common to relate of men who were absolutely loyal to their families, yet who have plundered society in a financial way.

There are gamblers who are the soul of honor when it comes to keeping a promise, and there are women of the town who faithfully pay their baker, butcher and grocer, and would be shamed and disgraced if they were not able to do so.

On the other hand, we all know faithful wives who practice mild prevarication with their lesser half and children, and whose word is not worth a Digger Indian's bond.

Preachers who do not pay their debts and have no desire to, are plentiful.

There are lawyers who deceive clients, public and court when opportunity offers, yet who are loyal to the interests of their families. Yet a lawyer may be true to his profession and false to his wife.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was so devoted to the cause of education that he deliberately placed his children in an orphan asylum, and forsook them utterly, that he might follow his mistress —Truth.

Edgar Allen Poe was true to "The Poetic Principle," but false to his body, for he persisted in putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains. So did Daniel Webster, who was wofully lax in regard to the rights of his shoemaker, but was faithful to his tapster.

I know a great lawyer who is true to his religious denomination, and yet allowed his daughters to run a big bill for soda water and caramels, and then refused to pay, under the

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legal plea that soda water and caramels are not "household necessities."

Rembrandt was true to his art, yet seemingly untrue to all else. But this loyalty to art made him the supreme portrait-painter of all time.

¶ Turner was loyal to his art, and had no other gods before landscape-painting, and so he struck thirteen and placed a mark so high that others cannot even imitate him.

George Washington was true to his country, but forgetful of his vows to Martha, and only through his unflinching loyalty to the "cause" could he have fought out those long, weary years against a foe superior in numbers and arms, and at last wring victory from seeming defeat

Benjamin Franklin loved America with a love that nineteen continuous years of exile never cooled, but how about Deborah when the dames that were French crowned him with bay and pulled his carriage through the streets, and afterward pulled each other's hair for the privilege of basking in his Schuylkill smile!

Trained Nurses are true to the Doctors, and Doctors are true to each other, and all let the patients and public slide when professional honor is at stake.

Priests are true to their denomination, but usually have a contempt for truth which would be appalling if it were not so common.

All artists who succeed are loyal to their art. That maxim "false in one, false in all," is as false a commonplace as was ever launched.

Gladstone was true in his domestic affairs, and loyal as a statesman, but he could not possibly imagine how and why Ingersoll could not accept the Book of Genesis.

But Gladstone's loyalty to England was the keystone in his arch of triumph. And we forget his sophistry in Bible argument, just as we forget the book written by Sir Isaac Newton, proving the literal truth of the Old Testament prophecies

And so it is that every man who succeeds in anything wins through his unflinching, unfailing, tireless loyalty to that particular thing

Byron made bargains with Barabbas, but he never wrote a muddy slipshod line, nor could he be bribed nor bought to do so. He had the "artistic conscience," whether he had any other kind or not.

Michael Angelo was ever and always loyal to his art, and this was why six popes, under whom he worked, all kissed his big toe And this is why we, too, kiss his big toe, even yet.

¶ Lincoln was loyal to the land of his birth, but disloyal to the niceties and proprieties of thought and language.

Success hinges on loyalty. Be true to your art, your business, your employer, your "house." Dalliance is defeat.

"All is fair in love and war," is a maxim that may be true as regards war, but never as to love

Love is founded on faith, and he who violates faith vitiates his own nature and wrecks the venture.

Loyalty is for the one who is loyal. It is a quality, woven through the very fabric of one's being, and never a thing apart. Loyalty makes the thing to which you are loyal, yours. Disloyalty removes it from you. Whether any one knows of your disloyalty is really of little moment, either one way or the other. The real point is how does it affect ourselves!

Work is for the worker.

Love is for the lover.

Art is for the artist.

Acting is for the actor, and he who does not know that Richard Mansfield's success was due to his "artistic conscience," and not through a furtive eye on the house and a canny peep-hole in the curtain, has not traveled far.

The menial is a man who is disloyal to his work

All useful service is raised to the plane of art when love for the task—loyalty—is fused with the effort.

No man ever succeeded in business, or can, who wears the dial off the clock. Such an one may not be disloyal—he may be merely unloyal—but he is ever ripe for a lay-off, and always imagines some one has it in for him.

And he is right—everybody and everything, including Fate and Destiny, Clio and Nemesis, have it in for him The only man who goes unscathed is the one who is loyal to himself by being loyal to others.

The ship that starts from New York to Queenstown and arrives safely and on time, is the one that flies the Queenstown signal, that has a Queenstown purpose—whose every package and letter and post-card is marked "Queenstown." She fights wind and wave and tide and current, always and forever with Queenstown in mind.

Should the captain and mate, just outside of

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Sandy Hook, shake dice to see where they should go, or the wheelsmen all say, "to 'll with Queenstown," it is quite likely the ship would not go to Queenstown, but instead would go to Davy Jones' locker.

Loyalty is the great lubricant in life. It saves the wear and tear of making daily decisions as to what is best to do. It preserves balance and makes results cumulative ❧ The man who is loyal to his work is not wrung nor perplexed by doubts—he sticks to the ship, and if the ship founders, he goes down a hero with colors flying at the mast head, and band playing.

The hospitals, jails, asylums, and sanitariums are full of disloyal people—folks who have been disloyal to friends, society, school, business, work. Never say, "That will do," or "This is good enough," or "Who cares?" Nothing but your best is good enough. Stick! you rogue, and if you quit, quit to tackle a harder job.

God is on the side of the loyal!

❧

Nature forever strives for a right adjustment and sends satiety after license.

❧



INDUSTRY is intelligent action, motion, movement. And now science tells us that thought also, is a physical action, a movement, a vibration of the cells of the brain. Wandering, dreamy thought is merely bad habit, or more properly, lack of a good habit, for it leads nowhere.

To carry bricks back and forth from one side of the street to another is not industry, because it lacks intelligent purpose.

To think and make no headway is simply to carry bricks back and forth.

To play the devil's tattoo on a chair; monkey with the forks and spoons at table; adjust your necktie forty times a minute; stroke your mustache or hitch your trousers—these things are not industry. Gents do these things but gentlemen never ❧ And the difference between the gent and the gentleman is the difference between the Man and the Master-man ❧ The Master-man is simply a man who is master of one person—himself.

When you have mastered yourself, you are then fit to take charge of other people.

The Master-man is a person who has evolved Intelligent Industry, Concentration, Self-Confidence, until these things become the habit of his life.

Industry in its highest sense means conscious, useful and intelligent effort. Carried to a certain point, Industry is healthful stimulation—it means active circulation, good digestion, sound sleep ❧ ❧

The sensible man will ascertain his limitations and not carry his industry to the point of exhaustion. Before he is tired out, he will turn his attention to something else.

The ability to concentrate implies the ability to relax ❧ In order to work you must know how to play. Men who carry great burdens and responsibilities are always those who are able at times to lay down the burden and be a child with the children. They can laugh. And there is no medicine equal to the merry laugh. ¶ It is the intermittent current that makes the telephone possible; the man of power is the man who changes his work—he does one thing at a time, but he does not do the thing all the time ❧ ❧

To cultivate concentration, practice relaxation. Lie down on the floor for three minutes on your back, breathe deeply, lie still, and turn your mind in—think of nothing.

To concentrate on your work, you must enjoy your work. And to enjoy your work, you must drop it at certain hours. He lasts longest, and soars highest, who cultivates the habit of just being a boy for an hour a day. Take a vacation every day, if you want to do good work.

Are you in the treadmill? Well, the only way you can get out is by evolving mastership.

We are controlled by our habits. At first we manage them, but later they manage us ❧ Habits young are like lion cubs—so fluffy and funny! Have a care what kind of habits you are evolving—soon you will be in their power, and they may eat you up. It is habit that chains us to the treadmill and makes us subject to the will of others. And it is habit that gives mastership—of yourself and others.

Industry is a habit. Men who go to bed any old time and get up when they feel like it, are never industrious—worse, they are never healthy. Muldoon says that the man who has to get up at six o'clock in the morning never has insomnia. If you have to get up at six, you'll go to bed at ten, and this means you'll get the habit of going to sleep.

If you acquire the habit of studying and read-

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ing good books from seven-thirty to nine-thirty six evenings a week, you'll soon find it a delightful habit.

I know a great writer in England who writes every morning from eight o'clock to eleven, and he writes at no other time. He has acquired the habit. At eight o'clock his brain begins to fire up, and he finds it easy and pleasurable—necessary—to concentrate on his work.

The habit of Self-Confidence is a result of the habits of Industry and Concentration. And I hope I 've made it clear that Concentration is the result of pleasurable, useful effort, or Industry

Also, I hope I 've made it clear that for Industry to be of the first quality, the person must at times relax and find rest in change through play—be a child—run, frolic, dig in the garden, saw wood—relax.

When you have reached a point where your work gives you a great, quiet joy, and through this joy and interest you concentrate, then comes Self-Confidence. You are now well out on the road to Mastership.

Robert Louis Stevenson said, "I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work."

The recipe for Self-Confidence is: Do good work. "Courage," says Emerson, "comes from having done the thing before."

A man who does good work does not have to talk, apologize or explain—his work speaks. And even though there be no one to appreciate it, the man feels in it a great, quiet joy He relaxes, smiles, rests, fully intent on taking up his labors to-morrow and doing better than ever

The highest reward that God gives us for good work, is the ability to do better work Rest means rust.

So we get the formula: Acquire and evolve physical and mental Industry by doing certain things at certain hours, ceasing the effort before it becomes wearisome. In mental work keep in touch with people who are a little beyond you.

The joy and satisfaction of successful effort—overcoming obstacles, getting lessons, mastering details which we once thought difficult, evolves into a habit, and gives Concentration. Industry and Concentration fixed in character as habits mean Self-Confidence.

Industry, Concentration and Self-Confidence spell Mastership.

So from the man we get the Master-man. What lies beyond I do not know Perhaps when I become a Master I shall know—one stage at a time is enough. If there is n't time in this life, perhaps there will be thereafter.

A person may be very secretive and yet have no secrets



THE father of Congressman Peter A. Porter was once riding on a railroad train in England, and as all good Americans advertise their country, not to its disadvantage, our friend Porter was letting 'er go a bit.

"Have you ever been to Niagara Falls?" asked a modest bloomin' Britisher seated opposite.

"Niagara Falls!" said Porter, "Niagara Falls! Why man, I own 'em!"

The Britisher looked out of the window in his own stolid British way, and then pushed this one into the conversational rapids: "Niagara Falls is a great show, but don't you know if it had not been for our Sir Isaac Newton, and his Law of Gravitation, the water would never fall, and then where would your falls be, you know!"

And Porter crawled into his Cosmic Cave of the Winds, and pulled the Cave in after him.

A wise man does not need advice, and a fool will not take it.

ONE of my dear sweethearts, a girl well past eighty, writes me this: "I read THE FRA from cover to cover Its strength and sanity and smiling good cheer are to me beef, iron and wine. You and I have never met and probably never shall, but I love the man who speaks his mind, and has a mind whose thoughts are not the echo of a tear-stained and fear-ridden past.

I am young in soul, though my head is white,
Young as the Gods of Greece, oft told.
If I live a hundred years on earth,
My spirit will sing, 'I am not old!'
I will work in the day, I will smile my mirth;
I care not how cruel my bonds may be—
There never was forged on earth the chain
That can shackle the soul that lives in me."

We are brothers to all who have trod the earth.

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OWN at the Roycroft Barn there is a litter of pups. Ali Baba is very proud of them, and often adds to the gaiety of visitors by lifting two of them out of their nest and showing how they can fight ☙ By chucking them together a few times, they get very mad, and fall on each other as if to kill.

It is all very funny!

Yesterday, the trick was shown to a Lady Visitor who did not appreciate the bucolic stunt, and she chided your Uncle Ali Baba for his cruelty.

"Missus," said the Baba in reply, "Missus, every dog should be able to lick any other dog —only in this way can peace be possible! Safety for dogs lies in preparedness."

☙

Youth is a Bernard Shaw preface the book itself is often nil.

☙

The Border State Soldier

By Champ Clark



Y theme to-day is the Border State Soldier, Union and Confederate. Macaulay said when he finished writing his essay on Barere that he had succeeded in placing him on a pinnacle of infamy from which no succeeding historian could take him down ☙ I propose to place the Border State Soldier, no matter under which flag he fought, on a height of glory from which no future orator can dislodge him.

¶ Mr. Chairman, if the history of Kentucky, West Virginia, Missouri, Kansas and Tennessee could be written, it would discount all of Sir Walter Scott's novels. There my people and my wife's people lived and died ☙ There my children were born ☙ There two of them lie buried. I love the people of that borderland—the best, the bravest, the noblest under heaven —and I hate the men who jeer at them.

I will tell you how a border man feels. He is not a bully. He is not quarrelsome, but he understands how to take his own part. It happened to me that I was born and reared in Kentucky; that I lived two years in West Virginia. I lived eleven weeks in Kansas, and I have spent the remainder of my life in Missouri ☙ When the war began I was eleven years old. I was a large boy. I wanted to go into the army, but they would n't have me on account of my youth ☙ One of the first things I remember distinctly about the war: I see the man sitting in front of me who recalls it. It makes the blood in my heart go faster to look upon his countenance —Daniel Edgar Sickles. All that I remember of it I read in a newspaper at the time of the battle of Gettysburg, and that General Sickles was carried off of that battlefield with his leg shot off, smoking a cigar. I thought it was the coolest thing I ever heard of, and I did not believe any man could do it; but when I have seen him standing up here in this House, sometimes badgered by a dozen men at one time, and he, as cool as an icicle, polite as Chesterfield and brave as a lion, hurling them all off, I have believed the story that I read about the field of Gettysburg.

Since then I have read of Pickett's charge and how the Virginia youth went to death as to a festival ☙ It gives one a higher opinion of his race to read of that splendid feat of arms.

Down there where I was living, one company of men went into Frank Wolford's cavalry. Another went into John Morgan's cavalry. Wolford was the very best specimen of the human race that ever stood on this floor. He sat in this Congress twice. He was a Kentucky mountain lawyer; and when you have said that, you have passed the highest encomium that can be passed on a lawyer ☙ He would not wear a colonel's uniform; he wore the uniform of a private. They said they could never get enough of that regiment together to have a dress parade except on the eve of battle, and then they gathered from the four quarters of the compass. When the war closed there was not enough left of that gallant band of men to have a roll call. The truth is that the First Kentucky Federal Cavalry died on the field of battle ☙ Silas Adams, its last colonel, was the youngest man in the regiment. Some way he escaped to live, although badly shot and taken to a hospital.

¶ In the very same neighborhood a company went into Morgan's cavalry. They were made up of the flower of the Kentucky chivalry. I am glad to know that the colonel of the First Kentucky Union Cavalry sits over on that side; that the colonel of Morgan's cavalry, Governor McCreary, sits over here; that Colonel William C. P. Breckinridge sits over there, who went in

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as a private and fought his way to a colonel's commission. I am proud to be a Kentuckian among such Kentuckians. I remember when I was a boy the refrain went through Kentucky:

John Morgan's heel is on thy shore,
Kentucky, O, Kentucky!
His hand is on thy stable door,
Kentucky, O, Kentucky!
You'll never see your good, gray mare
any more;
He'll ride her till her back is sore,
And drop her at some stranger's door,
Kentucky, O, Kentucky!

That song has been running in my head and singing in my heart ever since.

I want to tell you how Morgan traded horses. They say you can tell where Morgan marched through Ohio and Indiana yet by the good breed of horses that are through there. He took the Kentucky thoroughbreds and rode them, you know, until they got stove up, and then he dropped them. Here is the way he swapped horses. He would come across a man in Kentucky and he would say, "You have a good horse and I want it." If the man said, "I am a Union man," he would say, "Well, I will confiscate it." If the man said, "I am a rebel," he would say, "You ought to contribute it to the cause of good government." Anyhow he took the horse.

It is only just and proper to state that Morgan's method of swapping horses was generally practiced on both sides.

Obscure heroes! I want to say now in the face of the American people that if the men who served on the Federal side from the border states during the war had served on the Confederate side, the result of the war would have been different. Take the seventy-seven thousand soldiers from Kentucky. Take the fifteen or twenty thousand from West Virginia. Take the gallant men from Maryland ✍ Take the thirty-five thousand from East Tennessee. Take the ninety-nine thousand that Missouri sent, and put Frank Blair at the head of them in the rebel army, and the Southern Confederacy would have achieved its independence. Those border state people saved the Union. They could have established the Confederacy ✍ Think of Frank Blair leading that host of heroes in the Confederate Army! ✍ The charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, the charge of Mad Charles at Pultowa—all pale into utter insignificance compared with what Blair could have done at the head of those Marylanders, West Virginians, Tennesseeans, Kentuckians and Missourians. With them at his back he could have marched to the frozen ocean!

And yet every time a man says a word about a man being a Union man in Kentucky, or Missouri, or West Virginia, or Tennessee, or a rebel either, some fellow who was safely housed during the war gets up here and grins at him. I am tired of it.

It was very easy to be a Union man in the State of Maine; the truth is it was very unhealthy to be anything else. It was very easy to be a rebel down in the State of Mississippi; it was very dangerous to be anything else ✍ But in Kentucky and Missouri, during the war, a man had to feel of his topknot when he got up in the morning to see if, like the flag of his country, it was still there.

I want to tell you about an arithmetic class I was in when the war began. I was eleven years old. As a boy I was a pretty good arithmetician, a sort of lightning calculator. A strolling phrenologist from England came through there and established a school. His name was Charles R. Whittern. I love to think of him. He was the best teacher I ever saw. He built up a reputation as a man who could teach arithmetic. There were three grown men in that class. I was a little boy and they made a great pet of me. I am going to tell you about two of those men, maybe the third. When the war began there was a man in that class by the name of Orvill B. Young. I want his name to go down in this record, and it will go down in history before I get through with him. He was thirty years of age. He studied for a month to see whether he ought to become a minister of the gospel of the Christian Church, vulgarly called the "Campbellite Church," or whether he ought to enlist in the Federal Army in the defense of his country.

He studied that matter. I know he did it conscientiously ✍ God Almighty never made a better or a braver man. He is dead now and gone to heaven. Finally he decided that he ought to enlist in the Federal Army as a private soldier. He enlisted in John M. Harlan's Tenth Kentucky Infantry. This was after Rousseau and Morgan and Wolford had taken out the daredevils. It was after Seward's ninety days' picnic, when lawyers, doctors and merchants were leaving their offices, and when men were

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leaving their wives and children to enlist in the Federal Army. Young went to Lebanon and enlisted, and as he went to enlist, his brother-in-law, Squire Land, went along with him. Young was to marry Land's sister after the war, if he lived. Land got drunk. When Young held up his hand to be sworn in, Land held up his hand and got sworn in too; but got sworn in accidentally ✍ The next morning after he found he was in the Army, he said, "Now that I am in, I will do anything in the world except charge breastworks." ✍ Finally, down at Jonesboro, when they were ordered to charge the breastworks, Land went to the sutler's wagon. Young served his three years. He was the man who placed the Union flag on the rebel breastworks. Congress passed a resolution giving that man a gold medal for heroic conduct on the field of battle.

General Sherman sent for him and wanted to make him a captain and he said, "I did not come into the Army for an office. I am going to quit when I serve my three years out." And he did not take it ✍ Talk about "obscure heroes!" Why, a man like that deserves to rank with Havelock as a Christian soldier. Talk to me about "border men," "obscure heroes!" ✍ ✍

I want to tell you about another fellow in that class—Big Isaiah Coulter ✍ He was six feet, six inches tall, and looked like an Indian. I think he must have had Indian blood in his veins—his hair was as black as a raven's wing. I love to think about him. He petted me when I was a child. A man who is kind to a child is not a bad man. He enlisted in that organization known as Sue Munday's guerillas, as they were called in Kentucky. He loved that predatory warfare. He had fifty in his command. When they got any of Sue Munday's gang they hanged them. They barred them from the rules of warfare ✍ ✍

Finally, when Quantrell was killed at Shelbyville, Big Isaiah was with him, and was shot right square through the body with a minie ball ✍ He knew that if they caught him they would hang him, so he made a fellow take a ramrod, tie a silk handkerchief at the end of it, and shove it clean through his body in the track of the ball ✍ Then he put knots in each end, and got on one of Alexander's thoroughbred stallions and rode him thirty miles to where his aunt lived, and died ✍ Talk to me about obscure heroes! That country is full of them ✍ ✍

I want to tell you about another one. Out in my country there is a Republican that I hardly knew when I saw him. He wrote me a letter, saying, "I want you to get me a pension. I am getting blind. Some of my Republican friends have told me that you would not help me to get a pension because I was in the Federal Army." ✍ I wrote back to him and said, "Your Republican friends lied. I have a great deal of admiration for you, although I never saw you but once or twice." That was another obscure hero. His name was Tom Folwell. He was a private in the Army under Grant. He was the first man that took a transport past Vicksburg. Grant made him a captain on the field of battle. I would like to know what kind of an opinion any man would have of a member of Congress who would not undertake to get a pension for a man like that, who had the courage and the skill to take the first transport past Vicksburg, and who is nearly blind. He will get his pension if I can get the Republicans to help me to give it to him.

I said that Harlan's regiment was made up of a different class of people. It was made up of men who had come to the conclusion that the war meant something, men who went in to fight. They went in deliberately to stay their three years ✍ They served under George H. Thomas. And then I want to say incidentally that more injustice has been done to George H. Thomas by the war writers than to any other man who took part in that great conflict. ¶ I love to go up here to Thomas Circle and look at him on his horse. I took my little boy up there and taught him to look at and speak of General Thomas on his horse. I did that for two reasons. In the first place, that is the only bronze horse in the city of Washington ✍ In the second place, it has Thomas on it, and Thomas saved the Union at Chickamauga. If Thomas had not been a Virginian, if he had not been a border man, he would have been the general-in-chief of all the armies ✍ They wrote him down, but they shall not keep him

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down. Harlan's regiment was in the battle of Chickamauga, and to show how pugnacious the Kentucky spirit is, I will tell you an incident. The chaplain of that regiment was a Christian militant. Harlan had been wounded and Hayes was commanding. He ordered the chaplain to go back among the wounded, but he would n't do it. He rushed up to the front where the fighting was going on and shouted, "Boys, give them hell—as Colonel Hayes says!"

The border men have always been "in it." Sir Edward Creasy wrote a book entitled, "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." I wish I could whisper to him to add a postscript making the number sixteen. It was not Saratoga, it was not Yorktown, that decided the American War of the Revolution; it was King's Mountain. That was where the British lion met his death on the American Continent, at the hands of a handful of backwoodsmen, the same kind of men as Wolford and Morgan. Somehow they found that Major Ferguson, a brave Scotch major, had been sent out in that direction by Cornwallis to punish them for something. Ferguson's men stopped to eat dinner on a place called King's Mountain Isaac Shelby, John Sevier, Alexander Campbell, Major Williams, and Major Cronacle, and others, with eight hundred and ten Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky militia, got around King's Mountain and performed the most remarkable feat ever performed on any mountain

Eight hundred and ten backwoodsmen, huntsmen, squirrel-shooters, men who could hit a squirrel at a hundred yards, were there, in that thickly wooded country, every fellow behind a tree, with the flower of the British Army in their front. Gradually they drove the British to the top of the mountain, each one killing his man every time, and when they got through, I don't know whether there was a man left of the enemy to tell the tale. I have forgotten. Obscure heroes! Why, sir, very few of the men on the other side who laughed at me the other day had ever heard of John Sevier or Isaac Shelby, or men like them Now, what does America owe to such men? Are they obscure, and does any man blame me for being proud of the fact that I was born and reared among such people as that, the people that are found in West Virginia and Kentucky and Missouri, Maryland and Tennessee?

I said that I lived in Kansas. I went out there with Mr. Hudson, who sits over there on the other side of the House, to practice law. He and I were in a law school together. Instead of going where we intended, I went to Wichita the year after the grasshoppers had eaten the State up. That year the blossoms dropped from the trees, and everybody thought it meant a coming incursion of the grasshoppers. I left the State to keep clear of the grasshoppers A fellow at the Kentucky University paid me twenty-five dollars to write a speech for him; and that is the way I got out of the State.

Now, there is one funny circumstance about this matter. I have a good deal of sympathy, I will say by way of preliminary, with Mr. Simpson on the other side of the House. Last summer I was going home on the train, and when I got tired of having nobody to talk to, I went into the smoker and entered into conversation with a man I found there. I asked him where he was from. He said, "I am from Hutchinson, Kansas." Then I asked him about the salt wells there, and matters of that kind. Said he, "You seem to know a good deal about Kansas." I replied, "Yes, I went out there to practice law, and I left because the grasshoppers drove me out of the State; and I don't believe there has been a grasshopper in the State since." He looked very serious for a minute or two, and then said, "No, there have not been any grasshoppers in the State since; but we have got something out there that is a damn sight worse than grasshoppers." "Good Heavens!" said I, "what is it?" "Why," said he, "it is Jerry Simpson."

But I want to say—and I might just as well talk about Jerry Simpson as anything else—I want to say that when I came into this House I had the newspaper idea about Jerry Simpson. Finally he got up here and made a speech on the silver question. I listened to that speech; and I want to say now, because somebody ought to state it to the American People, as Simpson and I are going out together, that during the whole of that long, able, profound debate on the silver question there was not a man in this House, on either side, who delivered a speech that was pitched on a higher plane of political economy and human philosophy than that of Mr. Simpson of Kansas.

They say that "an open confession is good for the soul." I want to make that statement now. From that day to this, instead of having

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the newspaper idea of Jerry Simpson that he is a rantankerous, ad captandum demagogue, I have regarded him as a philosopher, as a statesman, as one of the friends of human freedom. Now I do not know what party Simpson is going to train with in the future ☙ The truth is, it is very hard to tell what the political future in this country is going to be. I do not care what party he trains with; I do not care what anybody says about him; I hail him as my brother, because he loves the human race; he has fought for it here; he has rendered it conspicuous service here.

The first major-general that I ever saw—one of the handsomest men that ever lived—was Lovell H. Rousseau. God bless his memory! That man took eight or ten daredevils out of every county in Kentucky—men who were determined to get into the war just as soon as there was a gun fired. He could not even drill them in Kentucky, but took them across the river to Jeffersonville.

He formed them into Rousseau's Louisville Legion ☙ After that General Rousseau was elected to Congress ☙ While serving here he broke a cane over some fellow's head—a thing that ought to be done a great deal oftener than it is ☙ ☙

Now they were going to expel him from the House on account of that transaction. He resigned, went back home, and appealed to his people for re-election; and to show how Kentuckians feel in such matters, they would not allow any man of any party to run against him. When he had broken that Republican's head with a cane it made him so popular in his district that they would not let a single solitary man ever run against him for anything. They re-elected him, and at a mass-meeting held in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, they presented him with a gold-headed hickory cane ☙ The President of the United States appointed him to be military governor of the State of Louisiana. To show you the feeling of the people of this country towards a Federal general and the military governor of a great state, when he behaved himself so much like a gentleman, the fact is that when he died of the yellow fever in that city he was followed to the grave by the universal sorrow and regret of all the people of the great city of New Orleans ☙ Obscure heroes! If that man had lived up in Massachusetts, my God! how many books would have been written about him!

One time, and this is another illustration, a Michigan general undertook to lecture old Wolford about not keeping up his military harness and war gear. Finally he got the old general mad. They were camped about where my friend McMillin lives in Tennessee. Wolford said at last, "Damn you, I did n't come down here to steal negroes; I came to fight. My regiment is not very good for dress parade, but if you bring out the three best Michigan regiments you have got I will run them out of Tennessee before sundown." Obscure heroes! ¶ Out in Missouri, Mr. Chairman, there lived a man—two of them—that I love to talk of, and I never will tire of talking of them. "Old Pap" Price, on the rebel side, and Frank Blair. General Sterling Price was called "Pap" by his soldiers because he exercised a fatherly care over them. No braver man ever commanded an army, no more honorable gentleman ever drew his sword, no truer American ever lived. When he sent part of his army under Frank Cockrell to Beauregard at Corinth, Jefferson Davis pronounced the Missourians the finest body of men he had ever seen! Frank Blair was fit to have ridden "with Spotswood round the land and Raleigh round the sea." ☙ I always think of him as an antique hero just stepped out of the borderland—that borderland of which Walter Scott wrote—as a man who had stepped out of the pages of one of his novels. He was born rich ☙ He and his father were distinguished, and his mother also. Coming from that old Kentucky stock that I hope will never die out, he went into the war as a child —and that is the way they do down there—into the Mexican war. After the war he located in St. Louis, practiced law and made a fortune. ¶ Somehow or other he took it into his head that slavery was a bad institution. It was an extremely dangerous theory to hold in that particular locality at that time. But he held it, and was not afraid to proclaim it. And here is an instance in proof of the honesty of the views he entertained and of his leonine courage. He and Samuel T. Glover, the most belligerent man in the State, went to the town of Hannibal to make a speech—what was called a "free nigger" speech at that time. A mob assembled and made so much noise and confusion and disorder that Glover could not make his speech. But Frank Blair had come there to make a speech, and he commenced, and he had not been talking for more than a minute and a

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half, when somebody hit him plump in the middle of the forehead with an egg. Most men under such provocation would have got mad and quit. But he never stopped. He only wiped off the egg, threw the remains of it on the ground, and proceeded with his speech.

He never alluded to it. The courage of it was recognized, and everybody admired the act. You cannot get away from facts, and it is a fact that that mob that went there to stone him stayed to applaud. That is the kind of a man he was ✍ When the war began Frank Blair saved Missouri to the Union. That cannot be stated too often. He raised a regiment; went into the army; fought his way to a high grade; was Lincoln's special friend in Congress, and is regarded by the bookmakers of the United States, these New England war historians, as an "obscure hero."

I want to state before I finish, Mr. Chairman, an idea that I started on yesterday. The mistake that Jefferson made, the mistake that Madison made, the mistake that John Randolph made, the mistake made by Calhoun, Hayne, John C. Breckinridge and all of that great, glittering line of heroes and statesmen of the South, was that they did not go into the bookmaking business. If children read books they will get ideas into their heads from that reading. I found a boy in Keokuk last fall, when I was there one night, reading somebody's history of the United States that absolutely made it plain that Madison and Jefferson hated the Government, and that Alexander Hamilton took the people by the throat and rammed the Constitution down it. He asked me some questions about history and what I thought of it. I said, "If you want to know the history of this country, you take that book and burn it up."

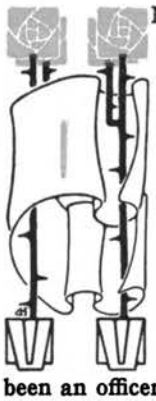
If the Marylanders, Virginians, Kentuckians and Missourians had only written more books, so many of their great statesmen and heroic soldiers would not be sleeping in forgotten graves ✍ ✍

✍

THAT man, I think, has a liberal education who has been trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; who has learned to love all beauty whether nature or art, to hate all vileness and respect others as himself.—Thomas Huxley.

The Glory of Man

By R. B. C. Graham



ON a deserted beach in Cuba, not far from El Caney, some travelers, not long ago, came upon a skeleton ✍ Seated in a rough chair, it sat and gazed upon the sea. The gulls had roosted on the collar-bones, and around the feet sea-wrack and dulse had formed a sort of wreath. A tattered Spanish uniform still fluttered from the bones, and a box set beside the chair, held papers showing the man had been an officer of rank. One of these gave the password of the day when he had lost his life. As the travelers gazed upon the bones, a land-crab peeped out of a hole just underneath the chair. All up and down the coast were strewn the remnants of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Rifles with rusty barrels and the stocks set thick with barnacles, steel scabbards with bent swords wasted to scrap-iron, fragments of uniforms and belts, ends of brass chains, and bones of horses, drawn from their wind-swept prairies to undergo the agonies of transport in a ship packed close, and then left to die, wounded, with the vultures picking out their eyes.

All, all, was there, fairly spread out as in a kindergarten, to point the lesson to the fools who write of courage, if they had wit to see. Gun-carriages half silted up with sand, rusted and broken Maxims, gave an air of ruin, as is the case wherever Titan man has been at play, broken his toys and then set to kill brother fools ✍ Withal nothing of dignity about the scene; a stage unskillfully set with properties all got very cheap; even the ribs and trucks of the decaying ships of what once had been Admiral Cervera's fleet stood roasting in the sun, their port-holes just awash, as they once roasted in the flames which burned them and their crews ✍ Nothing but desolation in the scene, and yet a desolation of a paltry kind, not caused by time, by famine, pestilence or anything which could impart an air of tragedy, only the desolation caused by those who had respectively sent their poor helots out to fight, staying themselves smug and secure at home well within reach of the quotations of the Stock Exchange ✍ ✍

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So in the mouldering chair the general sat, his password antiquated and become as much the property of the first passer-by as an advertisement of "liver pills." His uniform, no doubt his pride, all rags; his sword long stolen away and sold for drink by him who filched it; but yet the sun-dried bones, which once had been a man, were themselves more interesting than were his living conquerors with their cheap air of insincere success.

The world goes out to greet the conqueror with flowers and with shouts, but first he has to conquer, and so draw down upon himself the acclamations of the crowd, who do not know that hundreds such as he whom they stultify with noise have gloriously failed, and that the odium of success is hard enough to bear, without the added ignominy of popular applause. Who with a spark of humor in his soul can bear success without some irritation in his mind? But for good luck he might have been one of the shouters who run sweating by his car; doubts must assail him, if success has not already made him pachydermatous to praise, that sublimate which wears away the angles of our self-respect, and leaves us smooth to catch the mud our fellows fling at us, in their fond adoration of accomplished facts. Success is but the recognition (chiefly by yourself) that you are better than your fellows ❧ A paltry feeling, nearly allied to the base scheme of punishments and rewards which has made most faiths arid, and rendered actions noble in themselves mere huckstering affairs of fire insurance.

A man may put his life in peril for the Victoria Cross, or pass laborious days in laboratories tormenting dogs, only to be a baronet at last. A plague of courage and laborious days! Arts, sciences and literature with all the other trifles in which hard-working idle men make occupations for themselves, when they lead to material success, spoil their professor and degrade themselves to piece-work at so many pounds an hour ❧ ❧

Nothing can stand against success and yet keep fresh ❧ Nations as well as individuals feel its vulgarizing power ❧ Throughout all Europe, Spain alone still rears her head, the unspoiled race, content in philosophic guise to fail in all she does and thus preserve the individual independence of her sons. Successful nations have to be content with their success; their citizens cannot be interesting. So many hundred feet of sanitary tubes a minute or an hour, so many men grown rich; fancy a poet rich through rhyming, or a philosopher choked in banknotes, whilst writing his last scheme of wise philosophy! But those who fail, no matter how ingloriously, have their revenge on the successful few, by having kept themselves free from vulgarity, or by having died unknown.

A miner choked with fire-damp in a pit, dead in the vain attempt to save some beer-mused comrade left behind entombed, cannot be vulgar, even if when alive he was a thief. Your mere successful man who has his statue set up in our streets (apparently to scare away the crows) when he dies, and his column and a half in penny cyclopædias, turns interest to ashes by his apotheosis in the vulgar eye. But the forgotten general, sitting in his chair, his fleshless feet just lapping in the waves, his whitening bones fast mouldering into dust, nothing can vulgarize him, no fool will crown him with a tin-foil laurel wreath, no poetaster sing his praise in a maudlin ode or halting threnody, for he has entered into the realm of those who by misfortune claim the sympathy of the writers who are dumb.

An archetype of those who fail, let him still sit watching the gulls fly screaming through the air and mark the fish spring and fall back again with a loud splash in the still waters of the tropic beach.

❧

We flatter only those we fear the highest applause is silence.

❧

The Test of Religion

By Sir A. Conan Doyle



DURING the discussion of the vital question as to whether the English nation is becoming less religious, one great fallacy runs through a great many of the statements which I have heard and seen, and that is the postulate that any form of ritual of going to a large stone building for the purpose of communion with the Great Unseen, has any bearing on true religion ❧ The lesson which life has taught me is that it has none.

I have known most admirable people who did not do such things, and I have known most wicked ones who did. Never yet have I known

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a person who was good because he went to church, or evil because he did not. And yet, by a great many people, such practices are taken as a test of whether religion is waning or increasing. There is no relation between them.

¶ Such practical tests, which do actually for the most part show progress, are worth more than the ritual observance which may or may not go with a good life.

There is an aggressive form of religion calling itself the dogmatic faith, which has done far more harm to the human race than pestilence or famine. Directly to its door must be laid not only all the bloodstained history of Mohammedanism, but all the murderous doings which have in turn disgraced every sect of Christianity

In the name of Christ, the Apostle of Peace, this dreadful school of thought, within a few centuries of His death, brought about such quarrels and such murders as had never been heard of in pagan days.

Over the Homoiousian question, a theological point depending upon a diphthong, it has been reckoned that one hundred thousand people lost their lives, champions and victims of faith

The Crusades, the murders of the Albigenses and of the Cevennes, the Thirty Years' War, the Inquisition, the outrages of Catholics on Protestants, the no less detestable outrages of Protestants on Catholics, the persecutions of non-conformists by the Church, the persecutions of Quakers by the non-conformists, the manifold domestic tragedies and tyrannies, embittering the lives of countless numbers—surely when all these are considered, the reader must admit that faith in the positive, aggressive sense, has wrought more mischief than famine or pestilence

All sects have been misled by men of the same acrid frame of mind, and have incurred the same blood-guiltiness.

I know only four cults—the original Buddhists, the Quakers, the Unitarians and the Agnostics—who can, I think, say that they have no blood upon their heads. Certainly the Atheists cannot, for their excesses in France—in the Revolution and also in Eighteen Hundred and Seventy—have been as bad as those of the churches.

And what has been the root of it all? Saying you believe what your mind cannot grasp and what your free reason would frequently reject. A makes his proofless assertion and calls it his faith. B has the right to do the same. Then A and B hate each other with a holy hatred, and there is the epitome of the blackest chapter in the history of the world. We who are like shipwrecked mariners upon this little raft of a world, moving upon the face of the infinite ocean, have enough to do to live kindly among ourselves, without quarreling bitterly about that which is beyond the horizon.

Perhaps you say that even in these very words I myself show want of religious charity. But surely it is not so. If the Catholic finds the pope, or the Anglican the bishop, or the non-conformist the minister a help upon his path, then in every case it is a good thing—if it causes that man to be a better, more noble human creature. Every form of belief is admirable if it does that. But when it turns to want of charity and the reviling of those who have other methods, then it is a petty Twentieth Century exhibition of that which ranks in history among the gravest and most bloodthirsty crimes.

ONLY ONE GET MAD AT A TIME

Lands And Souls

By Charles Sandburg



SHALL foot it
Down the roadway in the dusk,
Where shapes of hunger wander
And the fugitives of pain go by.

I shall foot it
In the silence of the morning,
Hear the night slur into dawn,
Hear the slow great winds arise
Where tall trees flank the way
And shoulder toward the sky.

The broken boulders by the road
Shall not commemorate my ruin;
Regret shall be the gravel under foot.
My signs shall be
The slim birds swift of wing
That course where wind and ranks of thunder
Drive the wild processionals of rain.

The dust of the traveled road
Has touched my hands and face.
Mine are the near-by, homely things;
Mine are the lands and the hands and the souls of the Everywhere.

A SEER IS THE SCOUT OF CIVILIZATION

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THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 1 SEPTEMBER No. 6

'Ware the Steam-Roller—
political, marital, theological!

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Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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THE OPEN ROAD
AFOOT WITH THE FRA



TWO cent postage to Great Britain after October First! This means a closer relationship and a better understanding between the English speaking people ✍ Beside that, it means an increased business amounting to millions of dollars.

Let the credit go to Postmaster-General Meyer ✍ Meyer is a business man. He knows the needs of the people and he has the courage to work for all of the people. He is not to be swept off his feet by the demagogue or those good men devoted to class interests—say, "the country merchant." ✍ Government exists to supply the greatest good to the greatest number ✍ Its business is to break down barriers, rather than to construct them. It should allow trade to flow in natural channels. Meyer knows this. But of all the good things done by Meyer, 't was a move fraught with much sweet reasonableness when he fired the maundering Madden, and launched Lawshe. The Third Assistant requires a vertebra that is not in need of an osteopath, and he also must have a good equipment of practical common sense. Lawshe has both. ¶ That Madden was honest, no one doubts; he was as honest as a wooden Indian, and as virtuous as a terra-cotta monkey.

Out in Bloomington there was once a banker who had a bulldog that watched the bank nights. One day that watch-dog came around during working-hours and bit a depositor ✍ Madden was an honest bulldog, and he put his teeth into some of the best patrons the Post-office ever had.

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Let virtue be coupled with enterprise and both be flavored with faith, otherwise we have the prig, the persecutor and the undesirable citizen

The men who now man the Post-office Department have the ship safely and well in hand They know where they are, and where they are going. To upset their plans by taking out the captain, pilot and crew and replacing them with landlubbers, no matter how worthy, would be to involve a very great risk.

Taft will stand by Meyer, and Meyer will stand by the bunch of boys who are serving the people

And it is better to work for the people than a party, don't you think so?

Meyer has already done a few most excellent things for the country, and he has performed his tasks so quietly that plenty of folks do not know of them. Meyer asks for no bouquets Leave the man alone, and he will work out for us further big benefits.

TASTE YOUR FOOD BEFORE YOU SWALLOW IT, AND YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO TASTE IT AFTERWARD.



"THE first requisite in education is to be a good animal," said Herbert Spencer.

And the fact that Herbert Spencer was n't, need not weigh in the scale 'gainst his dictum To a certain degree his magnificent feats of brain were attained by throwing overboard God's gift of sleep, and ignoring the lawful claims of digestion. He drew drafts on the Bank of Futurity and had to pay them in pain.

Could Spencer have reached the highest heaven of crystallized sanity without the sacrifice of health?

Horace Fletcher says, "Yes, and more."

Every great captain in life's procession carries the flag a certain distance to the front and there he plants it. The task of carrying it still further forward belongs to another.

The fact that Fletcher has forced the scientific men of the pedagogic world to accept his statement as simple truth, "The basic elements of education must be physiological," marks an epoch in humanity's climb.

Fletcher has planted the flag of Dietetic Righteousness further to the front than any man who has lived for two thousand, three hundred years

The method of complete mastication of all food exercises the sense of taste, just as wise men exercise the brain, or the muscles of the body, or the lungs. This exercise of the sense of taste means, what?

I'll tell you.

But first let me say that the estimate I will give is fair, safe, conservative and carefully considered. These are figures which you can prove for yourself by practicing this plan, and on this plan there is no copyright. These figures have been proven by Dr. Bowditch of Boston, Professor James of Harvard, Dr. Russell H. Chittenden of New Haven and Professor Anderson, Physical Director of Yale, through experiments carried on with microscopic care.

So here is the estimate: The average American family, by following the Fletcher methods, can decrease the cost of its food supply twenty per cent and increase its mental and physical effectiveness thirty per cent Figure that out in dollars with a population of eighty million people, and see the saving.

Classes of say a dozen volunteer young men were taken at Yale, and also at West Point, and with no change of diet, were simply told to Fletcherize.

Forty minutes were taken for each meal instead of twenty The physical work of each was gradually increased, also the class lessons, and the result in all cases was a decrease in cost of living and an increased brain and brawn. ¶ More than this, all traces of "sour stomach," bad breath, headaches, and indisposition disappeared

Needless to say that the young men knew what they were doing, were heartily in sympathy with Mr. Fletcher, and honestly carried out the methods that he advocated. As for results, they could not be faked. You can't pretend a ten mile walk, a five mile row, two hours' passing of the health spheroid; and as for faking a hundred lines of Virgil or a few stiff problems in Euclid, it is positively out of the question. ¶ These men cut down their food supply and increased their endurance.

From the age of fifty to fifty-eight Horace Fletcher cut down his weight sixty pounds and doubled his capacity for work.

Two thousand years ago a man said, "A New

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Commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another."

It really was not a new plan—although it was new to the people who heard it. They smiled. They always knew it. In fact they claimed to practice it. Even the men who killed him considered themselves very much superior to him in intellect and general worth. The methods of life he advocated were so simple they were silly. Away with him!

The name of Horace Fletcher to many has been a pleasantry—his plan of life a joke.

¶But now come such men as Superintendent Maxwell, Doctor George Vincent, G. Stanley Hall, John Dewey, and Charles M. Dow, who say, "Fletcher is right—the basis of all education should be physiological."

The Fletcher plan is simply to taste your food. And to taste your food, you have to chew it—even soup ❧ Taste is a chemical matter, and requires a little time. Until the saliva gets well mixed with your food, you do not taste it. So sip, taste, taste, and taste it again. Taste, chew and masticate!

Taste is the test.

Eat anything you want.

Eat all of it that tastes good. Chew, masticate, grind, and you do not have to swallow—the food becomes fluid in your mouth and disappears. The alimentary canal is thirty-two feet long, and you only control your food the first three inches of it. Here you can bring mind to bear, and if you do, Dietetic Righteousness will soon become a habit.

Nature knows—trust her.

In these tests just noted, the young men in the class were not on a restricted diet ❧ They ate what they chose. But before three days, it was found that the quantity they ate was much reduced. Most of them refused meat at breakfast, then eggs. A dish of cereal, fruit or berries, a little dry toast and one small cup of coffee, fully sufficed.

This they enjoyed, and their appetite was fully satisfied ❧ They could not eat more without almost revulsion. They were fed—and they were satisfied.

This method of eating never means mal-nutrition, nor food poisoning. Bad breath, flatulence, drowsiness in the day-time, wakefulness at night, that tired feeling, all mean food poisoning. Resort to drugs for relief, and continue to gulp, guzzle and bolt, turning to the doctor now and then in time of trouble, and the water supply gets infected by the sewage, and the doctors call it Nervous Prostration, Bright's Disease, Inflammatory Rheumatism, or Neuritis, and the undertaker begins to take a personal interest in you.

Very, very few deaths are natural. Men die because a part gives out, and unlike an Oliver plow or a McCormick reaper, you can't replace the part. The next best thing when you have a hot box, or get short-circuited is to scud for the surgeon, and he cuts into you, removes the offender, and you go on through life with one cylinder, somewhat proud of it, mentioning the fact to neighbors and marvelling that you can run at all with one kidney and no appendix.

That we are all supplied with automatic self-stokers, I am fully convinced ❧ Again I say, taste is the test. But to taste you have to masticate. It takes a little time, but it saves temper, later ❧ ❧

Dr. W. P. Spratling, the eminent neurologist, told me that without exception epileptics are gourmands, who through disuse have lost the sense of taste; and in his belief, the malady takes the form of an explosion in an effort by Nature to eliminate a toxin which has been evolved through mal-nutrition.

Sir Frederick Treves has recently written, "After a general practice of forty years I now give it as my opinion that appendicitis is simply a result of excess in eating, coupled with imperfect mastication ❧ To avoid the disease is better than to have it and then resort to drugs, and later to the knife."

Drunkards gulp their drink and bolt their food. Now and again they choke to death.

Healthy people taste their food before they swallow it—others taste it afterwards.

In some respects Horace Fletcher is the sanest man in America ❧ He is a rich man. He is a successful man in all practical affairs. He has travelled to every corner of the world, where hardy and heroic white men can go. In fact I believe he is the world's greatest traveller since Sir Richard Burton went on his Long Journey. As a biologist he has very few living peers ❧

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Fletcher's figures are safe, conservative and the fruit of long study, careful observation and patient experiment. The excellence of Horace Fletcher's philosophy is so apparent that no one can argue it down, and any one can prove it for himself ❧ No apparatus is required, and no special preparation or environment demanded. Your first patient is yourself, and the results do not have to be ascertained by interrogation, inference or assumption.

Please bear in mind that the greatest dietetic sinners are not the poor and ignorant, but the so-called educated class ❧ We all realize the dangers from strong drink, but strong meat that sets up its ferment after you eat it, is quite as bad as the product of the grain that is fermented first and swallowed afterwards.

The craving for stimulants is a disease, and never goes with Dietetic Righteousness. Crime follows mal-nutrition, as does night the day. Irritability, stupidity, touchiness are some of the results of food-poisoning. The criminal is a sick man.

You try to sip your Martini, Fletcherize it, hold it in your mouth and taste, taste, taste it, and you are a hero if you can empty the glass ❧ Nature rebels after two or three very little sips and it tastes like kerosene.

Nature knows—trust her!

❧

Fletcherize your thought before you express it.

❧



THE State should pension any mother who personally assumes the care of her child ❧ Thus would we place a premium on loyalty and mother-love. Our present plan of disgracing free or natural maternity, places a premium on abandonment and murder, and makes the child, if it survives, a charge upon the community. The statesman who has the courage to carry through a bill for the protection and support of woman, at a time when she especially needs love and friendship, will live in the gratitude of millions unborn, and the wisdom of the future will crown him with laurel.

We are strong as we move with Nature—we are weak as we disregard her.

We must not fear Nature, but we should fear for the man who sets himself against Nature.

¶ Let the Christ-Spirit of Charity, and the Scientific Spirit of Common sense combine, and the question of race suicide will solve itself. We must conserve the best among human beings instead of destroying them. The "baby farm" is a place where eighty per cent of the little boarders are killed by neglect and narcotics ❧ The best conducted orphan asylums are places where the child is institutionalized, his individuality ironed out, his soul stunned, stunted and dwarfed.

Let the church and church people cease their policy of social damnation for the woman who makes a "mistake." ❧ Let them follow the attitude of their Leader and they may discover that God makes no mistakes. Let them cease their blundering and immoral haste to separate the innocent child from the loving breast of its mother, sending one into moral hell and the other to an orphan asylum.

The church's sociology has been as fallacious as her astronomy. She should study psychology, not ancient history and prophecy. The habit of robbing the unmarried mother of her child is a crime against Nature, and as punishment for it God has made us a race of scrubs.

For the State to subsidize motherhood is to do away with the necessity of the mother's dependence upon some particular man or men.

As long as a woman is obliged to look to some certain man for sustenance and shelter at a time when she is incapacitated for doing the world's work, she is to that extent a slave and a menial, and is in great danger of heading for perdition ❧ ❧ .

Is there any greater service a good woman can render the State than to be the mother of strong and beautiful children—children born in freedom and joy, and loved into being? A president has told us no, and he is right. But he has not told us that the mother must be free; he would still have her a dependent upon the bounty of a male individual.

The plan for immediate betterment is simple—reverence maternity, respect mother-love, and pension all mothers who stand by Nature and are loyal to their God-given instincts. Thus will we encourage honesty and conserve the best in our population.

And this pension, extending over a trying time, is not so much for the material support of the mother, as it is to convince her that she is not abandoned and repudiated by her kind. The Cosmic Urge, or Creative Principle, must be respected and upheld, not scorned and scoffed

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and made the butt of vile loaferism ☙ And still another reason why society should sustain the mother, is on account of its effect on the unborn. That which depresses or unnerves is bad in tendency, bad in practice, and followed with bad results.

For the education and purification of our own minds on this great question of creation, we must begin to respect the miracle of Maternity.

¶ The orphan asylum and the hospital, to which the church so proudly points are necessities, only because the church creates the conditions that foster them ☙ Both are indictments of our mode of life.

When we abandon fear, and learn how to work, play and love, there will be no need for hospitals. And when we allow the mother to follow her divine impulse and cling to and care for her child, the orphan asylum will be an anachronism and a superfluity.

We shall have no more actual need for hospitals and asylums than do the birds ☙ Insane asylums and prisons are the results of hate, greed, prejudice and perverted social ambitions ☙ ☙

Hospitals and orphan homes precede insane asylums and prisons, and make them a necessity. All lead to death, not to health or reformation ☙ ☙

Let us respect, honor and reverence maternity.

¶ Love should rule the world, and it can and will if we only cease building dams to stop its flow ☙ ☙

The policies of Cain have been given a thorough test—it is time that they were abandoned.

"A New Commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another!"

☙

A THOUGHT IS MENTAL DYNAMITE

☙



NOTE the passing of a great soul—Isabella D. Miller, wife of Frank Miller, of Riverside, California ☙ ☙

She was one woman in a million—I weigh my words. There are twenty million women in America and there are not twenty who have this woman's efficiency and generous breadth of intellect.

Oh, of course, I understand that, "Full many a gem of purest rays serene, the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear; full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

With this difference, look you, that gems have no power of locomotion, and flowers cannot migrate without help.

Man makes his own environment. We secrete our friends, and spin out of our hearts the conditions, and the aura, that surround us.

How do we know people are great, save as they do great things? Greatness consists not only in opening the door to Opportunity when she knocks, but of going out to meet her.

"I myself am Opportunity," is one of the things that Walt Whitman should have said, but did n't.

We must not be jealous of the folks who have opportunities—the probabilities are that they made them by hand while we dozed and dreamed ☙ ☙

Belle Miller was one of the world's great workers. She planned, executed, invented, encouraged, accomplished. She belonged to no clubs, societies, sects. She had no "Thursday," no maid, no butler, no coachman. And yet she controlled a small army of workers, and disciplined them without tyranny.

One of the pall bearers at her funeral was a Chinese cook, who had served her for twenty years ☙ ☙

She ruled by love, and the righteousness of her wide-reaching brain.

That the name and fame of Frank Miller, her husband, are owing to her help, every one knows, and Frank acknowledges. Once I heard him express this jest in earnest, "All of my virtues are in my wife's name."

But to have won and kept the love of such a woman is in itself an achievement.

Miller is no common man ☙ His wife was a most uncommon woman.

On the hour of Mrs. Miller's funeral the stores and shops of Riverside were closed. The Town Council passed resolutions of respect, and several labor organizations sent tokens of sympathy to the family.

Here was a woman with all of a true woman's gentleness—a school teacher, mother, wife—who yet was a master in economics. She knew values, had appreciation, sympathy, prescience, and while very gentle in her dealings with people, yet her will was always adamant when it should have been.

She knew the great musicians, orators, artists,

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and reformers of the world, dead and living. She had the qualities that would make her one with Millet, Wagner, Madame De Stael, Tolstoy, Thoreau and Whitman.

The Glenwood Mission Inn is her creation. Her husband was big enough not to block her plans. Few, comparatively, of the guests ever saw her. She kept out of sight, but the beauty of her soul was everywhere manifest, and her thoughtfulness, unselfishness and rare good taste blessed and benefited untold thousands. Life to her was a divine privilege. Her ambition was to serve. She had a great patience, poise, and serenity, and the impressive seriousness of the superior person.

She was a creator, an economist, dietician, an artist, a teacher. Her spirit has tinted the zeitgeist. Her quiet influence was world-wide. Earth is poorer for her passing; but we are all richer and better because she lived.

God, too, is only in process. He is getting an education out of His work, at His work.



THERE should never be a war of aggression unless on a direct and popular vote of the people, women included. As it is now, the right to declare war rests with Congress, and Congress is swayed, usually, by about half a dozen men or less ✍ The people pay the freight—the people are the sufferers—and it should be they who declare war, not the men who probably profit by it. The men who declare war are not the men who do the fighting.

That a few demagogues should have the power in enlightened America to use thousands of lives and millions of treasure in furthering their war-like and lustful ambitions, is an anachronism which civilization should remedy and quickly, too.

As a rule the men who declare war have nothing to lose, and everything to gain. They say, "War helps business."

And so it does.

Just as death helps undertakers.

To allow a few men the power to declare war is a monstrous wrong ✍ The parents of the young men who are to be food for vultures should have the say in this matter. Let the men themselves who are to fight be questioned. Let the wives of the rank and file second their opinions. Not to do this is to live in a land where the demagogue, the bounder and the soldier of fortune may at any time coin your blood into dollars and use your skull to erect a monument to his own glory.

If it had been put to a popular vote, would we ever have gone to war with Spain?

Certainly not ✍ We were stampeded into that awful blunder of the bounder. The cost of that war will never, never be told. The expense for pensions has just begun. The Philippines are a burden and our chief danger and menace to-day. Some day, we may have to fight to hold them. And as for the benefit to Cuba, we could have done all we have done, through wise diplomacy instead of force.

Let there be no war of aggression, unless on a popular vote of all the people, women included.

Recipe for success: Subdue yourself Devote yourself ✍ ✍



THE world accepts a man at the estimate he places upon himself. Many men are strong at times, but strong men make enemies—they have detractors—calumny calls and hate hisses ✍ Then doubt comes creeping in, possibly the enemies are right—ah, who knows! And instantly the doubt is communicated to the public—the man's face tells his fears to all he meets. And their estimate of the man is the lowest standard he sets upon himself ✍ ✍

That is why we need some one to believe in us—if we do well, we want our work commended, our faith corroborated.

When you find a strong man it is one who is well sustained.

To associate closely with those who doubt and distrust you, is eventually going to make you distrust yourself. And then we get dead conformity, hopeless mediocrity, nothing more. The individual who thinks well of you, who keeps his mind on your good qualities, and does not look for flaws, is your friend. Who is my brother? I will tell you. He is the one who recognizes the good in me.

Conformists die, but heretics live on forever.

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HE first item in the common-sense creed is Obedience. Do your work with a whole heart! Revolt is sometimes necessary, but the man who mixes revolt and obedience is doomed to disappoint himself and everybody with whom he has dealings ✍ To flavor work with protest is to fail absolutely. When you revolt, why, revolt—climb, get out, hike, defy—tell everybody and everything to go to limbo! That disposes of the case. You thus separate yourself entirely from those you have served—no one misunderstands you—you have declared yourself. But to pretend to obey, and yet carry in your heart the spirit of revolt, is to do half-hearted and slip-shod work. If revolt and obedience are equal, your engine will stop on the center and you benefit nobody, not even yourself ✍ The Spirit of Obedience is the controlling impulse of the receptive mind and the hospitable heart. There are boats that mind the helm and boats that don't. Those that don't get holes knocked in them sooner or later. To keep off the rocks, obey the rudder ✍ Obedience is not to slavishly obey this man or that, but it is that cheerful mental condition which responds to the necessity of the case, and does the thing. Obedience to the institution—loyalty! The man who has not learned to obey has trouble ahead of him every step of the way—the world has it in for him because he has it in for the world. The man who does not know how to receive orders is not fit to issue them ✍ But he who knows how to execute orders is preparing the way to give them, and better still—to have them obeyed.

✍

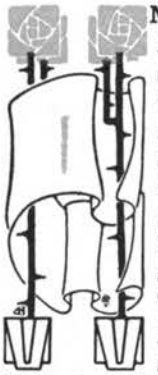
HE only way you can convince Nature that you desire to be strong is by putting forth strength. Nothing you can say, nothing that you can swallow, nothing that you can rub on will give you strength, unless you work. Nature helps you to become that which you are working to become.

✍

Salesmen selling benzine buggies would do well to read Arthur F. Sheldon's lecture on Auto-Suggestion. And buyers might read with profit Dr. Walter Pyle's brochure on Auto-Intoxication.

Armies and Navies

By Clarence Darrow



N whatever guise, or however far removed from the rudest savage tribe to the most modern democratic state, government rests on violence and force alone. The first great instrument which supports every government is the soldier with his gun and sword. True, the army may be but rarely used. The civil power, the courts of justice, the policemen and jails generally suffice in civilized lands to maintain existing things; but back of these, to enforce each decree, is the power of armed men with all the modern implements of death.

Thousands of church organizations throughout the Christian world profess the doctrine of non-resistance to evil, of peace on earth and good will to men, and yet each of these Christian lands trains great bodies of armed men to kill their fellows for the preservation of existing things. Europe is made up of great military camps where millions of men are kept apart from their fellows and taught the trade of war alone. And democratic America, feeling the flush of victory and the glow of conquest, is turning her energies and strength to gathering armies and navies that shall equal those across the sea. Not only are these trained soldiers a living denial of the doctrines that are professed, but in obedience to an external law, deeper and more beneficent than any ever made by man, these mighty forces are working their own ruin and death. These great armies and navies, which give the lie to our professions of faith, exist for two purposes: First, to keep in subjection the people of their own land; Second, to make war upon and defend against the other nations of the earth. The history of the world is little else than the story of the carnage and destruction wrought on battlefields; carnage and destruction springing not from any difference between the common people of the earth, but due alone to the desires and passions of the rulers of the earth. This ruling class, ever eager to extend its power and strength, ever looking for new people to govern and new lands to tax, has always been ready to turn its face against other powers to satisfy the ruler's will, and

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without pity or regret, these rulers have depopulated their kingdoms, and carried ruin and destruction to every portion of the earth for gold and power.

Not only do these European rulers keep many millions of men whose only trade is war, but these must be supported in worse than useless idleness by the labor of the poor ❧ Still other millions are trained to war and are ever ready to answer to their master's call, to desert their homes and trades and offer up their lives to satisfy the vain ambitions of the ruler of the State. Millions more must give their strength and lives to build forts and ships, make guns and cannon and all the modern implements of war ❧ Apart from any moral question of the right of man to slay his fellow man, all this great burden rests upon the poor ❧ The vast expense of war comes from the production of the land and must serve to weaken and impair its industrial strength. This very force must destroy itself. The best talent of every nation is called upon to invent new implements of destruction—faster sailing boats, stronger forts, more powerful explosives, and more deadly guns. As one nation adds to its military stores, so every other nation is also bound to increase its army and navy, too. Thus the added force does not augment the military power, but only makes larger the burden of the state; until, to-day, these great armies, aside from producing the moral degradation of the world, are sapping and undermining and consuming the vitality and strength of all the nations of the earth. Cost of labor and strength means cost of life. Thus, in their practical results, these armies are destroying millions of lives that a policy of peace and non-resistance would conserve and save.

UT when these armies are in action how stands the case? Over and over again the world has been submerged by war. The strongest nations of the earth have been almost destroyed. Devastating wars have left consequences that centuries could not repair ❧ Countless millions of men have been used as food for guns. The miseries and sufferings and brutality following in the wake of war have never been described or imagined, and yet the world persists in teaching the glory and honor and greatness of war. To excuse the wholesale butcheries of men by the governing powers, learned apologists have taught that without the havoc and cruel devastation of war the human race would overrun the earth; and yet every government in the world has used its power and influence to promote and encourage marriage and the rearing of children, to punish infanticide and abortion, and make criminal every device to prevent population; have used their power to heal the sick, alleviate misery and to prolong life ❧ Every movement to overcome disease, to make cities sanitary, to produce and maintain men and women and children has received the sanction and encouragement of all governments; and still these glorious rulers have ruthlessly slaughtered in the most barbarous and cruel way tens of millions of their fellow men, to add to their own glory and perpetuate their names. And philosophers have told us that this was necessary to prevent the over-population of the earth! No single ruler, however cruel or ambitious, has ever yet been able to bring the whole world beneath his sway, and the ambitions and lusts of these separate chiefs have divided the world into hostile camps and hostile states. Endless wars have been waged to increase or protect the territory governed by these various rulers. In these bloody conflicts the poor serfs have dumbly and patiently met death in a thousand sickening ways, to uphold the authority and prowess of the ruler, whose sole function has ever been to pillage and rob the poor victims that fate has placed within his power. To these brutal, senseless, fighting millions the boundaries of the state or the color of the flag that they were taught to love could not in the least affect their lives. Whoever their rulers, their mission has ever been to toil and fight and die for the honor of the state and the glory of the chief. ¶ But, to-day, national preservation demands that the rule of peace shall give place to the rule of war ❧ In the older countries of the earth the great drains made upon industry and life to support vast armies and equip them for slaughter is depopulating states and impoverishing the lands. And besides all this, so far as external power is concerned, no nation adds to its effectiveness to battle with the others by increasing its army and navy. This simply serves to increase the strength of the enemy's guns and to make new combinations between hostile lands, until the very strength of a nation becomes its weakness and must in turn lead to its decay and overthrow. The nation that would to-day disarm its soldiers and turn its people

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to the paths of peace would accomplish more to its building up than by all the war taxes wrung from its hostile and unwilling serfs ✍ A nation like this would exhibit to the world such an example of moral grandeur and true vitality and worth that no nation, however powerful, would dare to invite the odium and hostility of the world by sending arms and men to conquer a peaceful, productive, non-resistant land. If the integrity and independence of a nation depended upon its forts and guns, the smaller countries of Europe would at once be wiped from the map of the world. Switzerland, Holland, Greece, Italy, and Spain are absolutely powerless to defend themselves by force ✍ If these nations should at once disarm every soldier and melt every gun and turn the worse than wasted labor into productive, life-saving work, they could but greatly strengthen themselves amongst the other nations of the earth. Not only this, their example would serve to help turn the tide of the world from the barbarous and soul-destroying path of war toward the higher, nobler life of peace and good will toward men.

But not alone are these small nations made still weaker by war, but every battleship that is built by England, Russia, France, Germany, or the United States, really weakens those nations, too. It weakens them not alone by the loss of productive power but by the worse than wasted energy which is required to support these implements of death, from the time their first beam is mined in the original ore, until scarred and worthless and racked by scenes of blood and violence and shame, they are thrown out upon the sands to rot ✍ But every battleship weakens a nation by inviting the hostility of the other peoples of the earth, by compelling other rulers to weaken their kingdoms, to build mighty ships and powerful guns. Every preparation for war and violence is really a violation of the neutrality under which great nations profess to live. They are a reflection upon the integrity and humanity of their own people and an insult to every other land on earth. The building of a man of war, the rearing of a fort, or the planting of a gun, can be likened only to a man who professes to live in peace and quiet with his neighbors and his friends and who goes about armed with pistol and with dirk.

ET these patent evils and outrages are after all the smallest that flow from violence and strife ✍ The whole pursuit of war weakens the aspirations and ideals of the race. Rulers have ever taught and encouraged the spirit of patriotism that they might call upon their slaves to give their labor to the privileged class and to freely offer up their lives when the king commands. Every people in the world is taught that their country and their government is the best on earth, and that they should be ever ready to desert their homes, abandon their hopes, aspirations, and ambitions when their ruler calls, and this regardless of the right or wrong for which they fight. The teaching of patriotism and war permeates all society, it reaches to the youngest child and even shapes the character of the unborn babe. It fills the soul with false ambitions, with ignoble desires, and with sordid hopes.

Every sentiment for the improvement of men, for human justice, for the uplifting of the poor, is at once stifled by the wild, hoarse shout for blood. The lowest standard of ethics of which a right-thinking man can possibly conceive is taught to the common soldier whose trade is to shoot his fellow man. In youth he may have learned the command, "Thou shalt not kill," but the ruler takes the boy just as he enters manhood and teaches him that his highest duty is to shoot a bullet through his neighbor's heart—and this unmoved by passion or feeling or hatred, and without the least regard to right or wrong, but simply because his ruler gives the word. It is not the privilege of the common soldier to ask questions, to consider right and wrong, to think of the misery and suffering his act entails upon others innocent of crime. He may be told to point his gun at his neighbor and his friend, even at his brother or father; if so he must obey commands.

> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die,

represents the code of ethics that governs a soldier's life.

And yet from men who believe in these ideals, men who sacrifice their right of private judg-

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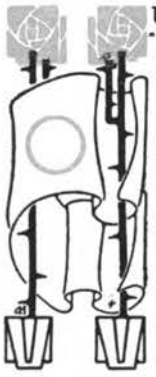
ment in the holiest matter that can weigh upon the conscience and the intellect, the taking of human life—men who place their lives, their consciences, their destinies, without question or hesitation, into another's keeping, men whose trade is slaughter and whose cunning consists in their ability to kill their fellows—from such men it is expected to build great states and rear a noble humanity!

These teachings lead to destruction and death; the destruction of the body and the destruction of the soul. Even on the plea of physical evolution in the long sweep of time, these men must give way to the patient, peaceful, non-resistants, who love their brothers and believe in the sacredness of life. Long ago it was written down that, "He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword."

The only shots fired that are heard round the world are fired by literary men

In Your Patience Possess Ye Your Souls

By J. H. Tilden



OUR children are brought up to believe that applause is about the only thing in life worth working for, and as this idea is developed, they become more and more dependent upon public opinion; this acts as a goad in school life; the strain increases yearly; disappointments come frequently and the sensitive are made sick; some are driven to suicide, others into consumption or some other chronic disease. A few fortunate ones succeed to continuous honor and applause; they go through college, and then if they are fortunate enough to step into a successful business or professional life, they continue to receive the favors of public opinion; this class is very vulnerable to criticism; if they make a mistake they can't stand the loss of position and when it comes they die. They may get through college with surfeiting and drinking habits that kill them off "unawares" in a few years after establishing business. Some may fail to establish a business that merits a continuance of the old time applause and they break down and become drones; these are our college bred failures. There is no suffering equal to that resulting from the withdrawal of public approval; that is why old ideas are so hard to supplant; individual belief is throttled at its inception because it costs too much in popularity; then the coward makes a convenience of prevailing superstition to curry public favor. It's a form of self-protection but it springs from an artificial matrix.

Most people live up to their limit of reserve force, not that their lives are so full of useful employment; as a matter of fact a man can't live up to his limit without surfeiting; no, it comes from crowding nutrition; this turns loose in their systems poisons which cause nervous irritation, mental irritability; this irritability works havoc in business. Some men are so nervous and irritable that they "queer" their own business; then they have extra work and anxiety to counteract the effects of their own folly. Inability to sleep comes, doctors and trips for health follow and altogether life is a medley of compounded error, ignorance, stupidity and incorrigibility. What is necessary to a cure? Stop stuffing, cultivate patience, do one thing at a time with no thought of other work needing to be done, or if that work is in the mind, cut out the worry about it and supplant this thought with the idea, "I shall attend to that in its turn and it shall be done well." The thing necessary is, "In your patience possess ye your souls." Every man must possess in patience his soul if he would accomplish all that is possible, and to do this he can't have a seething gehenna in his body.

Health is not marked by nervousness, irritability and impatience. A business run with a mind constantly harassed by such a nervous strain will eventually go to pieces, for the merchant will lose judgment, his business will become entangled and end in failure. This state means eating wrong; the amount of food may not be too great, and yet the combinations are wrong and instead of being nourishing it poisons the system. Poison is the only definition for the hundreds of small derangements of mind and body observed in the business world, and unless corrected will undermine either the man or his business or both. Going to Europe will not rid them of bad habits. ¶ Overwork is the popular excuse for this form of insanity but it is an explanation that does not explain. It's an excuse however that flatters but it does not cure, for a rest never cures such

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cases. I have said before that if there is n't anything the matter except tire (that is all overwork will ever produce) the tired man will sleep his tire off. I have said that a man can't overwork, for if there is not an overstimulated condition of the nervous system from poison he will sleep in spite of himself when simply exhausted from long exertion. The difference between hard work and tire, and hard work, worry and a poisoned system is that the former can be slept off, while a person in the latter condition can't sleep at all, or if sleep is secured it will be short and non-refreshing; or the sleep may be long, troubled and unrefreshing if there is uremic or food poisoning. ¶ What the world needs to know is that the normal man is happy, comfortable and contented; honest, ambitious and friendly; all deviations from this standard mean disease that drugs, prayer, faith, negation nor anything but right life will cure, and if the disease comes under the head of crime no amount of punishment will cure.

Inability to sleep, restlessness, dreaming, getting up tired of a morning with backache or pains in any part of the body; puffed eyelids and swollen face; eyes that dread the light; a mental condition that does not voice an accompaniment to the lark's song, mean a system poisoned by excess in supply of pleasures ❧ ❧

Possess yourself in patience! There is too much nerve strain involved in daily life ❧ One cause of this is: A lack of Self-Possession! Most people do not act from autogenerated impulses; what they do is measured by the conventional meter; they are troubled about what some one will say. The professions are governed by a code of ethics. A doctor dares not think for himself; he must measure all his products by the accepted standard; otherwise he will lose caste. Caste is the word ❧ Everything is caste. Society is all caste—all molded to the same pattern—in mind, body, clothes, thoughts, religion, politics, honesty and dishonesty ❧ This molding is so pronounced that every one is bent for the same goal; those in the lead are distressed, for fear they will have to take second place, and those behind are scared to death for fear they will be distanced; all come in with tongues hanging out (to the doctor) writhing, sweating, panting and hearts palpitating. What for? Because they would not enjoy a more moderate pace? Oh no! It's not a question of self-enjoyment; it's a question of beating somebody, or of preventing somebody from distancing them. Suppose the worst comes to the worst and the head fellow is compelled to take second place, and the hindmost one is distanced, what has been accomplished? Does any one know any more? ❧ Has any one any better health? Has any one any better morals or principles? ❧ Has any one been made more happy? Has the world been made better and have any of the world problems been solved? Suppose one church is a little richer than another, and has secured a larger membership, and enjoys a high salaried preacher; has it got rid of any of its superstition? Or does it still pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," when it already has more bread than it can use, and stands guard over its moldering superfluity, ready and in God's name to persecute and prosecute a starving for taking what its nature demands and then with jeweled hands crossed petition Him: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors! Lead us not into temptation! But deliver us! Oh, deliver us!!"

This senseless race of outdoing begins in childhood ❧ A child can't take a lunch to school because it may in some way give the opposition a clew as to home life; the lunch may indicate that the home life is not up to the standard, and families that have to strain every nerve to keep ends together must furnish ten cents to be invested in a lunchcounter pie and a cup of coffee, or a couple of doughnuts and coffee. Children from such families would be scandalized by investing in bread and butter and a glass of milk. No, indeed! Their tastes are cultivated to cake and pastry, washed down with coffee. Brains don't count! ❧ Thought does n't come from brain, and it matters not what the body is fed. Little do these silly parents know that a home-made lunch of whole wheat bread, properly made, with raw fruit and a few nuts instead of butter, would build mental force and enable the child to make progress in studies and build a tractable, sensible, ambitious, wholesome mind instead of a listless, dull, spiritless, envious, sensual neurotic, such as pie, cake, pickles and coffee build ❧ Will the majority of parents ever learn to know that if they would escape the heartaches that can come only from a vicious child, they must avoid feeding themselves and their children in

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a manner that builds such a nature? Every parent should learn as soon as possible that it is not a question of what other parents do but what is my own duty. I meet with people daily who say: "It is impossible for me to control my children; they see others eating between meals and eating candy, cookies and cake, and I must treat my children as well (bad is the correct expression) as my neighbors or people will think I am too stingy." This shows the depth of stupidity of both such parents and neighbors. To save such people is impossible, for they require a saving education—an education that possesses their souls in patience—and this requires time, so much time that before it can be given the lives of the children are lost, either by death or what is worse, the building of a sensual nature that may lead off in crime or some other form of chronic disease. It is hard to impart to such mothers the truth that wrong life may send one child to the grave with consumption, another to the brothel, and still another to the house of correction, and that all these effects come from one cause—a like cause acting on different mental and physical types. It is hard to get mothers to understand that crime and criminals are made in indulgences that are stimulated by their desire to do as neighbors do. It is hard to get the average preacher to understand that it is impossible to save ignorance with prayer. If prayer would save we would be spared the pain of reading almost daily of the fall of some minister. These people are not proof against the practice of every crime in the decalogue in spite of the saving influence of daily prayer ❧ It is not because they belong to one or another church; so far as that is concerned one creed is as good as another. All churches are represented in crime; the fact is there is more salvation in knowing how to make bread, and then knowing how to eat it, than there is in knowing all the prayers of all the saints on earth, in heaven or hell.

Prayer is nothing if it is not a form of suggestion, and suggestion entered into with the right spirit is self-building. But suggestion degenerates into meaningless repetition when formulated and creed branded. We have a class of healers sending out health vibrations at so much a yard, lineal measure, and so much a chunk, cubic measure; but when anything degenerates into a set form it becomes mysterious and soon takes on the character of conjury; such reasoning becomes clarified, distilled mysticism. Formulated cures, be they drugs, suggestion, prayer, or health vibrations —creed, church, school, government, politics, war or disease, are all symptoms of atavism —a reverting back to the aboriginal—the child mind. To teach people to get well by repeating a formulary of words is nothing more than a heading back towards the days of mysticism. Most of the new thought that is being sent out over the world to-day is nothing more than modernized and refined conjuration; it is not clarifying the ignorant mind and placing it into that self-possession meant by the Great Healer when he said to his people: "In your patience possess ye your souls." The man who prays according to formula is owned by the prayer, he is a slave, he does not possess his soul ❧ ❧

When our children are to be taught domestic science they are sent to a school for that purpose. What do they learn? How to mix some absurd, stomach-destroying hodgepodge, taught by some one who has a world of culinary ignorance wrapped in a conceit that would "set a house afire" if it were inflammable. For special reference as to the type of these teachers allow me to refer to the cooking department of almost any of the current magazines. Just look over their "bills of fare," a little good, but the mass! Ye Gods! Have ye abdicated and turned the making of men over to the devil?

A woman with common intelligence who has taken upon herself the responsibility of a family should understand that there is a difference between the results of a haphazard begetting and one carefully prepared; then there is a responsibility after conception; she can't indulge in sensuality of body and mind and expect to give birth to perfection; we can't expect "figs from thistles;" then after birth the greatest work is to be done. If she has been idiotic enough to get married without knowledge she should go to work at once to learn something: Learn to keep house and do it well; learn to cook and do it well, not by getting a lot of cook books and selecting recipes, stupidly believing the longer they are and the more ingredients combined, the better, for the more varieties compounded in one mixture the more unstable the chemical compound and the more danger to the consumer. No, don't study cook books; go to work and get a knowledge of chemistry;

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then study the chemical properties of food, after which mix and cook all your food with brains. Learn individuality; learn to be suspicious of cook books; they are for cooks what formularies are for doctors ✍ Doctors who practice medicine according to formula are plugs and kill more than they cure, and the same is true of cooks; a cook who cooks as taught by some other cook makes a fine running mate for the recipe doctor; their pace is hot and their path strewn with the carcasses of their victims ✍ No, don't cook as someone else does; don't dress as someone else; don't think as someone else; do as Nature intended you should, be yourself; if you had been intended for a monkey you would have had simian parents. You have n't time to study? Then get off the earth. That is the reason patent medicine-men and cook-book-makers thrive; that is the reason we have a thousand and one churches and saloons in all cities, and more than needed in the country—because people won't think and won't be taught ✍ Have n't time? No, you are in the race and all you can think of is to keep from being distanced. Well, you may win in the race but you lose the wealth coming from the peace and comfort of possessing your own soul in patience, and the riches that can only come from the right use of one's faculties.

There is time for everything. If you study you gain information; this information acts as a coat of mail in protecting you against the thousands of vicissitudes, both of mind and body ✍ If you learn your limitations in diet and how to possess your soul in patience, not expecting the first month of earnest endeavor to bring a great reward, nor the first year, nor the first decade nor the first score of years, in fact don't expect anything, but cultivate every hour to its limit and get all there is in every experience, then your life will be worth the living ✍ ✍

Most people would rid themselves of all disagreeable experiences, and if they could they would lose some of the most important development in life. It is well to get rid of the disagreeable but there is a right and a wrong way of disposing of it ✍ Shirking duty is not the right way; it is better to do more than one's duty in disposing of the uncongenial in life, if necessary; otherwise one loses the developing experience that accompanies the bad as well as the good. Every one should understand that if the disagreeable comes to us it is because we attract it; it is educational; it may fail to educate us and we may not learn our lesson; if we do not, so much the worse for us. Instead of bewailing our fate; spending our time in being sorry for ourselves; lying down on our jobs; cultivating laziness and shiftlessness, we should wake up, scratch the mist from our eyes and study the situation something like this: What's the matter with me? Am I more stupid than other people? If I am, I will study; study what? Anything, everything; people, Nature and myself in particular. I will get rid of the conceit that I am better or worse than some one else, for some one else has n't anything to do with me. I, myself, am the one to be interested in; what I do or don't do is the thing to interest me and affect me. How many hours do I sleep? I am in bed from eight to ten hours. I'll cut that down to six and see if I can't get rid of my stupidity; that will give me two to four hours that I have been wasting, for study or work at something that will be of benefit to me. Am I stuffing and feeling bad all the time? I shall stop eating until I feel better. Am I slow in my work; do I accomplish less than I should? Then I will do more. Am I disagreeable to others as well as myself? Then I shall cultivate a better disposition. Am I erratic, nervous, excitable and keeping a gloom over my home? Then I will stop it now. Do I owe any one? I shall pay it and owe no more. Is my wage small and inadequate for family comfort? Then I shall improve my work—do better work—and earn more. If the work I am at is not remunerative and can't be made such by close attention and industry I will change for something else. Is my life spent in kicking, knocking and finding fault with my luck and being envious of others? Then I shall stop it now and shall think no more of others, the country, government, economy or how it's run, but will establish a reasonable, rational reign over myself. I can at least establish a rational government and economy over myself. I can put my theories to test on myself and if they work I can at least get that much benefit. Is there anything else wrong with myself? Have I bad habits? Am I really lacking in ambition? Am I lazy? ✍ These questions I must answer honestly for the correct answer is for my good. To tell the truth I have most of these faults; then common sense tells me that these are what are holding me down. Then I shall begin

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at once to get rid of them and when I do I know independence will come; freedom will come; self-possession will come.

There is no effect without cause ❧ Success in life can't come without an effort. Most people measure success by money; if this is the standard then success does sometimes come without apparent adequate effort, but if the case is watched the law of compensation will even up ❧ We may not be able to follow the incident to its end, yet we can pin our faith to the law of compensation and know that all requirements for equity, in keeping with Nature, will be satisfied.

Almost daily some one tells me of people who indulge their appetites in a way that puts my proscriptions and prescriptions in a very absurd light when compared. I tell them that the game is not out until it is played out; if they should watch the stuffer to the end the law of compensation will be fulfilled.

There can be no exception to the fact that cause and effect are equal and surfeiting and drunkenness and care of this life—impatience, aping other people, lack of well directed purpose—will bring trouble unawares.

Some people declare they have no time to read or study. This may be true for a few, and of the many for a part of their time, but I have found that a better reason is that they have no cultivation—they have no desire. Those who have cultivated attention, observation and a power to think can find information anywhere and everywhere. The wide awake mind is drawing information from everything. Those who are poisoned by their own excretions, due to surfeiting and drunkenness and oversleeping, are deaf, blind and dumb; they are the people who say to me: "Why don't you tell me how much to eat?" How much? ❧ Eat nothing until the stupidity that prompts such a question is starved out.

❧

MUSIC is a secondary sexual manifestation, just as are the songs of birds, their gay and gaudy plumage, the color and perfume of flowers that so delight us, and the luscious fruits that nourish us—all is sex. Without love there would be no poetry and no music ❧ All the manifest beauty of earth is only Nature's nuptial decoration.

❧

Precocity is a rare-ripe fruit, with a worm at the core.

Mutuality

By Alice Hubbard



THE term "Woman's Suffrage" carried to my mind when a child, a thought of pain; not from what the grammarians call onomatopœia, but from the association of the words suffrage and sufferers.

There may be something of ancient history in the coupling of these terms, though not in their origin; certainly there is an association in recent history. Endurance, patience, courage, diplomacy, tact and power to resist a discouraging outlook, are certainly concomitant with the thought of woman's suffrage.

In THE FRA for July, Nineteen Hundred and Eight, there is an article written by a Suffragette who has surely suffered for her honest opinions.

It is surprising to find that we have not yet passed from the age where theology ruled and fixed your position as here and hereafter, according to what you said you believed. We often hear in the Twentieth Century that this is an age of science and that we are rated by what we know and do.

But the kind of mercy that Anne Hutchison and Mary Dyer knew so well still obtains ❧ We put these women into prison and we killed them because they asked for the right to believe as they could and must. Their crime was thinking their own thoughts and speaking them aloud ❧ ❧

The article by Winifred Mayo in THE FRA caused me to turn the pages of the magazine again to look for the date to see if this were not an autobiography of an unfortunate woman from Salem, Massachusetts, in Seventeen Hundred and Seventeen.

But this experience related in THE FRA, and two hundred like it, occurred in England, February Eleventh, Nineteen Hundred Eight, after all the light of centuries of Christian culture has shone upon humanity and the darkness of the mind and heart are supposed to have been dissipated.

In brief, the story of the Suffragette is this: A company of women arranged to hold a convention in Caxton Hall, London, where they made the old protest against taxation without

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representation ❧ The purpose of the meeting was to get a petition presented in Parliament asking for the Right of Franchise to duly qualified women.

Miss Winifred Mayo attended the meeting in Caxton Hall ❧ As she was leaving, she was handed a typewritten copy of the "Resolutions." She had not planned to attempt to enter Parliament, but after reading the "Resolutions," she went over toward the East Entrance where a solid row of policemen successfully guarded that pile of buildings where justice for all is not yet known. This phalanx of muscular ignorance was to protect the members of the House of Commons from being besieged by the weaker sex.

Miss Mayo went there alone, armed with her typewritten copy of "Resolutions" and a bunch of white snowdrops. She approached the line of policemen when one of them struck her ❧ She recovered and was soon joined by two other women who, with her, went to another entrance to the House ❧ Here they were unceremoniously arrested.

The charge against this woman, five feet, two inches high, armed with a bunch of snowdrops and a copy of the Resolutions, was "Assaulting the police!"

The policeman who arrested her was six feet four inches tall and had the usual weapons. Snowdrops versus leaden stick; copy of Resolutions versus loaded gun; five feet two versus six feet four; frail and incapable female versus powerful man.

But the officials saw nothing preposterous or ridiculous in the entire proceeding ❧ It was treated as a serious matter from first to last. ¶ Miss Mayo, with many others, was arrested because she wanted to present an idea to a member of the Government. She was treated exactly as though she had attempted to assassinate a member of the Government. She made no effort to escape her giant captor, yet he held her with a force strong enough to restrain a violent criminal.

This woman of culture and refinement was placed in a room vile with vermin and uncleanness. She was compelled to exchange all of her own clothing for the misfit garments of a prison assortment ❧ ❧

Criminals are supposed to be very bad and the way to treat very bad people is thought by many to be to treat them as badly as possible ❧ For this purpose of caring for criminals, men and women are usually selected who are lacking in delicacy of thought and action—where the brute nature is predominant. The appeal is made to the worst in man by the average prison official and attendant. These eunuchs of the law have lost the power to discriminate between the gentle saviours and a thief or murderer.

Miss Mayo was treated as though she were a Jezebel of society. A Becky Sharpe or a Nancy might not have their nerves seriously disturbed by being thrust into surroundings secreted by a Bill Sykes. But the law that forces a genuinely gentle woman into a cell where the door may be rudely opened upon her at any moment, her strange and coarse food pushed into the cell in tin cup and plate, where she is compelled to hear the rough language of drunken people—what can we say for, and how can we find in our intelligence respect for such law!

No sights, sounds or harsh and rude treatment at the voting polls could compare with this prison treatment: no political meeting or country caucus could so contaminate and impress a mind as did such a prison experience, enforced by laws made by men alone. English men imprisoned women—women who are representative of the best and highest qualities of the human race, who possess the attributes that qualify for the noblest position ever described by idealist of morals, culture and spiritual refinement. These women are many of them educated in music, letters, art and crafts. Some of them are mothers.

And men, upheld by English laws made by men, crowded and pushed those gentlewomen, English gentlewomen, into a "Black Maria" where the cramped position and lack of ventilation causes some of them to lose consciousness. Through the little peep-hole of this inquisition wagon, those who could, watched their progress from Rochester Row Police Station to Holloway Gaol, with the same nerve tension that was felt by those who rode in the tumbril in Paris in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-three. ¶ These men have demonstrated beyond the question of a doubt that they are unfit to make laws for women, at least. In denying franchise to women, they have stubbornly refused to take into consideration more than one item, this item being accident of sex—they have refused to recognize in women every other qualification that is necessary for the legal

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vote with men. ¶ President Eliot of Harvard not long since publicly told how women should be educated. Mrs. Crosby, President of the New York Women's Democratic Club, said this in reply: "I question whether the education of man is yet sufficiently advanced to qualify him to decide upon the education that a woman should have."

In the light of Miss Mayo's experience with the English laws, I question whether man has shown that he is sufficiently advanced and refined in the art of lawmaking to qualify him to make laws for women.

If women are intrinsically different from men, not understanding or understood by them, how can men make laws that are just, for women to be governed by? If women are capable of being partners with men in the most intimate and close relations of their lives, why not give them a dignified and unqualified liberty in all the freedom that men enjoy?

If women are inferior and weak and incapable, and if these qualities are undesirable the only way to develop superiority, strength and capability is to give freedom and the responsibility it brings.

Woman has travelled far and fast. The first marriage ceremony was to publicly announce that this woman was the private property of this one man—to announce and to warn. ¶ The marriage ceremony celebrated to-day is to show the power of the bride. Wedding presents are for the bride, a tribute to her popularity as an individual, her ability as a freewoman; but still an attenuated dower to enhance her value to the bride's groom. For a time, he plays the part of a servant, fetches and carries for her and makes much of her whim. That the husband is inclined finally to revert to type, does not deprive the woman of the memory of her day of power. No one should blame her if she tries to bring back her independence, no matter what means she uses. Woman is often shortsighted, has poor judgment on many subjects. But man should be generous with her and kind, for she has suffered long centuries from man's laws, his mistakes and cruelty. And in justice let it be said that man, too, has suffered from the same cause.

When the grandeur that was Rome was at its height, the government had placed out from the city gates, as far as Rome had conquered, statues of the god Terminus ❧ This was to warn off all encroachment upon the Eternal City. The god Terminus was a notification to the enemy that he might come thus far but no further.

And the time was when the Roman soldiers moved the god farther and farther out from the Seven Hills.

But the time came when others than Romans had intelligence and military skill, and the god Terminus was carried in toward the gates ❧ Nearer and nearer they came until at last this god was no more, and Rome was only one of the integral parts of Italy.

The exclusive rights claimed by men are becoming fewer and fewer ❧ Quietly and sometimes covertly women have been removing the landmarks of the ancient god.

Noislessly and without violence women are conquering the Eternal City of prejudice and precedent ❧ ❧

Women have not achieved what they have so far accomplished by brute force, but by mental and spiritual power, and when they win, it will be because they are capable to fill and sustain the positions they have made. ¶ Woman, like man, wants the privilege of choosing. She wants to choose whether she shall be a mother and wife only. Were motherhood, with all its burdens and privations, not thrust upon so many women, the apartment houses and hotels would not be so well filled with childless women, bent on a good time and liberty.

The divine desire of independent decision is not stubbornness nor a wish to usurp, but the foundation of all intelligent action and progression.

When these English women held a mass meeting in London and distributed Resolutions so framed as to make an intelligent appeal to men in power, they were called breakers of the laws made by men.

When these women were arrested and put into prison and treated as criminals, a higher law than those made by men was broken.

When those women endured the insults and injustice heaped upon them with cheerfulness and without hate, it showed a divine quality of mind and heart that knows no defeat.

England's women are going to win.

❧

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HE RA

(NOT FOR MUMMIES)

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PAPER SPECIALISTS
TO THE ROYCROFTERS

"The Fra" is Printed on

No. 6 Book Paper

W. C. HAMILTON & SONS
(ESTABLISHED EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX)
WM. PENN. P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA.
NEW YORK OFFICE: (Room 1424) 299 Broadway. J. Paul Nolting, Mgr.

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Elbert Hubbard writes: *"The objection to your razor, you see, is that one cannot cut himself or his friends with whom he has a little misunderstanding"*

If you should ask the Fra what he thought of my razor he would frankly tell you that it makes him feel better, think better and write better, which, plus the convenience of being a time, labor and money saver, makes him a contented and satisfied self-shaver.



That 's the beauty of my razor. You can obtain a perfect shave under all conditions, wherever you are, in three to five minutes.

No Stropping—No Honing. It is ready to go to work for you the moment you take it from the case. That 's why it is the most practical.

The thin, flexible, double edged blades remove a harsh or soft beard with perfect comfort. No pulling, cutting or irritating the skin. They are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen. No other razor so durable. The triple silver-plated holder lasts a lifetime. None so convenient. The compact little case can be with you always—if traveling, either in your pocket or grip.

¶ Over two million men are to-day users of the Gillette Safety Razor. They have accepted it as the most satisfactory way of obtaining a clean, comfortable and satisfactory shave. But I want you to try it. I want you to know what the "Gillette" means to you. One fair trial will prove to you conclusively that my razor is the happy solution of the shaving problem.

Ask your dealer to-day for the "Gillette" and shave yourself with ease, comfort and economy for the rest of your life.

All Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers sell it.

King C. Gillette

The Gillette Safety Razor set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged, flexible blades (24 keen edges) packt in a velvet-lined leather case and the price is $5.00.

Combination Sets from $6.50 to $50.00

If substitutes are offered, refuse them and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

349 Times Building New York | 349 Kimball Building BOSTON | 349 Stock Exchange Building Chicago

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



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The Story The Street-Car Tells—

The Trained and the Untrained Man

Side by side they sit;—one filling an important position in the world—the other poorly paid and discontented. The difference between them is due to the fact that one man is *trained*—an expert in his line of work, while the other is *not*.

If you're the *untrained* man and want to advance, write to-day to the International Correspondence Schools and learn how you can better *your* position—how you can have *your salary raised*.

You'll be surprised when you learn how easy it all is. Do it *now*, while it's fresh in your mind. Tear out the coupon, mark it opposite the occupation you like best and mail it to-day. There's no string to this—no obligation on your part—no charge for the information and advice that the coupon will bring. Isn't your *whole future* worth the finding out? Then, *do it now*.

Doesn't matter how old you are, where you live or what you do—so long as you can *read and write* the I. C. S. can help you without your having to lose a day's work or leave home. Mark the coupon.

Doesn't the fact that during February 676 students *voluntarily* reported better positions and higher salaries obtained as a direct result of I. C. S. training prove the willingness and ability of the I. C. S. to raise *your* salary? This is the average number of similar successes reported every month. *Mark the coupon NOW.*

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Box 807, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Mechanical Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Surveyor
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Building Contractor
Chemist	Architect's Draftsman
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Structural Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Banking
	Mining Engineer

Name_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

THE world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. And that is Initiative. What is Initiative? I'll tell you: it is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—Chas. Kingsley.

One great, strong, unselfish soul in every community would actually redeem the world.

I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

SO long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—Stevenson.

SHILLING'S BEST, the gentlemen's drink —also the ladies'. Ask John or Alice

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IN all my acquaintance with General Armstrong I never heard him speak, in public or in private, a single bitter word against the white man in the South ❧ From his example in this respect I learned the lesson that great men cultivate love, and that only little men cherish a spirit of hatred. I learned that assistance given to the weak makes the one who gives it strong; and the oppression of the unfortunate makes one weak—Booker T. Washington

❧

To choose the right word and to discard all others, this is the chief factor in good writing. To learn good poetry by heart is to acquire help toward doing this, instinctively, automatically as other habits are acquired. In the affairs of life, then, is no form of good manners, no habit of usage more valuable than the habit of good English.—David Starr Jordan.

❧

Men in gym suits are all on an equality.

How to Create a Capital Instantly

IF you are twenty-five years old, you had better begin saving—for your own support thirty years hence if you live, or for your wife's support if you die. But if you can only save one or two hundred dollars a year you can't afford to die until after you have kept on saving for a long series of years. ¶ But you may die to-morrow! Therefore you had better *insure* your annual savings by depositng them with a Life Insurance Company, instead of a bank ❧ An annual deposit of $165.75 will give you an ENDOWMENT POLICY which will yield $5000 of CAPITAL, payable to *you* in cash in thirty years, or to your *wife* if you die sooner. ¶ But perhaps you have passed your twenty-fifth birthday? Then there is all the more reason for taking action without delay; for the longer you wait the greater will be the annual charge for the same amount of *capital*. ¶ Does this interest you? Then send a postal card to ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The Equitable Life Assurance Society
of the United States. 120 Broadway, New York
PAUL MORTON, President

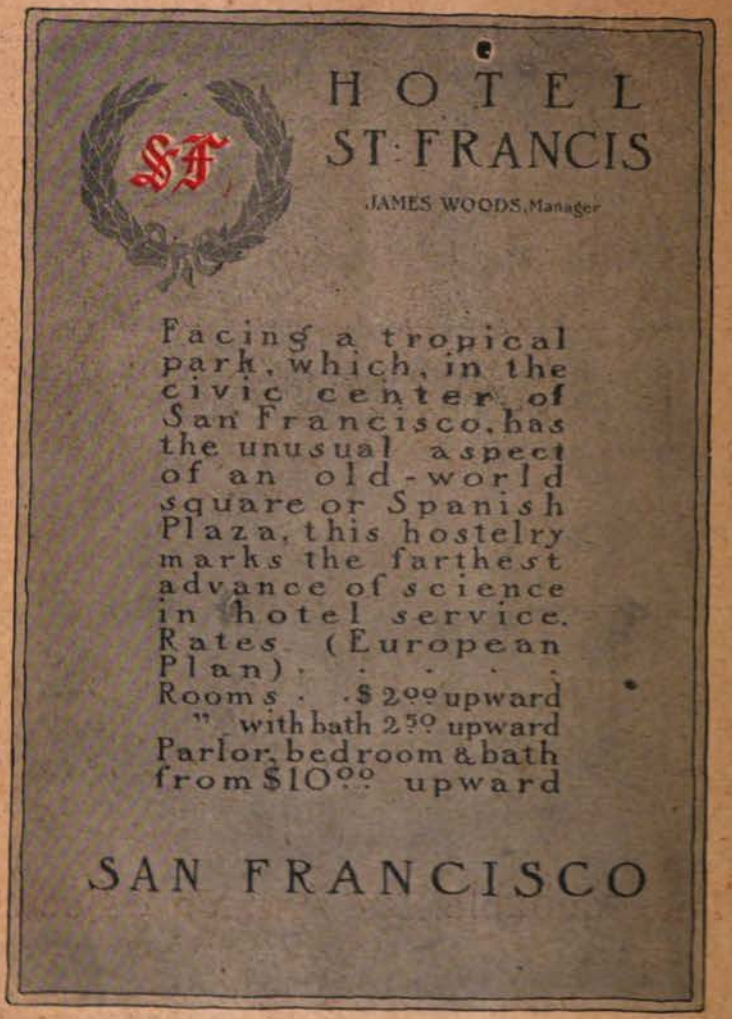
and the Society will mail you a complimentary copy of its *booklet* describing **The Standard Equitable Policy**

WHY not be a Top-Notcher ❧ A Top-Notcher is simply an individual who works only for the interest of the institution of which he is a part, not against it.

THE FRA Is Inspired By SHILLING'S BEST

The Cup That Cheers But Not Combusticates

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WHEN the cause to be served is ignorance, the means of service is invariably misrepresentation ❧ The champion of offended Dullness falsifies in statement and cheats in argument, for he serves a client without a conscience ❧ A knowledge of right and wrong is not acquired today, as in the time of Adam and Eve, by eating an apple; it is attained by only the highest intelligence.—Ambrose Bierce.

❧

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the Great Man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

❧

We pay for every blessing with a price.

I HATE the oppressor's iron rod,
I hate his murderous ships;
But most of all I hate, O God,
The lie upon his lips!

—Ernest Crosby

It sounds ungallant, but it is fact, as well as truth, that few women know how to make TEA. Try SHILLING'S BEST and go by the book you will find in packages

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BEING A REMINISCENCE AND A SOAP—NOT GREEN

WE'VE always had a weakness for soaps on their working side.

¶In the days when we wore blue jean overalls with bibs and had copper toes on our boots we used to hang over the edge of the old iron soap kettle out in the orchard—trying to get a good look at the blubbering mess inside.

That began it—

Since then we've made a whole lot of soaps—all more or less good, too.

¶But every sun must reach its zenith some day—even the son of a-soap-cook.

¶So Pond's Extract Soap marked the zenith of fame—whatever that is—for our Soap makers.

This then is about POND'S EXTRACT SOAP

Pond's Extract Soap is what "Witch Hazel Soap" ought to be and isn't.

Of "witch hazel" soaps there be many—according to the *Bilktown Lemon* and the *Wedeemall Tooter*—mostly green.

And out of the spirit of brotherhood born of a blue flannel shirt and a Fra Elbertus necktie we say:

Look not covetously upon the "witch hazel" soap when it showeth a jaunty pea green jacket and smelleth up-to-heaven in the bowl.

Pond's Extract Soap is the same nice, clean, unputtered-over kind of a white color that nature made it.

And Pond's Extract Soap smells of the same nice undecorated clean smell that clean soap ought to smell of.

The women folks tried it and said it was the only soap that could occupy the cozy corner in their soap dish for the next ninety-nine years—and no longer.

We tried it after shaving and henceforth Billy-the-barber's place knew us no more forever.

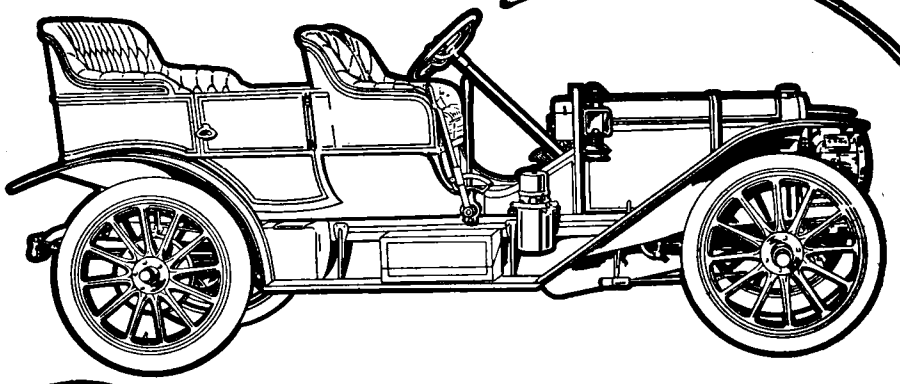
The baby tried it—and gurgled his approval by trying to swallow a cake whole.

The only reason we haven't tried it on the dog is because it's too clean for fleas. And a dog without fleas has nothing to take it out on when he's bored.

¶Pond's Extract Soap is for you and for me and the baby and for anybody who wants to get the most out of life—and the bathtub. If you don't believe it try a cake. The blonde pompadoured young person behind the cash register will give you back your quarter if you think you've been stung.

MADE ONLY BY ARMOUR & COMPANY

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Rambler

AUTOMOBILES ARE TRULY ROY-CROFTIE IN PRINCIPLE—THEY LOOK GOOD TO THE EYE AND PLAY FAIR WITH THE POCKETBOOK

When a Car Keeps a Man on His Back

Repairing it all the time, it's a safe bet that the man's pocketbook is likewise on ITS Back—or soon will be!

The Law of Compensation holds good in Automobiles as well as in everything else. There is nothing more expensive than a really cheap car. As you pay the price eventually, why spoil your clothes, your eyesight and your disposition by tinkering with a bad bargain, with your shoulders and back hair in the soft mud?

The Bargain Hunting Motorist who blocks the highway on Sunday afternoon and calls lustily to other Motorists "Have you got a jack?" adds greatly to the gayety of nations!

In an emergency every working part in the RAMBLER is accessible from above; simply remove one side of the crank case and you have the Crank Shaft and Cam Mechanism before you. All other parts are equally easy to reach—mud baths are not necessary!

Exclusive Features combined with Excellence throughout make the RAMBLER the Car of Cars. Our Catalogue tells a story—a Story of Success on Wheels. A postal brings it to you.

Our Representative in your section of country takes keen pleasure in proving the RAMBLER'S superiority. Can we arrange a demonstration?

THOS. B. JEFFERY & COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

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BOSTON, MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA, SAN FRANCISCO

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FOOLish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines ❧ With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow upon the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread, do ❧ Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood ❧ Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.—Emerson.

❧

Art is born of enthusiasm. When you kill joy you destroy art, oratory, song and love.

A Little Sermon on TIME and Its Measurements

BY FRA ELBERTUS

INFINITE time, like infinite anything, would be of small worth. Things assume a value in proportion to their rarity. Pippa passes, and prized the day because she had but one each year which she could call her own. ¶ To get a thing well done and quickly, you have to call on a busy man—the other kind, having all the time there is, have none. ¶ Macaulay said he wrote his essays on "stolen time," that is, time was so precious to him, having so little of it, that he seized upon every little stray bit and improved it to the utmost. ¶ We have heard of the rich man, condemned by disease to die, who offered a million dollars to the doctor who could give him a year of time ❧ To the toiler in the mine or mill an hour off, all his own, in the sunshine, is a Godsend. We are all living under sentence of death, with an indefinite reprieve, and life is beautiful because soon our eyes will be closed upon it forever. ¶ Nature knows nothing of time—time is for men. If life were without limit, we would do nothing. Life without death would be appalling. It would be a day without end—a day with no night of rest. Death is change—and death is a manifestation of life. We are allowed to live during good behavior, and this is what leads men toward truth, justice and beauty, for these things mean an extension of time, and happiness instead of misery. ¶ We work because life is short, and thru this work we evolve. The Master Man is simply one who has worked wisely and intelligently, and thru habit has come to believe in himself. ¶ God made the sun and sends the planets spinning thru space, but man made the sundial, and then a machine for measuring and recording time. He called it a watch because it watched the moments and never slept. The perfect watch is a very modern product. Skilled horologers say the

HOWARD WATCH

is a perfect instrument, or as nearly so as man will ever make. It is as near perfect as a Stradivarius violin, or a painting by Turner, the two things which Ruskin thought, among all man's creations, were perfect ❧ The best men now carry HOWARD WATCHES and the rest set their watches by the Howard Watches that the best men carry. Ask your horologer ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

E. HOWARD WATCH CO., Dept. W., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

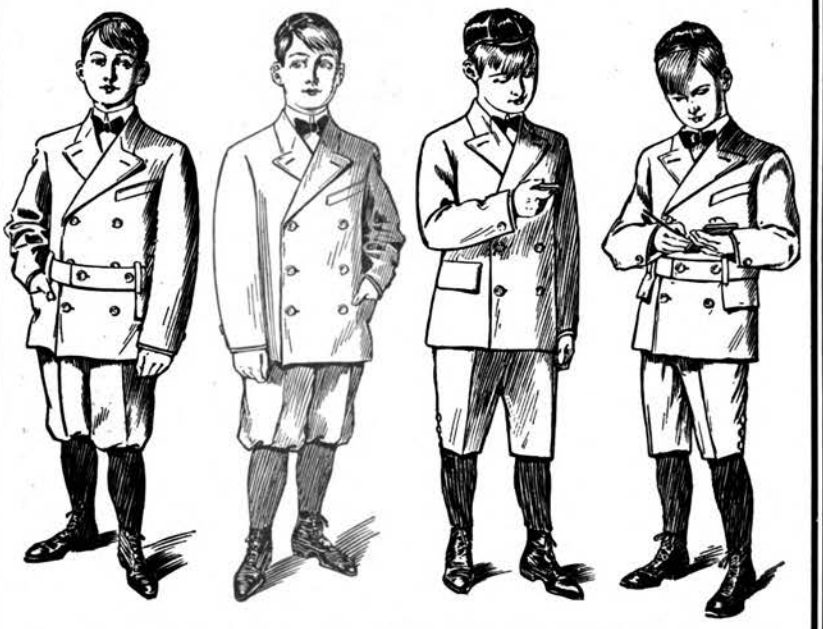
WATCH WISDOM, by Elbert Hubbard, on request

A CREED is a rod,
And a crown is of night,
But this thing is God:
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit and live out thy life in the light.
—Swinburne.

❧

Vice has always had a thousand martyrs to virtue's one—persistency alone proves nothing.

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Did you ever Hear of Dudley Brill? He's the Terror of the Brill Family!

UNTIL a very short time ago, Dudley's Dad had given up all hope of ever keeping that boy's person entirely covered! Blouse Suits were split down the front; courduroys were unseated with startling rapidity; and little coat suits yielded a sleeve-a-week to the sports of the Active Dud. ¶ Don't be mistaken; Dud is not a Bad Boy—far from it! But his is the Strenuous Life! At Pull-away he is more expert than any one else at School, and if YOU think it's easy to get past Dud in Red Rover, he's more than willing to make an appointment! ¶ However, it's not Dud's ability but rather his Clothes that concerned his family. BRILL BROTHERS, the Big New York Outfitters, of which Dud is both the hope and the despair, concluded that this Clothing Problem undoubtedly confronted many Fond Parents—and that something MUST be done! ¶ A Council of War was called, and a Certain Member of the Concern, who is famous for his ability to select Material, was instructed to make a trip to every Big Mill in the country, and not to return until he had found a kind of Cloth that would hold their Dud, likewise the other Young Duds about the country. Eventually, he found such a Cloth. He had to! It is a standard weave, *water-proofed,* in gray mixtures, checks and overplaids: shades that will not show usage. ¶ From this material a suit was made, a Real Boy's Suit, (Two kinds of Trousers and a New Style Coat) by BRILL BROTHERS' own Tailors, and presented to the Active One. Months have now passed, and even Dud admits himself defeated: he can't get through the Cloth! What's more he can't even break a seam, it holds the stitching so well! The Problem is solved! The Brill Folks are very generous about this Suit: they want every one to share their Good Fortune. Send $3.95 to Dudley Brill's Dad, Mr. Max D. Brill, and he'll forward to you a duplicate of the Suit, (10-16 years) that "held" his Boy. If it don't "hold" yours for a reasonable time, he wants it back —as a CURIOSITY! Fifty thousand of these Suits have been sold since the first one was made for Dudley Brill, and not one has been returned! ¶ Spring is now here: the Season when Nature is kind to the Young. Why not turn YOUR Boy loose in a Dudley Suit? ¶ Mr. Brill will send you samples of the Material and a Measurement Blank if you say the word. ¶ MAX D. BRILL, care of Brill Brothers, Two Hundred and Seventy-nine Broadway, New York City.

Brill Brothers

THY future life! Thy fate is it, indeed! Whilst thou makest that thy chief question thy life to me and to thyself and to thy God is worthless ❧ What is incredible to thee thou shalt not, at thy soul's peril, pretend to believe ❧ Elsewhither for a refuge! Away! Go to perdition if thou wilt, but not with a lie in thy mouth, by the Eternal Maker, No!—Carlyle.

❧

"You can have one of two things," says Emerson, "Truth and repose." You cannot have both. The doctors have given us ease—their treatment has been palliative. And with theology it has been the same, for the problem with the theologians has been to keep men satisfied.

❧

Associate with any one with whom Fate casts your lot. The question, "Who is my neighbor?" is just as paramount now as it was two thousand years ago. Your neighbor is the man who has fallen among thieves, been beaten sore, robbed and left for dead. Your neighbor is the man who needs you.

BROTHER-DUNCES, lend me your ears! not to crop, but that I may whisper into their furry depths: do not quarrel with genius. We have none ourselves, and yet are so constituted that we cannot live without it.—Augustine Birrell.

❧

By working for the good of all we work for the good of ourselves. We only succeed as we work for the good of the whole.

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THE East, mental, is onequal to graspin' the great trooth that when you've come clost enough to see a party, you've come clost enough to be seen, an' that about the time you gets onto some deefect in another gent, he's spotted a imperfection or two in you ❧ Never make the Eastern mistake of imaginin' you've got the only kodak on the lawn. While the East is snappin' the West, the West is capturin' the East for onlimited plates, the merest glimpse of which would send that besotted corner of the yooniverse tumblin' from its perch. Likewise, it would tharafter roost a mighty sight nearer the ground.—Alfred Henry Lewis.

❧

A duty is a pleasure which we try to make ourselves believe is a hardship.



JONES Dairy Farm

HAMS and BACON

Write any bank or business house in Ft. Atkinson if you have doubts about the Farm.

Large Numbers of the Faithful know that ALL we say about Jones Dairy Farm Products is Even So, and that we are Old-Fashioned Folk who do All we say we 'll do in our Trial Offers—and then do a Little Better. ¶ Every one who has ever tried our Little Pig Sausages says they are the very Best. Occupying the Same Position in their class are our

JONES DAIRY FARM HAMS and BACON

Made from the choicest corn-and-milk-fed pigs raised in the greatest dairying region in the country—our own and our neighbors' pigs that we KNOW to be free from the slightest taint; cured New England-wise—plenty of time to absorb the sugar, salt and spices of the old home recipe, at just the right temperature; smoked with green hickory—they come on the table like the golden memories of an Old Home Week to the lost soul in the city wilderness.

The Pastor says the letter printed here is ALL True. If he did n't know it was, doubtless he would not print it. We did n't get it—he did. Personally we don't care for bouquets. Commercially, we do; and we say that we are going to stick to the Square Deal and a Little Better as long as we are in business. Our Hams and Bacon are Guaranteed exactly as represented, with no adulterations nor preservatives used in their preparation ❧ We make you this

TRIAL OFFER

Steve Roemer, *President*
A. J. Collins, *Vice-President*
Doane Merrill, *Cashier*

MEMBER
American Bankers Association
Arizona Bankers Association

BANK OF BENSON
Capital $25,000 Benson, Arizona

Elbert Hubbard February 10, 1908
East Aurora, New York

My Dear Sir:— Thru the medium of your appreciated "Philistine" I have known the taste of really good ham, bacon, and maple syrup, buying them from the Jones Dairy Farm, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

To show what a sense of business honor they have, I did not unpack a shipment of sausages and they moulded; I wrote asking for advice as to future shipments and stated that the fault was partially mine.

To-day when I received another shipment from them they allowed the loss: now this is really unusual, these days, and the pity is that we have not more such standards in other business houses.

Gladly told to you, Very truly,
(Signed) DOANE MERRILL, Cashier

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will ship you a Special Trial Offer, express charges prepaid, of Little Pig Hams and a Piece of Bacon (total weight, exclusive of packing, 16 lbs.) anywhere north of Alabama and east of Colorado for $3.00. Outside this territory, but in United States, same offer for $3.75—don't forget the seventy-five. REMIT ANY WAY YOU PLEASE.

We have a booklet about all Jones Dairy Farm Products, telling how we came to make them, how they are made, what they cost, old home recipes for homely dishes with sausages, ham and bacon for their chief constituent, testimonials, etc. Sent without cost to all who ask for it.

JONES DAIRY FARM, BOX 622, FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

LET us not flout the ability that is beyond us, nor take flings at men who can do things we cannot.

❧

All beauty is but a symbol of spirit.

THINGS "JUST AS GOOD" SELDOM ARE. TRY SHILLING'S BEST. SHOW THIS TO THE GROCERY GENTLEMAN

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DO not stop to think about who are with you, or who are against you. It matters little at the last—both the ability to harm and the ability to help are overestimated.

BE YOURSELF!

Copyright, 1908 Elbert Hubbard

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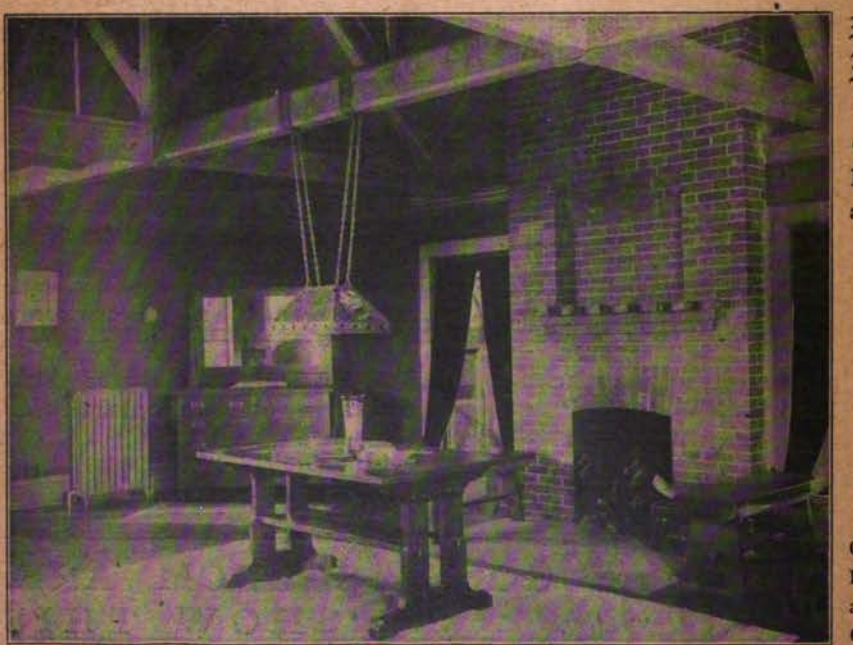
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THE first duty of every man is to himself—self protection is the first law of Life. Earn your living—take care of yourself, and then out of the surplus of your earnings or your power, you can care for others.

THE ROYCROFT INN

(ACROSS FROM THE WELL)



THE RUSKIN ROOM

In the Land of Immortality

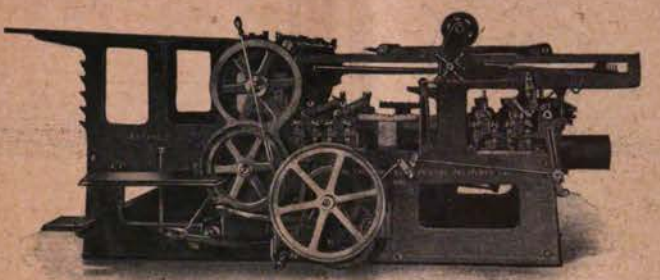
Come to The Roycroft Inn and Forget It!

AMERICAN PLAN
Two Dollars a Day and Up

Conducted by THE ROYCROFTERS at East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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The Babcock Optimus



BABCOCK PRESSES

ARE BUILT TO DO THE BEST PRINTING POSSIBLE, DO IT NOW, DO IT FASTER, DO IT FOR A LONGER PERIOD OF YEARS THAN ANY OTHER MACHINE. ¶THERE IS A HOST OF OTHER REASONS WHY EVERY PRINTER SHOULD

RUN BABCOCK PRESSES

IF YOU PRINT, THEY WILL PROVE PROFITABLE TO YOU. WHY NOT WRITE US TO-DAY?

The Babcock Printing Press Manufacturing Company
New London, Connecticut 38 Park Row, New York City

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THE FAME OF TOM L. JOHNSON

PRESIDENT of this bank, as an earnest worker for the interests of the whole people is world-wide. Few men are better known and the efforts of none are more appreciated. In organizing this bank we enlisted the personal and financial co-operation of Mr. Johnson upon the understanding that it should be a bank for "the people" rather than for the benefit of a few capitalists.

It is particularly gratifying that we are able to present our

BANK MONEY ORDER PLAN

the most perfect method ever devised for handling accounts from depositors anywhere in the world. When you send money to us for deposit, we issue to you, instead of the old, clumsy "passbook," with its dangerous and inconvenient features, our Bank Money Orders. They show, on their face, the amount of principal and interest—you know what it is at a glance, without figuring. They are Certified Checks on this Bank, the safest known form of commercial paper. You keep them and when you need money,

YOU CAN HAVE THESE BANK MONEY ORDERS CASHED INSTANTLY—ANYWHERE

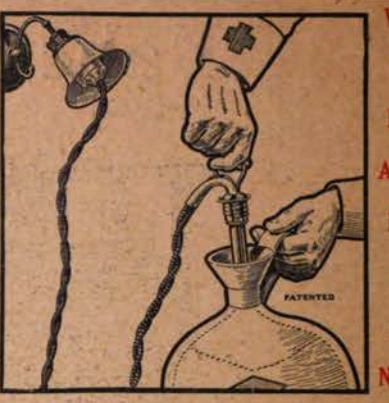
with interest at 4%. The plan is ideal—your money is always on deposit, yet you have it constantly in hand ready for instant use in time of need. ¶ Deposits accepted for any sum from $1.00 up, and from the moment your money reaches us it draws

FOUR PER CENT INTEREST

If you have money on deposit anywhere, or if you contemplate opening a savings account, you owe it to yourself and those dependent upon you to investigate this remarkably convenient and safe method.

Write for booklet "J" today, or send us your deposit and we will at once mail you BANK MONEY ORDERS for the full amount. The booklet is free—write for it now

THE DEPOSITORS SAVINGS & TRUST CO., Tom L. Johnson, Pres., Cleveland, O.



WERE YOU EVER AWAKENED AT MIDNIGHT?

Were you ever obliged to fill a Hot Water Bottle in the dark,—only to scald your fingers? Have you ever kept watch by the range, "just before dawn," when it seemed that the water would never boil?—then will you appreciate

THE STANDARD HOT WATER BOTTLE HEATER

Keeps the water hot at all times. Requires no attention after once attached. ¶ It is worth $2.50 to US—it's probably worth much more to YOU! ¶ All worthy druggists sell it—or direct on receipt of price.

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"Elbert Hubbard is one of the three greatest writers in the world to-day. He uses as many words as Shakespeare. He has ease, facility, poise, reserve, sympathy, insight, wit, and best of all—commonsense. He is big enough and great enough to laugh at himself; his enemies he regards as friends who misunderstand him, and his avowed friends cannot turn his head by flattery."—FRANK PUTNAM Editor, "National Magazine."

The Roycrofters

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

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THE high school gives the key to life,—that is, all the life that one is capable of manifesting. The one thing that differentiates man is the study habit, and once you get it only death can take it from you, and I am not sure that even death can ❧ Whether you go through the university or college matters little. The best educated man that America has produced was Benjamin Franklin—printer, business man, inventor, diplomat and philosopher ❧ He grew rich and made everybody else rich who accepted his philosophy of life. Work and smile, and when in doubt mind your own business ❧ If you don't know what to say, why don't say it! So here is a hand-grasp over the miles.

❧

I am in business for my health, also to have a good time ❧ For I realize that a business which would ruin my health and destroy my happiness is a bad business, and a good one to get out of—otherwise I, myself, am all off in my ways of life.



There's twice the pleasure in the journey, and twice the pleasure afterward—if you

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The VALET CHAIR is something a man will prize and use for **YEARS** because it fits a **MAN'S** special needs—will press and crease his trousers over night as well as the tailor could do it—and it's no more trouble than to hang them up. An adjustable shoe-tree holds the shoes so that you can polish them while seated. **The Shoe Drawer** catches all the dirt—nothing escapes to muss up the room. The blacking, brushes and polishing cloths are right handy, but out of the way. An improved hanger supports the coat so that it can't get wrinkled or out of shape. It takes care of the Hat and Shoes.

IT SAVES THE CLOTHES and at least fifty cents to one dollar a week in pressing and shining bills.

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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL—We will send you the **VALET** chair, **freight paid**, on approval. If you are not delighted with it after 10 days, send it right back and get your money.

FREE—Ask for handsome catalogue illustrated in colors, showing different styles just as they are.

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Could Draw Everything But Checks



Commercial Art to them was a thing unknown ❧ Some few starved while presenting to the World their Wonderful Works. A man who studied Art as the Old Masters Studied it, in the Art Centers of Europe, will teach you to Draw, also teach you the value of your Work—and how to turn your Skill into a Bank Account ❧ A High Class Art School stakes its Reputation on this Man's Ability to teach You! ❧ ❧ ❧ If you are at all interested in Art for Practical Purposes ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

THE SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
T Two Hundred and Twelve Fine Arts Building
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN
Wants to send you their YEAR BOOK FREE

DO not court the rich, the influential, the learned. You can do without them. "A man is known by the company he keeps." That is so and depend upon it, that the man or woman who is intent on associating only with the best has a small bank balance of worth and virtue, and the fear is that some social cyclone will wipe it out.

❧

Imitation is the sincerest form of insult.

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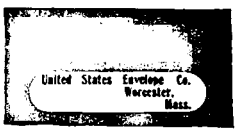
WHEN Type and Borders have a Personality a Conscientious Printer usually does better work—it's Inspiration! The Roycrofters credit much of their success to

KEYSTONE TYPE

It combines Beauty of Outline with the ability to Stand Hard Knocks. That's why it is so liberally used in THE FRA, THE PHILISTINE and LITTLE JOURNEYS

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United States Envelope Co.
General Manager's Office, WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

THOU hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth and skies;
There 's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

—Wordsworth; Sonnet to Toussaint L' Ouverture.

MAY it please your Serene Highness, your Majesties, Lordships and Lawardships, the proper Epic of this world is not now "Arms and the Man;" nor much less, "Shirt-frills and the Man;" no, it is now "Tools and the Man;" that, henceforth to all time, is our Epic!—Carlyle

A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the future with more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.

Art thou a slave? If thou be, thou canst not be a friend. Art thou a tyrant? If thou be, thou canst not have friends.

—Nietzsche.

There are six requisites in every happy marriage ❧ The first is Faith, and the remaining five are Confidence.

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PUT YOUR MONEY TO WORK

THERE is a man who can make the simple life pay the three kinds of dividends. You ought to get in touch with him if you have any idle money. He is buying rich, fertile soil in the heart of Saskatchewan, Canada, the greatest wheat producing country in the world ❧ He is putting this land under cultivation by the thousands of acres with great steam plows and machinery. ¶ The land costs him about $10 to $15 an acre. Last year his wheat crop brought him $18 an acre. He is making money for his friends as well as for himself ❧ Those who send him money receive a first mortgage guaranteeing 6 per cent. This he pays first and then gives his friends one-half of the remaining profits in addition. He is not paid a salary. In Nineteen Hundred Sixteen he will give you your principal back and until then you own the land. ¶ This man is "Will" Howland and you will find him at work on the large farms at Estevan, Saskatchewan, Canada, where he will be glad to see you or hear from you until October. After that you will find him busy in the Metropolitan Building in New York City.

IF it is a fine thing to be loyal; who cares whether the reports are true or false: if our friend stumbles we will help him to rise, and in helping him to rise we will rise ourselves. It is a great privilege to pardon; it is better still to look through the fault and see so much to admire that you perceive nothing to forgive.

❧

Work within your limit—sing within your range ❧ Carry reserve and you are effective, helpful and beneficent. Scream and you 'll not be heard.

❧

He who filches from me my good name steals trash; but he who steals from me my joy takes that which enriches not himself, but makes me poor, indeed.

❧

Nothing fails like success.

CENSORSHIP providing that the minds of men shall not be poisoned is quite as reasonable as one that demands you shall be cured only according to orthodox methods.

It may cost more a pound but it takes less of it. SHILLING'S BEST IS ALL TEA

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Do You Believe in Housemates?—Anyway, Peruse This

I believe in THE FRA and the Fra Folks. Therefore I make the following offer to any Frau of any Fra Subscriber, or any Frau who is a subscriber to THE FRA. **¶I will ship you and pay freight a new Housemate Sewing Machine, regular price $60.00, for $2.00.** ¶That is, you are to send $2.00 when you order, and $27.50 more when you get the machine, or at rate of $1.00 a week. This offer may never be repeated.

The *Housemate* is without doubt or question the most popular Sewing Machine on the market to-day. Where opportunity for intelligent comparison is made, the *Housemate* is almost the invariable choice of the woman who sews.

SOME EXCLUSIVE FEATURES OF THE NEW HOUSEMATE

These are the things that give it its silent, easy-running qualities and make it worthy to be placed in any home.



SELF-THREADING SHUTTLE—so balanced that it never lifts or jumps in its carrier.

LARGEST BOBBIN—holding greater quantity of thread than any other.

The shuttle of the new HOUSEMATE gives the most uniform and smoothest tension, and is capable of the finest and most perfect adjustment.

SHUTTLE LEVER—raised or lowered by turning a set screw.

SHUTTLE CARRIER—perfect in action, allowing the thread to pass around the shuttle freely, with no dragging or friction as it passes the shuttle heel.

FEED MOVEMENT—positive and silent in action.

NEEDLE BAR—light in construction, bushed top and bottom, covered with dust-proof caps. Compare this with the rising and falling of the ordinary needle bar above top of machine.

INDEPENDENT TAKE-UP—giving the requisite amount of thread needed for the loop through which the shuttle passes and which takes up the slack thread and tightens the stitch at precisely the proper time to make a perfect and even seam.

TENSION RELEASE—automatic; enables the operator to remove work without danger of breaking thread or bending needle.

AUTOMATIC BOBBIN WINDER—winds the bobbin whether the belt runs forward or backward.

LOOSE PULLEY—the quarter turn of a thumb nut releases the belt wheel and machine is out of action while winding a bobbin. No unsightly hub arrangement, with its additional weight on shaft, is used or needed.

FACE PLATE—simply removing a thumb screw allows the taking off the face plate and access to all the moving parts, which are not disarranged in any way. Compare this with the removal of four screws and taking apart of other machines, with consequent dropping out of needle bar, heart cam, with its roll and stud, and difficulty of readjustment.

DECIDE TO-DAY TO OWN A HOUSEMATE

F. C. HENDERSON, General Sales Manager, Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

SEEDS

Of Burpee Quality cost a little more, but are worth much more! Planters everywhere are invited to send for

BURPEE'S 1908 Farm Annual

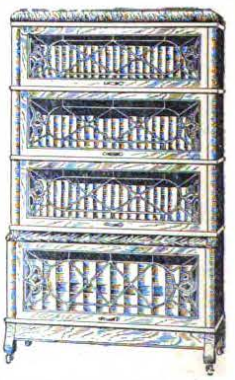
Long known as "The Leading American Seed Catalog," —this is now brighter and better than ever before. An elegant book of 172 pages, it tells the plain truth about the **Best Seeds That Grow!** The illustrations are from photographs and the colored plates painted from nature. It offers most valuable EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES, which cannot be had elsewhere. Write to-day! (a postal card will do) but do not delay! Name this magazine and address

W. ATLEE BURPEE & COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To the Book-lovers of America

WHETHER your library comprises a hundred treasured volumes or runs up into the thousands, it will be worth your while to write at once for ***The Viking Book***—sent free. ¶ This handsomely illustrated Book presents the complete line of ***Viking Sectional Bookcases*** and points out clearly their supreme advantages. ¶ In these ***Viking Cases*** the enduring qualities of old-time, hand-made furniture are combined with the most advanced ideas in sectional bookcase construction. ¶ The result so far surpasses the old style sectional bookcases that book-lovers throughout the country have welcomed the ***Viking*** with enthusiasm

Viking SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



Unlike ordinary sectional bookcases, the ***Viking*** is not a mere flimsy shell, but each section is very solidly built, with the same care and skill that distinguished the work of the old school cabinet makers. It is the sort of furniture that lasts for generations and is handed down as heirlooms. ¶ ***The Viking Book*** explains the improved construction that makes these cases dust-proof and damp-proof. It tells how the Disappearing Doors are air-cushioned, to prevent slamming and breaking of glass. ¶ How doors run smoothly on frictionless steel guides, without sticking, binding or rattling. ¶ The ***Viking*** here shown is a typical example of the artistic and beautiful designs that lend distinction to these splendid cases. ¶ We build these handsome ***Viking*** cases in many styles. Plain and quarter-sawed Oak in any finish, Mahogany and other choice woods. Tops, corners, bases, and special sections for every possible requirement. Sold by high class furniture stores.

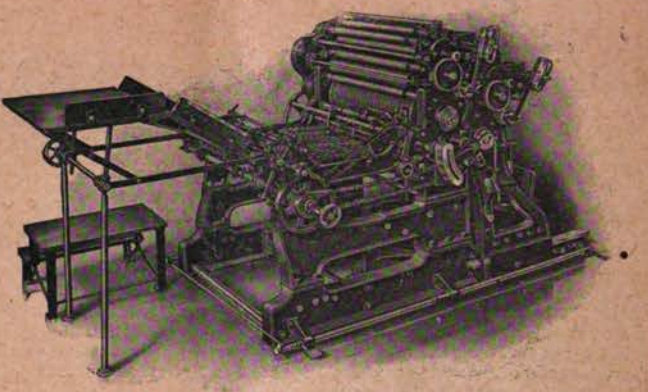
Send for ***The Viking Book.***

Skandia Furniture Co.,
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DEALERS ATTENTION!
Write for attractive AGENCY PROPOSITION.

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AS the engine is the iron expression of the engineer's purpose, and the smoking, steaming embodiment of the engineer's soul, so character is both the engineer and his engine; it is the man and the instrument which he uses to draw along his train of influence through the world. Out of a great deal of material, lying loose about him, every man makes his life engine, and it generally represents him and embodies his ideas of life. —Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus.



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Oh, an end to sectarianism, to blinding, degrading prejudice! An end to my creed, and to thine! An end to priests, heathen or Christian, who keep nations and peoples apart! There is only one Truth, one Beauty, one Goodness! And these three make One Humanity.—Mangasarian.

INJUSTICE and dirt are thrown after the lowly one; but, my brother, if thou wouldst be a star, thou must shine unto them none the less.—Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche.

THE MONEY BACK ON ALL OUR GOODS—SHILLING'S BEST

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"It's All in the Shreds"

THE men and women who do the thinking for the world—"The Roycrofters," "Immortals," and all others who use Phosphorus in their cerebral vibrations—understand and appreciate the value of a whole wheat diet. And the most of them eat SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT and TRISCUIT because the shredding process presents the whole wheat in its most digestible and most nutritious form. Try it "on suspicion." Your grocer sells it.

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

THE most fatal error of the evangelist lies in killing self-confidence, making the man doubt himself.

The sea gave Columbus the privilege of doing one of three things: Jump in and be drowned; stick to dry land and be safe; sail its surface & discover a New World. ¶ He chose the latter and died in chains.

Here is where we boost.

In this matter of health you cannot buy an immunity bath with a bank balance.

If you wish a really first-class man you must select his grandmother with great care

TELL

an engineer you want an engine that requires the minimum of fuel, and he will tell you to write to the makers of the

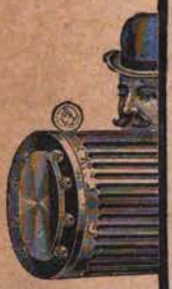
IDEAL, at Springfield

He may not. But the chances are he will. If you need an engine, we can send you a list of users, many of whom you know. Catalog just off the press. Ideal agents in all the principal cities of the world. Ideal Engines run in oil, using their lubricants over and over.

IDEAL ENGINE WORKS

A. L. IDE & SONS, PROPRIETORS

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This Trade-mark speaks eleven languages. It tells why Ideal Engines eat so little fuel. "Balance a dollar on the cylinder." Friction and fuel go hand in hand.

THIS country is ruled by Public Opinion. He who influences public opinion in that degree controls our civilization.—Abraham Lincoln.

THE FRA has no free list—things not paid for are not prized.

You can hire men to dig in a ditch for a dollar a day But you can't hire men to think at any price. Most men who pretend to think are flunkies, trailing along after some one, either in politics or religion.—John J. Lentz.

TRY SHILLING'S BEST

IT IS ALL TEA

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From its handsome, warmly padded case, and its perfect heating and ventilating systems, its accurate, powerful regulator, the **Model Hatcher** stands unequaled. The **Model Brooders**, with their substantially made cases, their diffusive heating system that imparts a gentle warmth, together with copious ventilation, raise strong, healthy chicks.

Poultry is a profitable crop on farms where **Model** machines are used. If you are not making big money on your chickens, write me today for my book telling how you can. The **Model** equipment and methods assure success.

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CHAS. A. CYPHERS, Pres.
405 Henry St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Dahlia
FLOWER OF NATIONS

THE best that Six Nations could give was required to introduce the Dahlia to the World. Early in the Seventeenth Century the Dahlia first attracted attention in Mexico, and a Swedish Botanist, whose name was Dahl, picked Fame out of the Flower Beds of the World by naming it after himself. ¶ Alexander Von Humboldt, the noted German, in his North American wanderings discovered it anew about Seventeen Hundred and Ninety, and carried the first one to Continental Europe, to Madrid, where the Spaniards were entranced by its delicate shades. The Mexicans appreciated it for its Food Value. They ate its roots, but the romantic Spaniard saw only in it a thing of Beauty, and forthwith Worshipped it. ¶ The Dahlia then installed itself in the favor of the English Marchioness of Bute, who spent much time and money in an attempt to transplant it to England. Tho' she failed, a friend of hers did succeed in growing some very beautiful ones in France. Four countries had paid tribute before the Dahlia rested on its Laurels ☙ Now it reappears in the Land of its Birth with new and greater honors. In Marblehead, Mass., on

RAWSON'S DAHLIA FARM

each August and September can be found the same flowers that Dahl, Von Humboldt and the Spaniards loved so well. One Thousand Varieties displayed. Think of it! Once seen, one does not wonder at the homage they have received. ¶ Would you like to have a few for your Flower Garden? Address ☙

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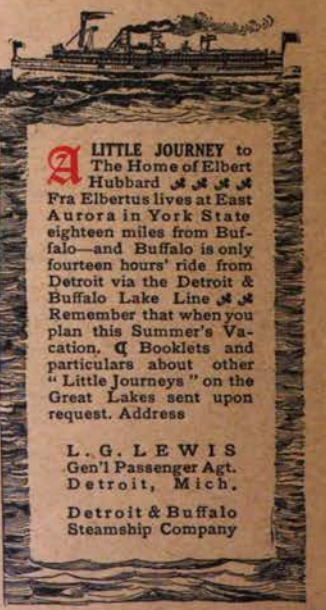
"an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought."

VOLTAIRE

"the greatest man of his century . . . who did more to free the human race than any other of the sons of men."

ELBERT HUBBARD says; "The History of America's thought evolution can never be written and the name of Ingersoll be left out. In his own splendid personality he had no rivals, no competitors. He stands alone; and no name in liberal thought can ever eclipse his. This earth is a better place, and life and liberty are safer because Robert G. Ingersoll lived."

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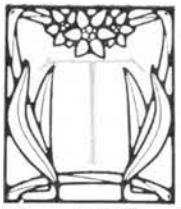


A LITTLE JOURNEY to The Home of Elbert Hubbard ☙ Fra Elbertus lives at East Aurora in York State eighteen miles from Buffalo—and Buffalo is only fourteen hours' ride from Detroit via the Detroit & Buffalo Lake Line ☙ Remember that when you plan this Summer's Vacation. ¶ Booklets and particulars about other "Little Journeys" on the Great Lakes sent upon request. Address

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—**A Word of Advice!** To spoil a Good Thing wilfully is an error of the Mind, but thru carelessness to lose an Effect oftentimes means neglected Opportunity. Beans require as much attention in the baking as a Roycroft Pie. ¶ The Van Camp Packing Company, of Indianapolis, Ind., are

Art, according to the latter day Philosophers, is the happy way of doing things—the Joy we put in our work. These people KNOW Beans from the Ground to the Dining Table. There is no Kink in a Bean's disposition that they are unfamiliar with. ¶ After Forty-five Years of effort, they have proven to the Practical Housewives of the Country that home facilities cannot properly cook Beans. The ordinary range can only furnish a certain amount of heat, which is not sufficient to break down the fibre of the Beans. The fault is not the Cook's if the dish is a failure—it is the fault of the heating apparatus. Who has not, in the midst of a meal, lost part of a molar and his entire temper by striking a Bean that the heat failed to reach? With the Van Camp Beans such experience is unknown, as they are well cooked at a temperature of two hundred and forty-five degrees for ninety minutes—in steam; not a one escapes.

The Home Baking process is a hit or miss game at best. Perhaps a neighbor calls, or the baby cries; it 's the baby or the Beans, and you know which. **The Van Camp Packing Company has no Babies** in the factory, consequently the work is so successfully executed, that you may select any two cans from a ten thousand shipment, and no difference can be detected. ¶ The Open-Bag-Buckshot Beans of Corner Grocery Fame are passing into obscurity, and everybody, Grocers included, are glad of it. No longer will the Thinking People of the Country bother with a product that requires eighteen hours of soaking before fit to bake, and then gives no satisfaction. This the Bean Specialists have abolished. ¶ Van Camp uses only the Michigan Special Beans,—the finest known to the trade. They cost Two Dollars and Ten Cents, or more, per bushel, against Thirty Cents per bushel for the Little Fellers. Again, the Tomatoes used in making the Van Camp Tomato Sauce are the richest, reddest, ripest that can be secured, all ripened on the vine, grown and hand picked especially for this concern. ¶ Van Camp's Beans can be procured in 10, 15 or 20 cent Cans. The smallest proves a generous meal for two (or three) persons, and takes just eight minutes to prepare. Of course you smile at the difference in time—you 'll smile some more after eating the Beans. ¶ If you have a Hobby, you probably can do it a little better than the Other Fellow who is only experimenting

Why compete when they are willing to share their advantages. To an Immortal a Wink is sufficient. ¶ Any self-respecting Grocer will disannex himself from any number of Cans for a slight consideration

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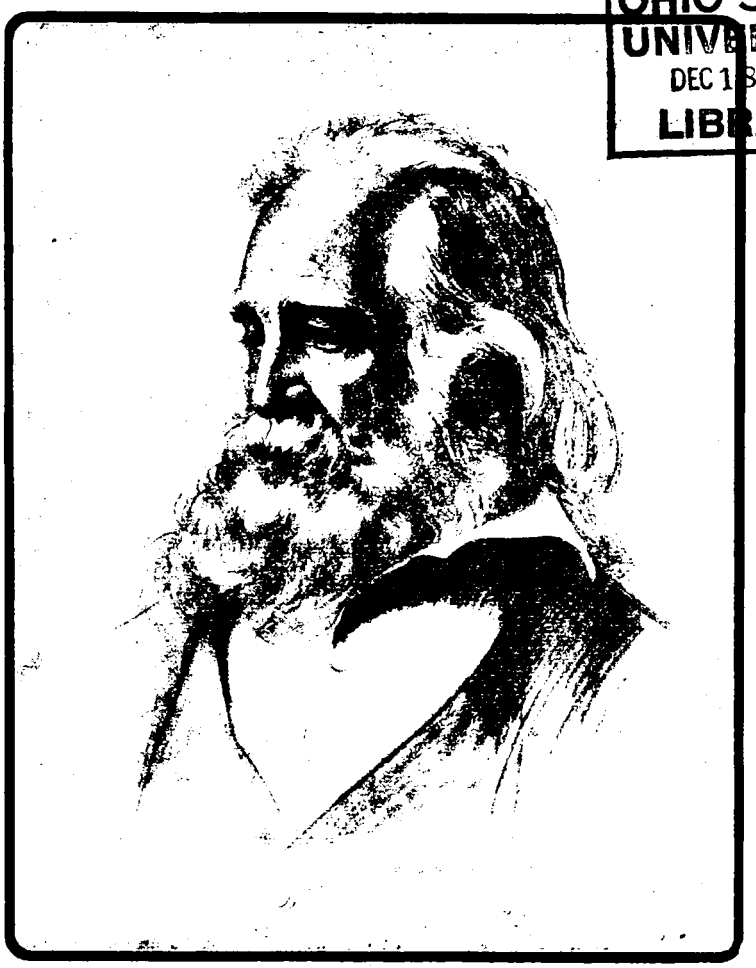
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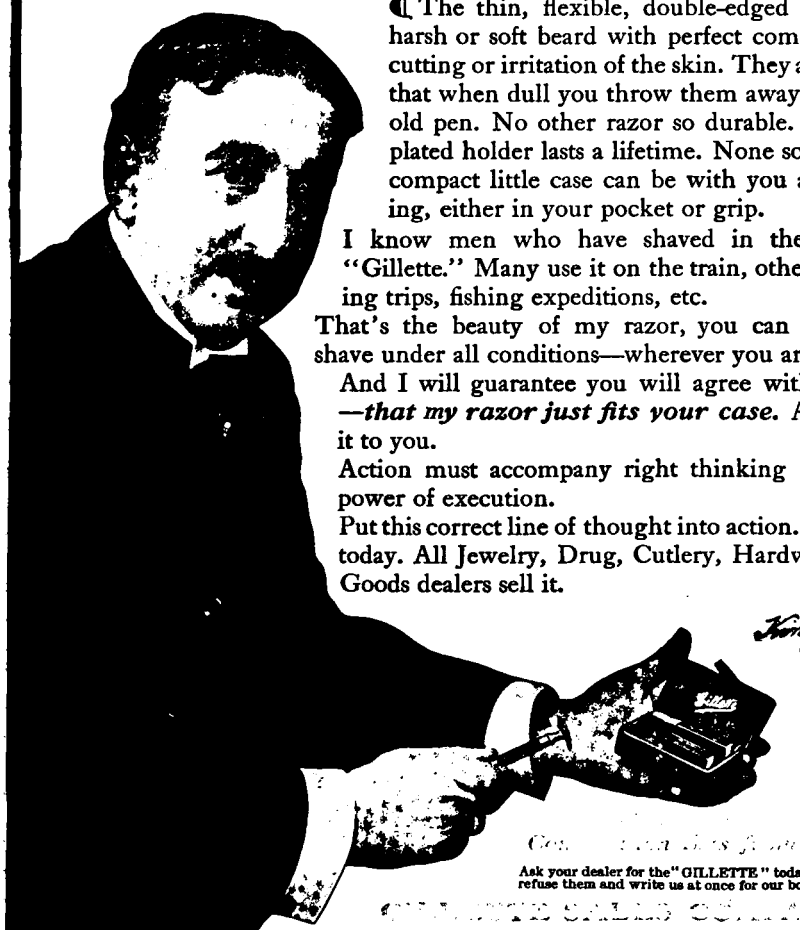
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that unless the "GILLETTE" possessed many points of superiority it never would have been accepted by two million men in the past three years as the best, most simple and satisfactory shaving device in this world.

¶ In the first place my razor requires No Stropping, No Honing. It is always ready. That's why it's the most practical. You can shave in three to five minutes.



¶ The thin, flexible, double-edged blades remove a harsh or soft beard with perfect comfort. No pulling, cutting or irritation of the skin. They are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen. No other razor so durable. The triple silver plated holder lasts a lifetime. None so convenient; the compact little case can be with you always—if traveling, either in your pocket or grip.

I know men who have shaved in the dark with the "Gillette." Many use it on the train, others while on hunting trips, fishing expeditions, etc.

That's the beauty of my razor, you can obtain a perfect shave under all conditions—wherever you are.

And I will guarantee you will agree with me right now *—that my razor just fits your case.* A trial will prove it to you.

Action must accompany right thinking or you have no power of execution.

Put this correct line of thought into action. Get a "Gillette" today. All Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers sell it.

King C. Gillette

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged, flexible blades (24 keen edges) packt in a velvet-lined leather case and the price is $5.00.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. ... $6.50 to $50.00

Ask your dealer for the "GILLETTE" today. If substitutes are offered, refuse them and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

240 Times Building New York | 240 Kimball Building BOSTON | 240 Stock Exchange Building Chicago

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

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WASHINGTON, D. C., boasts of a Doctor who abandoned the "Practice of Medicine" for the more sensible Practice of Health. This Doctor, be it understood, is a woman; a woman to whom the secrets of the Medical Profession are an open book, yet fail to give satisfaction. She claims that Pink Pills and Operating Tables have passed out of her life forever, also that present day results prove such were always luxuries ⁂ Dr. Alma C. Arnold offers to a sin-soaked civilization an opportunity to regain its birthright.

Opposite one of Washington's beautiful parks, in the heart of the residential section, is situated Dr. Arnold's home; a beautiful, spacious residence capable of accommodating thirty guests or more. Here does she practice along commonsense lines her "rule of three." The word "patient" she abhors, consequently each visitor is treated as a friend, and the same loving care that your own home offers, plus proper facilities, can be found in Dr. Arnold's Healtharium.

The Healtharium is not a Hospital, or Sanitarium where hard and fast rules bind the ailing one ⁂ It is a Health Home, where comfort reigns, where sunshine gladdens, where quiet may be enjoyed, where freedom is not restrained, and where sanity in right living, right breathing, right sleeping and right resting are taught and observed. ¶The Healtharium will accommodate thirty persons in comfort, but no more than twenty will be admitted at one time, permitting the guests to be as one family if so inclined.

If you feel a little off color, dismiss your Doctor; get rid of your Patent Medicine; throw away your Mustard Plaster—then pack your grip and visit Dr. Arnold's Healtharium. Health asks no toll but Commonsense, while the Pink Pill is a tyrant supreme.

TERMS: For board, lodging and attendance, say about $25.00 per week ⁂ Of course for very de Luxe accommodations—a little more.

The Columbia College of Chiropractice is under the directorship of Dr. Arnold ⁂ The school year begins September Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Eight. Information cheerfully given.

Dr. Alma C. Arnold, The Healtharium
Eight Hundred Twenty-Five Fifteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

IT is foolish to say sharp, hasty things, but it is a deal more foolish to write them. When a man sends you an impudent letter, sit right down and give it back to him with interest ten times compounded, and then throw both letters into the waste basket.

⁂

The man who studies mankind, and ascertains what men really want, and then supplies them, whether it be an idea or a thing, is the man who is crowned with honor and clothed with riches.

ABOVE all, that I may not be a coward: That I may have courage — courage to be unmoved by the uncertainties of life, and without dread of loss, whether of friends, of health or of fortune: That I may come with a firm and tranquil mind to the work of this day, fearing nothing — ready to meet bravely failure or deprivation:

That I may bring to the day's efforts, good humor and a cheerful regard for all with whom I may come into contact: That I may not judge others hastily or with bitterness: That I may not be grasping, but content with a fair share of this world's goods, willing to let others have theirs: That I may be diligent in the performance of duties and cheerful in manner: That I may be earnest in pursuit of the right: ⁂ ¶That I may stand with open mind ready to receive the Truth in small affairs and in large —whether in learning new and better methods, or in receiving that philosophy necessary to a brave, tranquil, well-poised, well-harmonized life.—John Brisben Walker.

⁂

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THE editor of a certain denominational journal has recently declared thru the columns of his paper that Elbert Hubbard should be imprisoned for sacrilege, and expresses regret because capital punishment cannot legally be meted out to this profaner of Holy Things.

Could the wishes of this bigoted being be realized and the execution of the Fra be accomplished, the world would be none the loser.

¶From the dawn of History, Earth's greatest children have been forced to meet death by poison, the fagot, the cross and the rope ✍ But by a wise dispensation of that Power behind matter, which seems to regulate the great mental and moral crises thru which nations pass, persecution and fanaticism do not overtake their victims until their messages they bring are delivered and the seeds they strew have been scattered to the uttermost ends of the earth.

¶The Fra has planted the germs of beautiful thoughts in the blank and darkened minds of tens of thousands whose homes are scattered not only over this country, but from China to Peru ✍ ✍

¶Tho the planter might be burned, for the love of Christ, and his ashes scattered to the winds, yet for ages the deserts of the human mind will blossom in his memory, and dry places will run rills of living water for love of him.

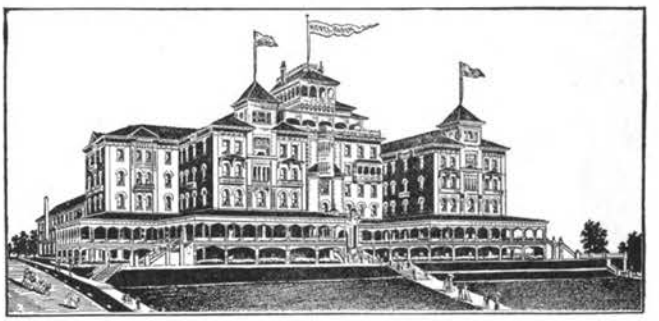
No. 12,261,
Sing Sing Prison

Jan. 2, 1908.

✍

MAN," said Dante, "is a movable tree." "Man," said Carlyle, "is a bird without feathers, and he can do everything but fly." "Man," said Charles Dickens, "is a migratory animal, and to keep well, strong, happy and capable, should succumb to the desire to migrate, and occasionally seek and find a new environment."

Dickens was right—when you stick to your regular work and business so long that you get immersed in it, you are in danger of mental asphyxiation ✍ You should get away occasionally, so as to get the perspective.



The Hotel Rider at Cambridge Springs, Pa., is not a sanitarium—it is a resort for folks who need a change of air, water, food and environment ✍ All around this beautiful resort are hills that challenge, streams that invite, springs that lure. ¶A week at the Hotel Rider means a new view of life. It has enough of every civilized convenience to make life pleasant, without the frills that jar and tire.

Do you ride horseback, golf, fish, botanize? ✍ Then go to the Hotel Rider: Get near to Nature's Heart, and you 'll take a new view of the Universe, and go back to your work strengthened, refreshed, renewed.

HOTEL RIDER, Cambridge Springs, Pa.

On the Erie—Easy of Access from Everywhere.

Recipe for health: Eat moderately, breathe deeply, walk in the sunshine, smile, and drink Schilling's Best.

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All That Nature Has Is Yours—Mr. City Man

Every glory of hers is spreading before you in the country. Let the

Rambler

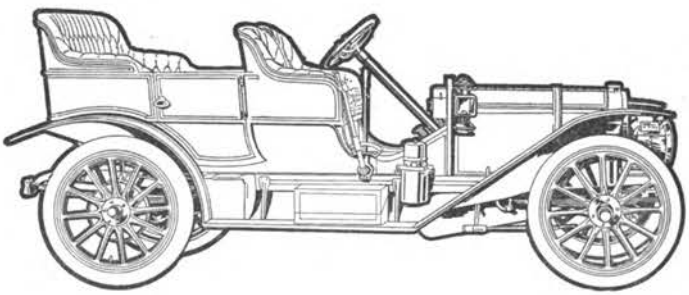
take you and yours up among the hills, past the lakes, by the woods and the fragrant fields. ¶ Mr. BUSY MAN, perhaps you haven't time to take that vacation, but don't you know that you can get all the pleasures of it in one day?

We have a representative in almost every city, most probably in yours. Talk to him today, or send now for catalogue of the RAMBLER. It will tell you why the offset crankshaft and straight line drive of the RAMBLER make it the car for every condition of road—sandy, muddy or hilly—the car for steady service.

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Branches and Distributing Agencies in all Leading Cities.



MODEL 34—32
H. P. Selective
Transmission,
Shaft Drive.
$2,250.00

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A GREAT WRITER once said, "Nothing is more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to show that he has lived long except his years." How true is this, and yet how often do we look about us and see dozens of Time's Derelicts who must depend upon the State, the Community, or worse yet, their own families, for the ordinary comforts that old age requires. In youth our every impulse is to expend rather than conserve. But should we not let wisdom play a part, and consider what future life will mean without that independence that now means so much to us while all is sunshine! When the World smiles, emulate the example of the Bees and horde your Honey. To be free for all time, see that in youth you make arrangement for your Old Age

Paul Morton, President, will contract to insure your savings. You need not put away great sums. If you are still young, an annual deposit of less than Two Hundred Dollars, will yield Five Thousand Dollars to you in cash at the end of thirty years—just when you'll need it. The same sum will be paid to your wife or mother if you die sooner. Life Insurance means peace, content, good digestion and sound sleep. It eliminates worry. ¶ *The Equitable Society will be glad to answer*

ALL adown the ages society has made the mistake of crucifying its saviors between thieves ❧ That is to say, society has recognized in the Savior a dangerous quality — something about him akin to a thief, and his career has been cut short. ¶We have telephones and trolley cars, yet we have not traveled far into the realm of spirit, and our X-ray has given us no insight into the heart of things. Should the Savior come to-day and preach the same gospel that He taught before, society would see that His experience was repeated ❧ Society is so dull and dense, so lacking in spiritual vision, so dumb and so beast-like that it does not know the difference between a thief and the only Begotten Son. In a frantic effort to forget its hollowness it takes to ping-pong, parchesi and progressive euchre, and seeks to lose itself and find a solace in tiddledywinks ❧ Now and then it blinks stupidly and cries, "Away with Him!" or it stops its game long enough to pass gall and vinegar on a spear to one it has thrust beyond the pale ❧ For the woman who has loved much, society has but one verdict: Crucify her! The best and the worst are hanged on one tree. In the abandon of a great love there is a godlike quality which places a woman very close to the holy of holies, and yet such a one, not having complied with society's edicts, is thrust out, and society, Pilate-like, washes its hands in innocency.

❧

RESPONSIBILTIES gravitate to the person who can shoulder them, and power flows to the man who knows how ❧ ❧ ❧

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THE PLAN OF TOM L. JOHNSON

PRESIDENT of this bank, as an earnest worker for the interests of the whole people is world-wide. Few men are better known and the efforts of none are more appreciated. In organizing this bank we enlisted the personal and financial co-operation of Mr. Johnson upon the understanding that it should be a bank for "the people" rather than for the benefit of a few capitalists.

It is particularly gratifying that we are able to present our

BANK MONEY ORDER PLAN

the most perfect method ever devised for handling accounts from depositors anywhere in the world. When you send money to us for deposit, we issue to you, instead of the old, clumsy "passbook," with its dangerous and inconvenient features, our Bank Money Orders. They show, on their face, the amount of principal and interest—you know what it is at a glance, without figuring. They are Certified Checks on this Bank, the safest known form of commercial paper. You keep them and when you need money,

YOU CAN HAVE THESE BANK MONEY ORDERS CASHED AT THIS BANK—ANYWHERE

with interest at 4%. The plan is ideal—your money is always on deposit, yet you have it constantly in hand ready for instant use in time of need. ¶ Deposits accepted for any sum from $1.00 up, and from the moment your money reaches us it draws

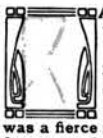
FOUR PER CENT INTEREST

If you have money on deposit anywhere, or if you contemplate opening a savings account, you owe it to yourself and those dependent upon you to investigate this remarkably convenient and safe method.

Write for booklet "J" today, or send us your deposit and we will at once mail you BANK MONEY ORDERS for the full amount. The booklet is free—write for it now

THE INDEPENDENCE SAVINGS & TRUST CO., Tom L. Johnson, Pres., Cleveland, O.

A Tale of Evolution



BACK in the days when you went barefoot, with a huge straw hat pulled down to your ears, Suspenders were a comparative luxury. A single strap over the right shoulder and buttoned at the left hip was all you required. 'Member, after school, when the crowd struck the edge of the swimming hole, it was a fierce race to see who was "King." Only a very few seconds were necessary to divest yourself of the single waist, and those trousers that Mother tailored so carefully; then there was a splash—perhaps you 'd won. When leaving the water, the show was repeated—a mad race to dress—then you lost; some one had succeeded in tying your clothes in seventeen knots, and the many beauties of the single strap suspender were of no assistance in such an emergency.

You evolved something better in the Suspender line, when long trousers arrived, and you went calling on the Newest Girl in High School—probably a flowered effect, with huge brass buckles; tho hidden 'neath one's coat, they loaned a feeling of elegance that was quite comforting. At that time, "the best" did not signify quality—a hurdy-gurdy attachment was the real necessity.

Next came the so-called High-Class Elastic Suspenders, and this seemed the end of the road; who could ask for more! Yet, as time progressed, the little annoyances familiar to the wearer of the Elastic Suspender, soon introduced themselves. A wise man once said, "Our money we trust to the Banker, our family secrets to the Lawyer, our sins to the Preacher, but everything else to our Suspenders."

Comfort and security are the passwords in Nineteen Hundred and Eight. As we grow older we grow wiser; the things that were so necessary in days gone by are now replaced. The single strap is one of Boyhood's Memories; the glare and pomp of the Stone Age no longer attract: Nor do we now require the Aldermanic Brace, that could be stretched through the armholes of one's weskit, with such telling effect, when discussing weighty topics.

The progressive men of the present day wears suspenders that give shoulder comfort, that require no gentle nursing, that keep their trousers out of the mud.

Gordon Suspenders

For Men of Mentality They Never Grow Longer.

Most Suspenders are too long or too short. Gordon Suspenders are made to fit all kinds of men.

Four sizes—33 for men 5 foot 6 and shorter. 35 and 37 for medium sized men. 40 for tall men. Size is on every pair.

Five Reasons Why We Can Afford to Guarantee Gordon's For One Year

1—Buttonholes in the back ends are NOT cut in—they are WOVEN in the webbing, which makes buttonholes that cannot tear.

2—Smooth, sliding web back, which slides with every move. Relieves all strain and affords full shoulder freedom. No leather, rollers, rings or unnecessary metal.

3—After fixing to fit, the buckles need never again be raised, which with elastic suspenders is an every-now-and-then necessity.

4—Ends unhitch and connect quickly, making it unnecessary to unbutton them. The grip is convenient, simple, strong.

5—White cable-yarn ends are the strongest of all suspender ends. Proof—our one year guarantee.

OUR ONE YEAR GUARANTEE

If Gordon ends break within one year we give new ends FREE. If other parts break within one year we give a new pair of Gordons FREE

GORDON MANUFACTURING CO.
271 MAIN STREET, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.
All Modern Haberdashers or By Mail

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TIME'S SENTINEL

WHAT a wonderful trip, could we but walk through Time's Gallery of Events ✍ Time, the All-Wonderful! Monarchies have risen out of nothing, and vanished again into the dust, but Time goes on. Heroes rise and fall. The surface of the Earth changes; the map is reconstructed; the World gives birth to a new art, a new civilization, a new religion, while Time smiles his smile of great contempt and holds his peace. Think you what strange tales he would have to tell, could we get past his cold reserve for one single moment; many a side-light would be thrown on the Great Men of History, and Women, too. But such is not for us!

All our apparent progress he has noted since the beginning of things, yet always preserved Sphinx-like silence. No doubt in his quiet way, he enjoys our hair-breadth attempts to clip seconds off so-called records. Must not we allow him the luxury of a smile, when some autoist, bent on what we call earthly fame, whirls around a circular-shaped track, only to dash his brains out eventually on one of its treacherous curves, in his race against Time?

Time has no real rival, yet his every breath is now recorded ✍ For centuries man felt that Time, of all things, should be watched. Not until the Howard Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., entered the field, however, was the matter *exactly* arranged. Now in all parts of the World, sentinels of insignificant size, but wondrous accuracy, keep pace with Time. Watches indeed! Second for second, during sixty-six years they have followed in his tracks, asking no favors, boasting not, yet proving worth and workmanship by the character of their movements. The Howard Watch controls Time, yet does not monopolize it ✍ The Howard has no competitor—it is unique, peculiar, distinctive. It stands alone.

HOWARD WATCHES

have been made since 1842, and the Howards made half a century ago are still being carried ✍ A Howard is like a "Stradivarius"—it never grows old. Edward Howard who originated the Howard Watch was a man of the Stradivarius type—he worked for twenty-five years before he made a watch that pleased him, and then he said, "Other men will make different watches, but they will never make a better one." He was right; they never have! ✍ Can you afford to spar with undivided time? Howard Watches solve the difficulty!

A little pamphlet, "Watch Wisdom," was written for you. Do you want it?

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

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"PUSH"
Li'l' Mose's Mascot

The Musical Fun-Show

Nixons & Zimmerman's Production of the "Somewhat Different" Kind of Musical-Fun Play.

Li'l' Mose

A CHAPTER from Nature's Sketch Book by Fred Nixon-Nirdlinger and Charles H. Brown set to melody by A. Baldwin Sloane

OPENS: Savoy Theatre, Atlantic City, April Twentieth. Baltimore, Academy of Music, week of April Twenty-seventh. Philadelphia, Garrick or Park Theatre during the week of May Fourth.

Next Season: All Leading Cities East and West

Y tired Soul drowsed, and cynically wise,
I viewed a world whence Truth and
Faith had flown;
When, suddenly, my Soul leaped to his throne—
A noble Woman looked me in the eyes!

—Francis James MacBeath.

E have been preaching these many years the doctrine of individual salvation. We have told each man to take care of his own soul. No matter whether conditions were well or ill with the great masses he was told that all he had to think about was his own salvation. If he had accepted certain dogmatic doctrines he was individually saved. We were told that social conditions had no place in the pulpit. Yet these were the only things the prophets ever talked about; the oppression of the poor by the rich was their text. The seething indignation of the Man of Nazareth was directed against evils of civilization. His thought was constantly engaged as to how He should deliver the sinner. He recognized the sins against property and the sins against the family in the publican and the harlot, but He found the root of these sins in the soil of society itself.

—Rev. Dr. A. S. Crapsey.

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A Little Journey for Printers!



THE report that Gutenberg, who invented the art of printing from movable type, was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, is slightly exaggerated.

Gutenberg lived at Mayence on the Rhine, and the shop where he worked is still shown.

It was the invention of printing that ushered in the Italian Renaissance.

Printing helped Martin Luther to discover John Calvin in France and John Knox in Scotland. These men were great advertisers, but had it not been for the printing press, Luther, Calvin and Knox could have willed posterity little. Before the days of movable type, publicity was largely a matter of subsidizing the Town Crier with booze.

Book-making and printing attained its height about 1530 at Venice. Since then we have only made books cheaper and faster, not better ✍ From Venice the art swung around to Holland, only a little way from the birthplace of Gutenberg, and at Leyden, Antwerp and Amsterdam lived the greatest and best printers the World has ever seen.

Two families, the Elzevirs and the Plantins, organized a trust and controlled the trade for two hundred years.

In America, Philadelphia has been the home of the best in printing and in advertising since Benjamin Franklin made a fortune at the printing business, and sold out to launch the Ship of State.

The World was discovered in 1492, but man was not discovered until 1776.

It was Franklin who saw him first, but the printing press was necessary to advertise the fact. Franklin bought his type in Holland ✍ Franklin was a Pennsylvania Dutchman by grace, being born in Boston, but leaving there early in life. There were seventeen in this Franklin family—this being before the Stork was replaced by the Teddy Bear—and no one ever heard of any of them except the Printer who went to Philadelphia.

A Good Printer can sometimes exist without advertising, but a Superb Advertiser would find his hands tied thru lack of proper printing assistance ✍ Type is the vocal cord of the Publicity Man.

The American Type Founders Co. make a specialty of Antique Type. They have reproduced the best faces used by the Venetians and by the Elzevirs and Plantins, and by Franklin ✍ They have the Initials and Ornaments and Borders that were made when Rembrandt, Rubens and Franz Hals worked with and for the Plantins ✍ ✍

If you are a disciple of Gutenberg, and want distinguished and individual effects, you should write the American Folks for their specimens.

Branch offices in all large cities. Main office at Jersey City, New Jersey.

✍



THE Fra once said:

Most anybody can do business fairly well.

Many men can do business very well.

A few can do business superbly well.

But the man who not only does his work superbly well but adds to it a last touch of personality through great zeal, patience, and persistence, making it peculiar, unique, individual, distinct and unforgetable is an artist. And this applies to each and every field of human endeavor—managing a hotel, a bank, a factory—writing, speaking, modeling, painting. It is that last undefinable touch that counts: the last three seconds he knocks off the record that proves the man a genius.

The Fra also once coughed gently and said: ¶ The Berry House at Athens, Ohio, is one of the best hotels I ever saw ✍ It is the only hotel in the town, for Berry has set a pace which no competitor is able to follow ✍ The service is faultless; the rooms immaculate; the cooking a work of art. Berry is his own Chef; he loves his work and so gives to it an individuality. ¶ Mrs. Berry is the housekeeper, and her attention to details proves that genius is sometimes feminine ✍ ✍

For instance, in every room is writing-paper,

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a Roycroft calendar, a pincushion, needles and thread, a whisk broom, a comb and brush, and a bottle of violet water in the bathrooms. ¶ You might expect the souvenir hunter to steal Berry to a standstill, but she doesn't. ¶ A hotel is known by the soap it supplies. Mrs. Berry sees that a fresh cake of soap is in your room when you enter and every requisite there that adds to your comfort, and yet she is never in evidence

All the linen is made to order and the dishes, too, and marked "Berry." In the writing-room is a dictionary, an atlas and an encyclopedia. ¶ No tips are allowed in the Berry House on penalty They tell of one man who gave the landlord a quarter, mistaking him for a porter. ¶ The amount was duly credited on the man's bill The rule is now well understood. The traveling public swear by Berry, not at him. ¶ Berry has run his hotel for twenty years and has never had a bar. He puts forever the kibosh on that ancient superstition that success in the hotel business turns on the sale of booze. ¶ Mine Host Berry has entertained Miss Willard, Julia Ward Howe, President McKinley, Senator Mark Hanna, Wm. Jennings Bryan, Senator Dollivar, DeWitt Miller, Rev. Frank Gunsaulus, and very many other distinguished ladies and gentlemen.

All good Roycrofters are invited to make the Berry House their headquarters when it is convenient to do so.

EVER since you were a small toddler, candy has been a special hobby. Your first lemon sticks were, of course, the best of all—that's admitted. But the time when Mother kept pennies in the Ginger Jar for Good Kids is now long past; the last lemon stick you tried had somehow lost its flavor. All Candy, in fact, that we buy in the Big Towns now-a-days, has a "Professional Taste" that never quite satisfies.

When next your thoughts ramble back to the Maple Sugar of Childhood, and you have dire longings, write a note to the

ROYCROFT KANDY KITCHEN GIRLS

They make real Boy and Girl Kandy—Fresh—for Grown-ups. ¶ The material used by the Kandy Kitchen Girls is right from Nature's Heart. Every day they attach their pails to the Roycroft Maple Sugar Trees, and the Sap—it comes to you in the form of Patties. ¶ Roycroft Kandy Renews Youth. Address the

ROYCROFT KANDY KITCHEN GIRLS

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

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I AM a writing man, and know the difficulties of the craft; and I say that Elbert Hubbard is the greatest writer—vocabulary and range of ideas considered—that the world has ever seen, ancient or modern.—*Robert Barr.*

YOUNG writers intent on style can not do better than read Elbert Hubbard. He says big things in tabloid. Also he knows how to stop when he has said it.—*Alfred Henry Lewis.*

I HAVE never met Hubbard and do not want to, and I have never been to his so-called book ranch where the Boy-Grafters and Roisterers make de Luxe Volumes at one hundred per ℳ I knew the frowsy Fra's father and mother at the village of Hudson, McLean County, Illinois. They belonged to the Baptist Church, and I never ceased to wonder how such nice people came to have such a scalawag son.—*Jeremiah Baldwin, Editor "The Peoria Star."*

AS a writer of unforgetable prose, Hubbard is an Artist in ideas, using words that are tinted like shells of the sea.—*Joaquin Miller.*

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ORIGINALITY IS A MATTER OF STYLE OR METHOD, NOT OF SUBSTANCE. HE WHO GIVES A NEW EXPRESSION TO SOME OLD THOUGHT IS ORIGINAL

Copyright, 1908 Elbert Hubbard

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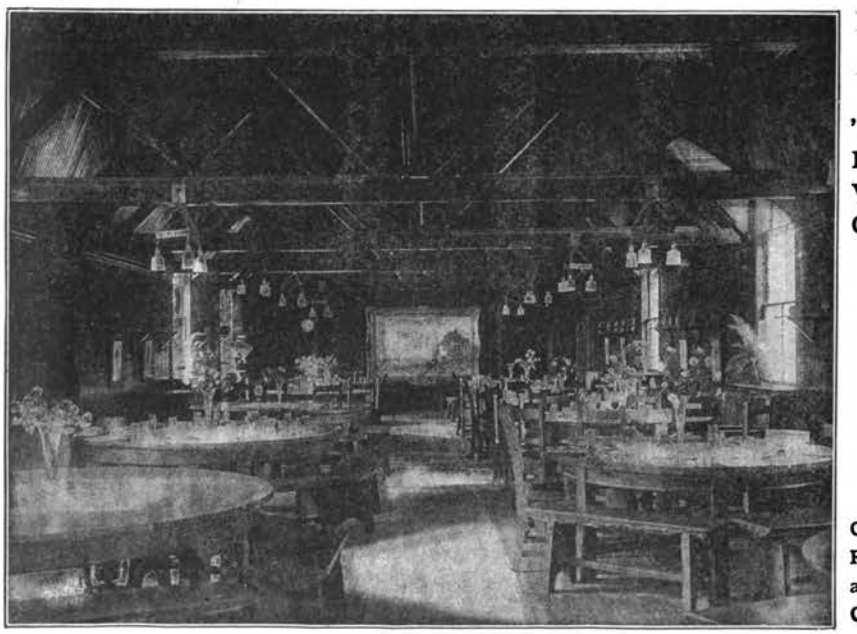
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THE ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS, BUT IT OFTEN ACQUIRES SOME VERY NEEDFUL POLISH

THE ROYCROFT INN

(ACROSS FROM THE WELL)



THE DINING ROOM

'Round the Round Tables Where Good Cheer Prevails

AMERICAN PLAN
Two Dollars a Day and Up

Conducted by THE ROYCROFTERS at East Aurora, Erie County, New York

COME TO THE ROYCROFT INN AND FORGET IT

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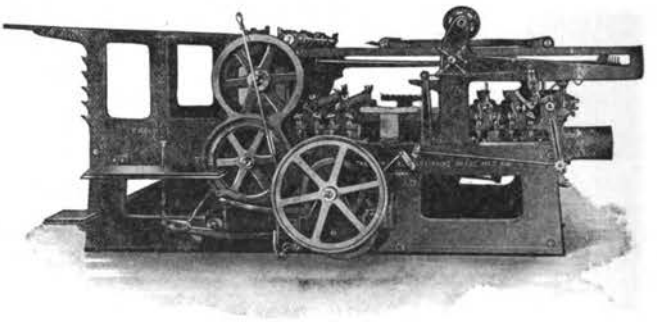
THEN tells you one of your grandfather's favorite short stories: And of course you have met the salesman who mentions his product only to introduce a lengthy dissertation on his family affairs, using up a half hour of your precious time: And of course you have met the salesman who smells like too many drinks and too much tobacco: the fellow with the leather lungs and wide waving hands, who talks for forty-five minutes to say nothing: But friend, I ask you, have you met the ***Sheldon Variety***—the man who has a Message; something to sell; a personality; clean linen, and the manners of a gentleman? There are many of these star salesmen in the world of course who have n't studied Sheldon: they are simply practicing unconsciously some of the laws which Sheldon has formulated into a science. ¶ ***Sheldon's Brand*** is increasing every day, crowding the "near product" into obscurity. Perhaps you 'll meet one who is selling shoes. He asks for five minutes of your time to give you a plain, commonsense shoe-talk. He does n't scatter. He goes to the point, and he is a gentleman. He talks nothing but shoes, yet talks shoes all the time in such a convincing manner that you are with him from the start. Shoes to him are the dearest things in all the world. He eats shoes, loves shoes, talks shoes and sleeps shoes. There is nothing of any importance to him but shoes, and before the five minutes have elapsed, your order has been safely shooed into his pocket. What's more, he leaves you with a feeling of respect for all foot-gear.

This Salesman is on the road to sell something for some one, and he does it. Personality, as personality goes, has long since been submerged for the good of the concern. He is not a pocket edition of the Judge Quarterly, nor does he air the last scandal with a casual acquaintance. He is evolving a Science—a Science that first reached the world through ***Sheldon,*** and is being pushed onward by his 20th Century Disciples—the type that wins. By this time, every one knows ***Sheldon*** & ***Sheldon,*** the man to whom the Selling World removes its hat. ***Sheldon,*** the ex-college man, ex-lawyer, present day Salesman & ***Sheldon,*** the man who has proven his ability by selling his course of Scientific Salesmanship to over 30,000 progressive Business Men & ***Sheldon,*** the man who inspires the Other Fellow. ***Sheldon,*** who originated the Idea. One touch of ***Sheldon*** completes the circuit. ¶ ***Sheldon*** has a little booklet that tells of his thirty thousand Conquests. It 's yours if you 're interested.

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"IT ALWAYS WORKS"

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HE Play 's the thing—when it is, and when it is n't, it is n't. The wide spread prejudice against the stage is founded on fact. A play makes a tremendous impression ❧ We read a book and forget it, but the play is remembered for long years. Bad plays appeal to passion, and defenses of wrong exert bad influences ❧ The Church seeing the power of the stage has naturally been jealous and fearful of it ❧ But sensible people now perceive that the stage should be the ally of morality instead of its menace ❧ ❧

¶ The play that supplies innocent amusement, rest and diversion, with promptings toward what is right, best and proper, is a great civilizing agent. To have seen David Warfield in the "Music Master," Denman Thompson in the "Old Homestead," or Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," is each and all an event in life. ¶ But of all the plays that combine laughter, a touch of tears, and the human interest that grips your heart and sends you away filled with an earnest desire to moderate your voice, and moderate your opinion of people, and open your purse—that play is "Li'l Mose." It is the work of that very versatile genius, Fred G. Nixon-Nirdlinger, assisted by a person bearing the modest name of Brown—Charles H. Brown—who is quite some cognoscentissimus on the playwright preserve.

Little Mose is a sawed-off and hammered-down Afro-American, who is serving as valet for a merry widow. They are traveling through Europe, and are at Venice, where the widow deserts her faithful valet, owing him large sums for services rendered and borrowed money. In the city of damp streets little Mose finds himself "busted" and a million miles from home. He can't speak the language, his color is against him, and his size is no recommendation. The Dagoes propose to use him as shark bait, when suddenly they find he can sing and dance ❧ ❧ Song is the universal solvent—and Mose's luck changes for the moment.

But trouble is at his heels, and soon a dog is his only friend. Trial, difficulty, and hunks of tribulation come to Mose, but through it all he makes his way, laughing and singing, kindly heroic—never so reduced that he does not see a chance to help others.

Italy, the Land of Song, supplies excuse for a fine chorus and great opera singers, to the joy of Mose—and the audience.

All ends happily with Mose in New York, jumping overboard to help a "busted" Italian singer who once did him a kindness in Venice.

Mose never forgets his friends. The man rescued proves to be a Nobleman on his Uppers. Of course Mose is rewarded with a Dukedom, or something just as good. Good cheer, courage and hustle are always rewarded in America—and elsewhere.

All ends happily, and we leave the theatre laughing and crying at the same time, intent on helping the first unfortunate—dog or man—who comes our way. The music that floats the play, is as liquid and refreshing as summer dew, and makes you think of the days when Gilbert and Sullivan were supreme, and had not yet quarreled. ¶ A. Baldwin Sloane did the music and he is surely a lulu in his line. Any man is great who can set a whole republic of people to whistling his jinkfull tunes.

❧

If it is in THE FRA, Folks will read it.

❧

WHEN I was practising medicine in Texas, a great many years ago, an epidemic of smallpox appeared in the town where I lived. Of course, I had to "vaccinate" a great many people, or, at least, to pretend to do so, if I did not wish to lose reputation and practice; but as this method was against my interior conviction, instead of using vaccine matter I only used a drop of glycerine, which could do no harm ❧ Strange as it may appear, of all those persons I thus "vaccinated" and "revaccinated" not a single one died; but of those who were vaccinated in the regular way a great many took smallpox and passed through the portals of death.—Dr. Franz Hartmann, in the HEALTH RECORD.

❧

Discourage litigation ❧ Persuade your neighbors to compromise, whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner in a law-suit is often a real loser—in fees, expenses and waste of time. As a peace-maker, the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

—Abraham Lincoln.

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R. CHAS. McCORMICK says of the American Medical Association.

"There are many trusts nowadays, but the medical trust is the most dangerous, because it is the most far-reaching and most tyrannical of any trust on earth. It not only reaches deep down into the pockets of the masses, be they rich or poor, but it trifles with human health and happiness, and even human life and personal liberty.

"This professional trust is determined to crush out all competition; that is, all other practitioners except their own. This trust is determined to make it unlawful to be born, or be sick, or die, without tipping the hat and opening the purse to one of their kind ❧ We cannot even bury our friends without consent of a medical health officer, and he ignores certificates from all but his own clan. This trust strikes directly at the liberties of the people; for it says in unmistakable language, the people must hire them at their prices whether they wish to or not."

❧

UCCESS means that you have dared to do something that no one else dared to do; advice means that people are trying to make you walk in the beaten track.—Oscar Hammerstein.

❧

LMOST all disagreeable happenings are best forgotten ❧ This does not apply to disagreeable facts like private and public corruption, cruelty and greed in active, present operation. These are to be remembered and cheerfully fought and beaten. But the mean things people have said about you, the hateful things they have done to you, can hurt you only as you keep them in mind to the poisoning of your good will and to the exclusion of large, beneficent thinking. You might as well pick up and carry garbage around in your pockets when good, red apples are plenty, as to carry ill memories when the world is full of good ones and humanity is hungering for good will.

—The Sharpshooter.

N your philosophy of life there is the idea of the Fatherhood of God ❧ So there is in mine. In yours, as in mine, there must also be the idea of the Brotherhood of Man. I appeal to you, then, to give me your encouragement and support, not only in enforcing as best we can such laws on our statute books as are provided for the maintainance of order and decency in our community, but also in bringing as near to an end as in our power it lies, the unbrotherly legal conditions, which, by giving valuable privileges under the law to some, thereby deny just natural rights to so many others, and consequently make so much of the poverty and misery from which our disorder proceeds. To whom can I look with confidence for sympathy, encouragement and support in the faithful execution of this purpose, if not to the good men of our city?—Tom L. Johnson.

❧

We know enough, and if we only had the will to methodize our lives, we could all live a hundred years, unless we are run over by a benzine buggy.

❧

OBODY with a talent for accomplishing things can spend his time in persuading a multitude of people to think alike ❧ There is a shorter way of changing the laws than by talk. It is discovered that every stroke of effectual industry changes the nature of man and the conditions of earthly existence—and that changes the laws. The genius of this land is business—the regenerative life of the world. With the discrediting of sects and parties it becomes possible for the people to get together in the spirit of the arts and sciences for the work of civilization.—Chas. Ferguson.

❧

If you would have health, cultivate your will and expend energy.

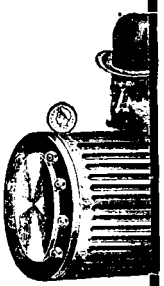
❧

T contributes greatly towards a man's moral and intellectual health, to be brought into habits of companionship with individuals unlike himself, who care little for his pursuits and whose sphere and abilities he must go out of himself to appreciate.—Hawthorne.

In other words, my son, be a good mixer!

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CALIFORNIA, the land of promise—America's Garden of Eden—a place where the sun shines all the year around, and where there's surf-bathing in January. When most of our Country know the pangs of winter, California opens her storehouses, and facing the East, sends forth an ocean of Good Things to grace our tables: Grapes, Oranges, Pineapples, Peaches, Figs. In New Castle, California, the FOOTHILL ORCHARD COMPANY has wonderful tracts of land, and here grow the GERALDSON BLACK FIGS, which are afterward dried in the sun and packed in 30 oz. cartons with loving care for the Elect. One dollar will bring from the Foothill Folks three of these cartons—a formal introduction, and better than medicine! If you agree with them that they are delicious, of course you may purchase greater quantities. Now while you think of it, send that dollar—and prepare for a treat

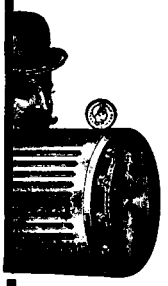


an engineer you want an engine that requires the minimum of fuel, and he will tell you to write to the makers of the

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He may not. But the chances are he will. If you need an engine, we can send you a list of users, many of whom you know. Catalog just off the press. Ideal agents in all the principal cities of the world. Ideal Engines run in oil, using their lubricants over and over.

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HAT the world needs to know is that the normal man is happy, comfortable and contented, honest, ambitious and friendly. All deviations from this standard mean disease that drugs, prayer, faith and nothing but right life will heal, and if the disease comes under the head of crime no amount of punishment will cure.

Inability to sleep, restlessness, dreaming, getting up tired of a morning, with backache or pains in any part of the body, puffed eyelids and swollen face; eyes that dread the light; a mental condition that does not voice an accompaniment to the lark's song, means a system poisoned by excess.

Health is not marked by nervousness, irritability and impatience. A business run with a mind constantly harassed by such nervous strain will eventually go to pieces, for the merchant will lose judgment, his business will become entangled and end in failure. This state means eating wrong; the amount of food may not be too great, but the combinations are wrong and instead of being nourishing it poisons the system. Poison is the only definition for the hundreds of small derangements of mind and body observed in the business world, and unless corrected will undermine either the man or his business or both. Going to Europe will not rid you of bad habits.

—J. H. Tilden, M. D.

[illegible]

[illegible] the impression of Nervilene.

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THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, New York

IT is evident that Browning loved his love-story, and loved the World to love it, too. All natural, unconventionalized men do. The man who has grown a rose, or discovered a star, does not hasten to hide the fact; on the contrary, he calls in his friends to festival and says: "Rejoice with me." There is as much generosity in human nature. He does not say: "This rose is too sacred, or this star too sacred for other eyes to look upon;" but on the contrary: "This rose, this star is so sacred that I must not keep it for my selfish eyes alone. Rather is it my duty to reveal it to the whole world, that the eyes of all men may be blessed by this wonder, and their hearts purified." Beautiful, holy things can never be profaned from without. If the great love stories of the world had been kept "private" as some smug old-maidish critics would, no doubt, prefer, how impoverished the world would be.

—Richard Le Gallienne.

THERE is no defense or security for any of us except in the highest intelligence and development of all. If anywhere there are efforts tending to curtail the fullest growth of the Negro, let these efforts be turned into stimulating, encouraging, and making him the most useful and intelligent.

—Booker T. Washington.

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THOU shouldst not let thy mind wander, Oh, Immortal One, from the Annual Philistine Convention! Starting July 1st the Elect will gather on the Banks of the Romantic Cazenovia, in East Aurora, for a brief period of Intellectual Communion. Every Good and Worthy Spirit who seeks Mental Stimulation should arrange to be present. Come, Bury your Past; your Sins lack importance; for verily they ask no questions In the Land of Immortality.
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THE FRA'S Advertisements Are Literature

If you here read other People's Advertisements, others will read yours, if it is here. Otherwise NOT.



WHO does not have the desire at this time of the year to plant something—to get out in the open, and with his hands dig into the earth, while the sunlight pours down upon him? This is Spring—the time when everything seeks to grow, and whether your mind merely takes a turn towards beautifying the grounds about your house, or whether you would become a Practical Gardener, you would do well to write for the
Annual for 1909
These people are Seed Specialists; they have nothing but the Choicest Varieties, and if you would get Ninety Per Cent results, BURPEE'S SEEDS are the ones to use. Their customers of Years' standing have christened their product: THE SEEDS THAT GROW. That 's enough—they Grow. What gives more satisfaction after weeks of effort than a table full of garden goodies! Plant your garden!
W. ATLEE BURPEE & COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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A STORY is told of a Busy Business Man who lived in Boston Town. In the morning he would whirl down to business in his powerful motor car and back home again in the evening, while the rest of the day was filled with ceaseless brain toil. Eventually nature interfered. Eyes that will stand a reasonable strain cannot stand everything. After being weakened by ten hours of constant work, the delicate membrane could not stand the clouds of dust, microbic flies, etc., that every motorist is obliged to face. What can one expect from eyes that receive no care and are overworked! Needless to say they failed him ❧ Today he totters about his palatial residence in one of the fashionable suburbs of Boston—a man aged beyond his years. Springtime to him means nothing, for his sun has long since faded in the West, and his is a world of darkness.

The Murine Remedy Company of Chicago, Illinois has spent much time in preparing for the Business Man-Autoist, an eye remedy, which in reality is a soothing cleanser. It allays all irritation and frees the eye of all dust particles picked up on the road. This eye remedy is packed in a little leather case, very de Luxe, and quite auto-like in its general appearance. No inconvenience to carry it, but a real friend when the "cleaning up" takes place. One dollar to the Elect.

IF you do not read LITTLE JOURNEYS, written by Elbert Hubbard, you are missing some of the finest touches of literature that have been penned since the days when Oliver Wendell Holmes was in his prime ❧ They are a series of biographical sketches written in a most fascinating style. No high school library should be without them.—Prof. S. Y. Gillan in the "Western Teacher." ❧

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS NO. 29

TO ALL OF OUR SALESMEN

GENTLEMEN: Those of you who are not subscribers to THE PHILISTINE, East Aurora, New York, will please subscribe at One Dollar for a year, beginning with the January, 1908, number and charge to us in expense account.

If you don't always agree with what it says read it anyway—IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.

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February 1, 1908

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Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious

TO the healthy man, migration is a necessity,—to stand still is to stagnate. The flowers that send forth the sweetest odors are those which have been transplanted, and the really great brains that the World has known were nurtured under foreign skies. To get out, hike, meander, mosey is one of the laws of progress. Ever since time began, man has been pushing forward, ever forward into new lands ❧ Countries that were once deemed impassable for various reasons, now show all the earmarks of civilization. The greatest of human desires is "to go somewhere." At one time or another, in every one's existence, there bubbles up from within, an unconquerable yearning for something new. To combat it is to die. That is why we, poor victims of a pampered civilization, each first of May, pack up our goods and chattels and move 'round the corner. It really is not because our apartment, our house, or our cabin is not what it should be, but because we *must* get out. The Gypsy Spirit is like the sap in the wood when the sun of spring shines brightest.

To the Movers, Civilization presents many difficulties that never confronted our Forefathers ❧ When our Ancestors migrated, they lived off the land they traveled through. Not so with us. The Big City presents a poor ground for a Foraging Party, yet we must eat and live, consequently it is necessary to take our provisions with us, thereby escaping the inconveniences that a new city or a new neighborhood presents ❧

Park & Tilford, the Big New York Store

will prepare you for your Health Hike,—furnish everything that is good to eat. Their stock is drawn from every country in the world: from the necessary cheese and crackers to the fragrant four-inch Havana Cigar—they run the gamut of Human Desires. *THEIR PRICES ARE RIGHT. And of course they pay all freight charges*

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What a pity flowers can utter no sound!—A singing Rose, a whispering Violet, a murmuring Canterbury Bell,—Oh, what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be!—*Beecher*



BEECHER was an Old-Fashioned Man—a New Englander of pure mind and sweet thoughts; to him flowers symbolized the good in the world—one of his greatest pleasures was to walk thru his garden in the early morning among the Canterbury Bells while they were yet wet with dew, and croon to them as tho they understood. 'T is said, this was his inspiration.

Many of the gems of Literature that Beecher willed to the world first saw the light of day in his Old-Fashioned Garden. But then, who has not during life received a message from a Violet, a Canterbury Bell, or some such simple flower!

Few of us fail to look back to a time when we, too, walked the paths of some Old-Fashioned Garden with a certain Some One, or leaned across the garden wall to whisper a question that was not meant for the flowers to hear. Think you the garden's influence had aught to do with the answer?

Whether or not the real Old-Fashioned Garden and Old-Fashioned Flowers have their origin in New England is of no importance. These people seem to have the happy knack of supplying that homely, homelike touch which beautifies everything.

In this same county Longfellow, Whittier and Hawthorne lived out-of-doors with their plants every year, while in their own minds flourished the flowers that were afterwards transplanted in the Garden of Literature.

¶ Just a few miles from Longfellow's home in Cambridge there is an

Old-Fashioned New England Garden

presided over by Old New England Folks; and every summer they entertain right royally. If you love OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS the Rawson Folks of Marblehead, Mass., want you to call and see them —any time this summer will suit. Of course they 'll let you buy a few for your Own Garden—if you insist—that 's understood.

For the convenience of friends who cannot get away to see the Farm they have a little office in Boston that will attend to all inquiries.

W. W. Rawson & Co., 5 Union St. Boston, Mass.

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THEIRS IS THE MODERN EDEN

IT is the way of man first to dream, then to doubt, then to despair, and finally to sneer both at his dream, his doubt and his despair. Human history is continually going this round of evolution—with its poets, its sceptics, its pessimists, and its cynics ❧ An age of spiritual despair has recently passed into a brief period of bitter and brutal cynicism, but the moon of change is once more bringing in the dreams. Once more man again begins to "think nobly of the soul." Certain coarse old voices will no doubt have him merely a ridiculous animal still, but their audiences are thinning. Young men, in belated imitation, are to be heard preaching their little gospels of brutality, and vainly hoping to stem the rising tide of idealism by miscalling it "sentimentalism," but such are wearing last year's fashions.

¶ There has never been sufficient life in cynicism to allow it a long day. A little stinging fly loses its sting as it uses it—and though the natural history of the illustration be fabulous, its application will serve. Sentimentalism! After all, is there any sentimentalism more shallow and dangerous than the sentimentalism of brute force, the sentimentalism which glorifies man's lust of destruction, and bids the ape and the tiger rise again? If to practice pity, and to seek peace be sentimentalism, to prefer gentleness to cruelty, beauty to ugliness, self-sacrifice to selfishness,—then blessed be sentimentalism.

—Richard Le Gallienne

❧

Fear, hate and prejudice deprive a person of the power to arrive at correct conclusions.

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ADDRESSING ordinary envelopes costs from $1.25 to $2.00 per thousand The Outlook Envelope eliminates this expense. ¶ With the OUTLOOK ENVELOPE you cannot insert an addressed communication in the wrong envelope, nor misdirect the envelope. ¶ These important considerations of economy and absolute accuracy have made this envelope an established success. ¶ Whether you use Ten Thousand envelopes yearly, or Ten Hundred Thousand you cannot afford not to use The Outlook. You will use it some day. Delay is not only expensive but dangerous, for with ordinary envelopes you are likely to make mistakes that will prove expensive and embarrassing. Your trial order is all we ask. The envelope itself will do the rest.

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United States Envelope Co. Worcester, Mass.

WHERE DO YOU STOP WHEN IN NEW YORK

NO the traveler who has neither the time nor inclination to experiment, this is a real problem. —Where indeed?

So many Hotels, yet so few with any Personality.

¶ When next you visit the Metropolis, go to the

ALGONQUIN, 59-65 WEST 44th STREET

Mr. Frank M. Case, Jr., promises a Welcome to all Followers of the Faith. He is one Hotel Man who appreciates that Gold Furniture and Gypsy Bands play a small part in the lives of certain kinds of people.

The Algonquin specializes in what is conservatively correct. Glare is tabu. ¶ It's near everything—yet, not too near. A splendid background for the Elect.

FOR indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
—Tennyson.

S facilities fade felicities form: Herein are the blind made happy. When eyes fail one can seem to see with the ears. This is what the blind do. When both sight and hearing are lost feeling takes their places and no one could be happier than Helen Keller seems to be.

Seeming misfortune is always good fortune for some one somewhere and most often proves fortunate sometime to the seemingly unfortunate of the moment.

Also:

Pain, weakness and languor spell "Don't" in Nature's dumb language Attend well to the Don'ts and Nature will do all the Doings as they best should be done.

Also:

"Never say die" while life lasts: There is no such thing as death. What we call "death" is really new birth. Nothing is lost. Also:

"Nature Knows." Trust Her!—Horace Fletcher

The above was written by a great and good man and there is no doubt but that it is truth. However, from a literary standpoint it is slightly over-fletcherized.

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TAKE the most successful and resounding of men, and if you can induce them to be momentarily honest, you will find that to themselves in their heart of hearts the 'raison d'etre' of their lives is not the exterior achievement of it, not the conquests of their intellect, nor the triumphs of their skill, nor the decorations of their success, but just some simple moments of emotion —some few snatched hours of play. ¶ Indeed, at heart man is a dreamer who has forgotten his dream Centuries ago he dreamed it, as he dreams it over again in the heart of every young man and woman, dreamed it fervently and longed to build it But the building materials were so costly, so hard to win, the labor of building so great, that soon he became entirely absorbed in these and went on toilfully building, quite forgetting why he built. Then when the dream was built, he moved into it with his wife and children, and dwelt therein in a commonplace way valuing only the cost of the structure and the furniture of the dream, and forgetting the dream itself. But sometimes a poet will come to dinner, and as the bourgeois man looks into his simple eyes, suddenly the scales fall from his own and he starts up for a wonderful moment of reality, and a sweet old voice cries in his ears, as he looks on his wife and his home: "This habit, why it was once a passion —this fact, why it was once a dream."—Le Gallienne.



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The No. 3A Folding
POCKET KODAK

Broader in its scope than anything heretofore attained in pocket photography. Makes pictures 3¼ x 5½ inches, yet will go in an ordinary top-coat pocket. Loads in daylight with film cartridges for ten exposures, has a Double Combination Rapid Rectilinear lens of 6½ inch focus and a speed of f.8, and the F. P. K. Automatic shutter for time, "bulb" or instantaneous exposures and fitted with iris diaphragm stops Nos. 4 to 128 inclusive. Rising, falling and sliding front, brilliant reversible finder, two tripod sockets and automatic focusing lock. Made of aluminum and covered with the finest seal grain leather. Perfect in every detail, and subjected to the most rigid inspection. Price, $20.00.

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Schilling's Best is nature's stimulant. It means good digestion, sweet sleep, great ideas, kind thoughts—success. Ask your Grocer.

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WORTHY monk in the year 1232, wrote: "If this thing of book-making is kept up, the world cannot produce enough sheep and goats to supply the skins." ❧ Good vegetarians were refusing to read books because they were printed on vellum, made from skins.

Something must be done.

So paper was invented.

The Japanese had made paper for a thousand years before, from a pulp made from the fibre of plants. They still make paper in the same way under the supervision of the Government. It is made by hand and costs a dollar a pound. ¶ It fell upon the Americans, however, to make the best machine-made paper and the "STRATHMORE QUALITY" brands of Book, Cover and Writing Papers are undoubtedly the finest. STRATHMORE JAPAN is the first in the Book Papers and is good enough for the best edition of books ever published and without the excessive cost of hand-made ❧ This paper embodies characteristics never before attained. ALEXANDRA JAPAN costs about half what STRATHMORE does. Of its class and price there is none other as good. This and the first issue of THE FRA shows the 90 lbs., 25x38, Cream, Plate Finish, for the Cover. There are seven other items including a white. Fra Rosen says, "We use it for poetic reasons and because it is strong, rarely beautiful, lasting, takes a good impression and is moderate in price." ¶ For printed matter that is worth while; for the kind you like to see and show; the kind you keep and the kind most appreciated, there is nothing as good as "STRATHMORE QUALITY." Printers and publishers can show you samples or we will be glad to send them.

Mittineague Paper Co., Mittineague, Mass., U.S.A.
MAKERS OF "STRATHMORE QUALITY"

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TO ADVERTISERS



FTER this issue THE FRA will run no electrotypes and use no half-tones in its make-up. We'll waste no time on parties who cannot see a point unless it is illustrated. However, if you have a line-drawing—away up, done by a sure-enough artist, we'll run it for art's sake—otherwise not. We have come to the conclusion that it isn't the mollycoddles, nature fakirs, nor yet the predatory rich that are threatening the peace and prosperity of this country. ¶ We are simply suffering from a plethora of half-tones. Picture books are for babies. We have looked at pictures until we are in danger of moral strabismus, and as a people are headed for the Monkey House. We are unable to think a thought and throw a mental vision upon our soul-screens. Moving pictures have given us first the creeps and then the jerks. The stereopticon has steered us for Matteawan. So take notice, ye Publicity Boys! Hereafter THE FRA is managed by the avatars of Cadmus, Hypatia, Pericles, Gutenberg, Elzevir, Caxton and Bill Shakespeare. No half-tones! Get copy in early and let us show you a type-effect, such as gladdened with glee the soul of the Plantins, and made happy Samuel and Thomas Roycroft. As before stated—no half-tones!

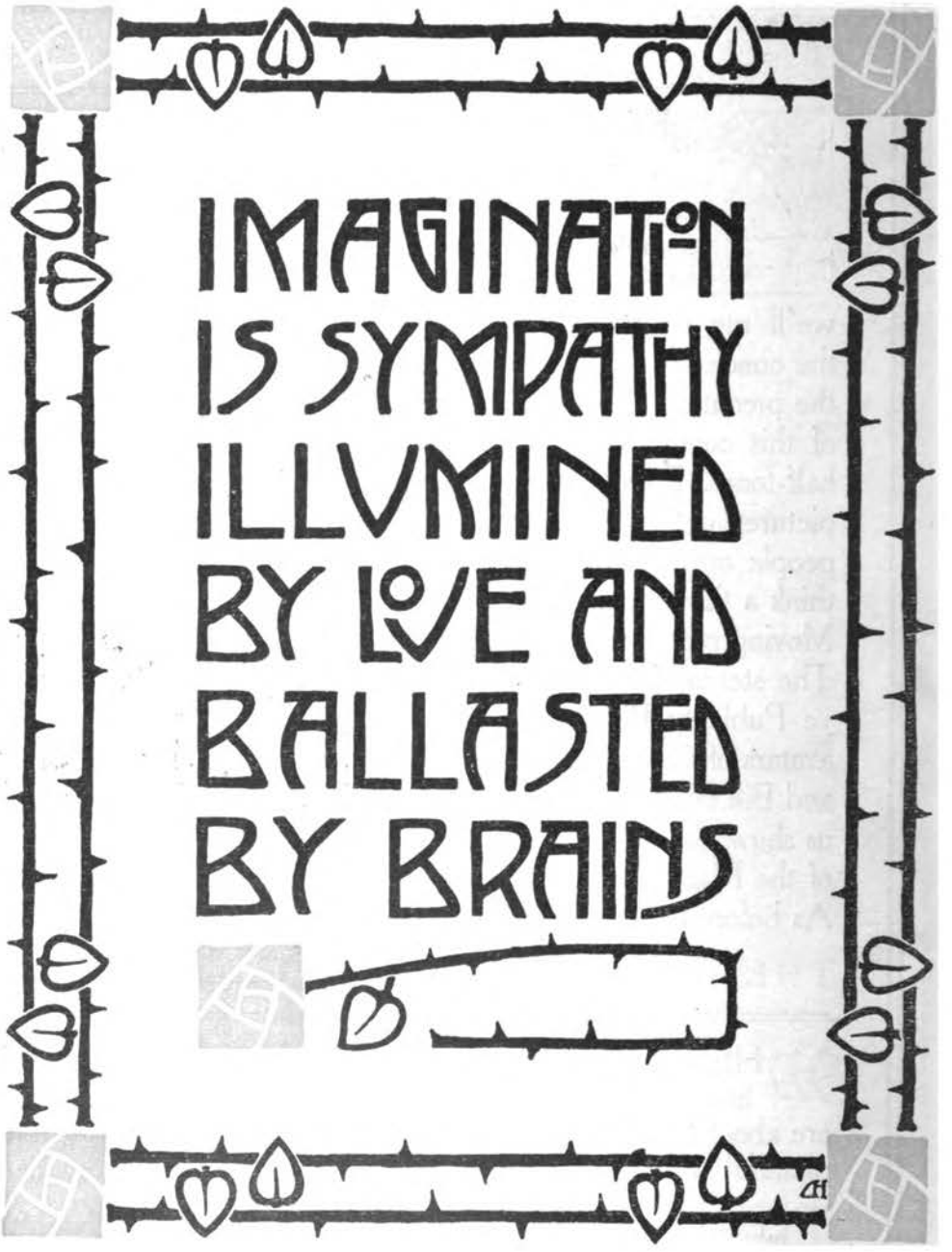
THE FRA, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

WHEN you see the stage hands making ready the curtain, and the stereopticon gent finding the range, you know you are about to be addressed by a party in full dress, who has a plentiful lack of wit.—*Julius C. Strauss*

ILLUSTRATIONS in Magazines are used to divert the reader from the vacuity of the text.—*Harry Stillwell Edwards*

When the advertiser has nothing special to say he runs in a picture illustrating it.—*Marshall P. Wilder*

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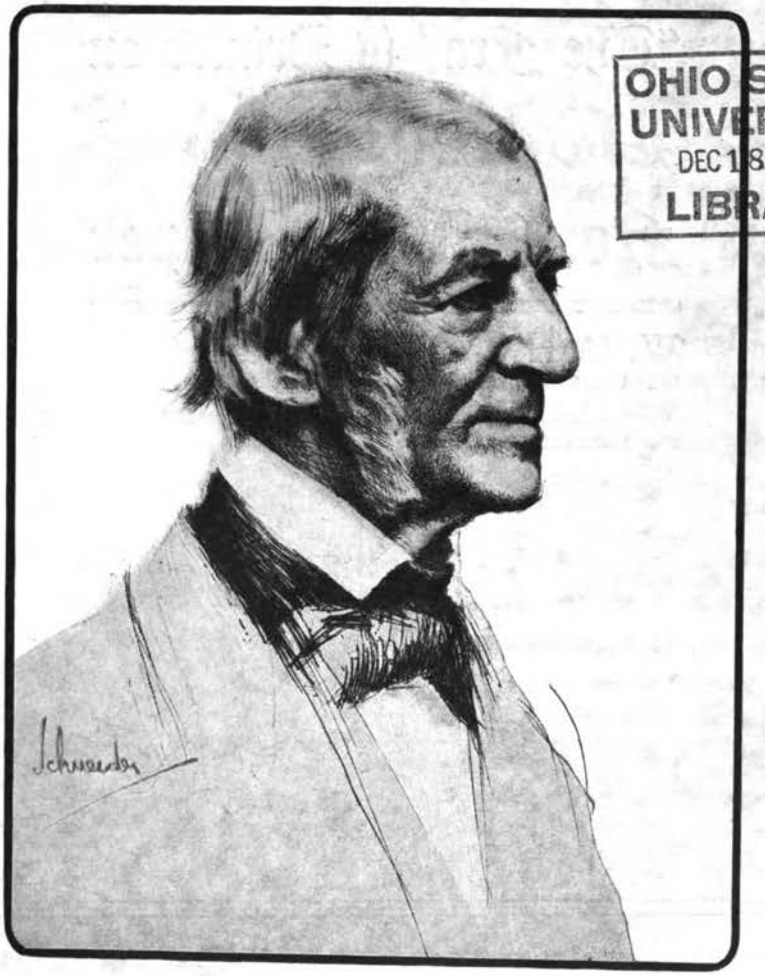
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THE FRA

(NOT FOR MUMMIES)

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 1 JUNE, 1908 No. 3



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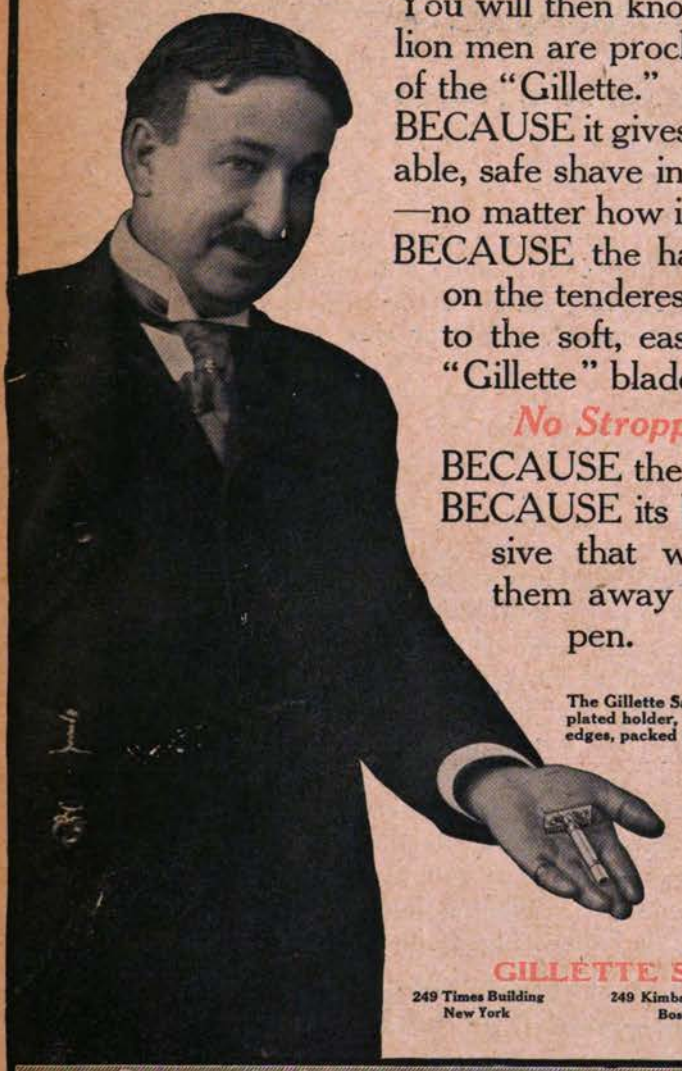
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DISSECT MY RAZOR

The "GILLETTE"

Observe its convenience—its perfection in every detail. Figure out how much time and money you can save by adopting the "Gillette" habit.



You will then know why over two million men are proclaiming the superiority of the "Gillette."

BECAUSE it gives you a clean, comfortable, safe shave in three to five minutes —no matter how inexperienced you are.

BECAUSE the harshest beard, though on the tenderest skin, willingly yields to the soft, easy action of the keen "Gillette" blade.

No Stropping. No Honing.

BECAUSE the holder lasts a lifetime.

BECAUSE its blades are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen.

King C. Gillette

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple, silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged flexible blades—24 keen edges, packed in a velvet-lined leather case, and the price is $5.00. For Sale by Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers.

Combination Sets from $6.50 to $50

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" to-day. If substitutes are offered, refuse them, and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

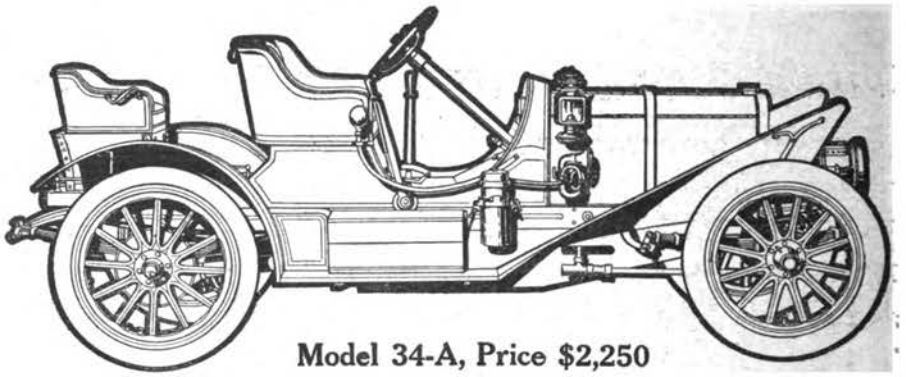
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Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



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Model 34-A, Price $2,250

The discriminating man who has become more experienced in motoring is sure to appreciate the striking individuality and graceful energy of this silently powerful, smooth running Rambler roadster. It is built for the hardest kind of service on country roads or city pavements ¶ In the four-cylinder engine, the crank shaft is offset so that at the instant the explosion occurs and the pressure is greatest, the piston and crank shaft have moved past the dead center—the crank shaft is in a position to receive the full pressure, and turns without unnecessary friction. That is why the Rambler engine is so powerful. In the ordinary automobile engine the piston, crank pin and crank shaft are all in a direct line when the pressure is greatest and until the crank passes the turning point all the effort is wasted. With the straight line drive the full engine power is delivered to the rear axle with the least possible loss through friction. That means economy of upkeep. ¶ The enormous braking surface makes you the master in control; the accessible engine saves trouble; the roller-bearing transmission saves wear; while the long wheel base and those big 36-inch wheels insure comfort.

Where Else Can You Get These Qualities in a Car Made Throughout of the Best Material, in the Best Way, at $2,250?

MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Branches and Distributing Agencies

Boston, Milwaukee, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco

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HE Roycroft Shop was started in 1895, with fifty dollars capital and a brave idea of doing printing by hand. We had a Washington hand-press, a font of antique, and unlimited zeal. This enthusiasm worked an unexpected result—it brought about so much demand for our wares that we had to substitute a Peerless foot-press for the old "Washington."

Then we put in two Colt's power presses, hand feed. Next came a cylinder, and then more cylinders with self-feeders. The Roycrofters now give work to five hundred people; have a capital of half a million dollars, and issue three magazines with a combined circulation of over two hundred and fifty thousand copies a month.

We stuck to the hand composition until less than a year ago, when, in order to get our magazines out on time we put in a Monotype. Have we since been able to get out our magazines on time?

Yes, Terese, and with a great saving of time and temper and a valuable economy of vocabulary. The saving in time comes from the application of the "press the button" principle—it's quicker to strike keys than to set type. And then you don't have to un-set it—we distribute this type by melting it over. The saving in temper comes from the fact that you never get out of sorts. The economy in vocabulary arises from always printing from a fresh face—you have a new dress every issue.

The Monotype casts and sets the type automatically as fast or faster than you can write your Good Stuff on a typewriter, and you use a keyboard almost the same as that of a typewriter. Usually the Monotype operator works from copy exactly as the man does at the case. But there is no reason why Class B Stuff should not be written right hot off the brain on this Keyboard. It is fine for poetry, for the cyclometer keeps count of the feet so that the poet only thinks about the rhymes.

The Monotype makes and sets any kind of type, or any kind of composition, and gives a clean and beautiful result at no great expense of time, temper and vocabulary—all as truthfully before stated. The Roycrofters suggest that all employing printers acquaint themselves with the Monotype. For Monotype literature address Lanston Monotype Machine Company, 1231 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Set in 12 and 36 point Monotype Series No. 79 and Monotype 12 point Border D

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AGES ago an obscure genius immortalized himself by saying, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." Tho' this man gave but one sentence to the world, yet his memory lives and will live, for in that one sentence he stated a TRUTH.

Imitation does more than flatter—it *admits inferiority*. The instant you are told, "this is just as good"—you know intuitively that "it" is n't; Otherwise personal excellence would be the boast!

Horlick's Malted Milk

has been before the Public for years, claiming naught but purity and worth, yet it has gained a place in the homes of the American People much sought after by crude imitators. There is only one "Horlick's" and you cannot afford to experiment when the babe is ill or you are not feeling "just right" yourself.

Horlick's Malted Milk

(Original and only genuine)

A delicious food drink, very nutritious and digestible. It upbuilds the young, refreshes and sustains the invalid and the aged. More healthful than tea or coffee, as it assists digestion, nourishes and invigorates. Pure, rich milk, with the nutrition of selected malted grains, in powder form, soluble in water. Prepared by merely dissolving in water, needing no cooking or addition of milk. A glassful, hot, upon retiring, brings refreshing sleep.

Ask for "HORLICK'S"; accept no Imitation or Substitute.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co.

RACINE, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.
LONDON, ENGLAND. MONTREAL, CANADA.

"SOLD OUT!" Nowhere in the pages of literature can one find an expression so rich, so melodious, so suggestive, so satisfying, so complete—if one is a Theatrical Manager. It tells a story briefly but thoroughly—no need for detail, no panoramic view of what has happened, no special announcement card, or telegram. If over your Ticket Window the First Night appears the sign at 8:05, "Sold Out," you know intuitively, Success is yours.

This, then, is the experience of Fred. G. Nixon-Nirdlinger on his Opening Night at the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, May Fourth, with his new Musical Fun Show—"Li'l' Mose." Before the doors were unlocked at 7:30 there was a line two blocks long awaiting admittance, and by 8:05 no more could be safely crowded in the theatre; from then until late in the evening, a steady stream of disappointed, would-be spectators were turned away ♣ ♣

The next mornings critics lauded "Li'l' Mose" to the skies ♣ At last, they claim, Philadelphia entertains a "Musical Comedy," that possesses both Music and Comedy. The Philadelphia North American, The Press, Telegram, Item, Enquirer and Bulletin all proclaim "Li'l' Mose" the success of the year. It runs the gamut of musical expression—often times rising to Operatic Heights, again shading off in a way to set the Gallery whistling. When the Gallery whistles your tunes, O Mr. Composer, Success is knocking at your door. Throughout the whole is woven a vein of comedy, pure and wholesome, delightfully new and so charmingly different that one wonders not at its immediate success. If "Li'l' Mose" is a fair indication of what this brilliant trinity (Nirdlinger, Brown & Sloane) can produce, one hesitates to limit their future conquests. Our advice to you, O Li'l' Mose!—stick to this Nirdlinger combination, for verily when Three Wise Men from the East stalk abroad, a star must be in the ascendant ♣ ♣

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H! the joys of an early Spring morning at the

You creep out of bed at dawn intent on seeing the Wonderful Cambridge Springs when all are sleeping. On the lawn to your surprise you discover some happy smiling early-birds, who, like yourself, appreciate the value of this early morning trip; their greeting is a shout as you start for the Famous Spring. The path leads over the beautiful lawn, thru the woods, across a suspension bridge, out over a picturesque ravine in which a silvery brook twists about and loses itself before one's very eyes. Then into the open again you go, tramp the golf-course around the Cambridge Lakes, and in a Rustic Cabin built over the spot where the water gushes from the ground, you find what Ponce de Leon died for—and missed—the Fountain of Youth. Had that doleful Don left the fever swamps of the South for the delightful hills of Pennsylvania, his quest for the Waters of Life would not have been in vain.

Returning from the Spring, the party capers thru the grounds as children on their way to school—happy, laughing, care-free, the world well lost, they know the real joys of life.

One week's time works wonders at the Hotel Rider—you cease to be a grumpy grouch, forget that "tired feeling," letting the sunlight into your body and the Goodfellowship into your soul

Messrs. Eppley & Rider guarantee a royal welcome to all Pilgrims (and they know just how to give it—that's sure). If you feel a little "off color," quit everything for a while and journey to Cambridge Springs—where the Magic Waters will permeate your blood and make you live again.

Dear Li'l' Mose (by the way, Mr. Martin Healy, when "the cork is off") wins the audience immediately. He is such a good-natured little chap that one wants to help him in his difficulties. The poor little dodger, stranded high and dry in Venice—if one can imagine anything high and dry in Venice—smiles his way into the hearts of all the folks he meets. He knows not the word defeat, and tho he may be pushed temporarily into obscurity, pendulum-like, he swings again into the Lime Light with charming regularity. He knows the value of a smile, in fact he persistently boasts that "Happiness is a Habit" with him and one can easily understand and appreciate his simple plan of life. He smiles because it is a habit, and because it is a Good Habit, he smiles. He gives a little more than he asks, he does n't think too much of himself, and tho he may temporarily lose out—in the end he gains. This plan of life may be safely adopted by many of us.

The applause lasted over night and is still echoing and reverberating throughout that dear old town—Philadelphia. The most caustic of the critics claim that Mr. Fred Nixon-Nirdlinger's production will stand comparison with the best that has gone before. They predict that this young man and his associates, Mr. Charles H. Brown and A. Baldwin Sloane, have proven their right to stand in the first row with the other playwrights and composers of this day. They promise something new for stagedom. Any one who can make a Great American Audience laugh heartily for more than two hours, has surely scored.

Progressive People appreciate that the Laugh Doctor is the only Physician we need. A little Good Fellowship, a few Kind Thoughts, some Good Music, a Smile—and, (like Nirdlinger-Brown-Sloane), Success is Ours!

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TEN years ago this month our Boys in Blue landed on Cuban Soil. Somewhere before them the Wily Don lay hidden; behind stretched the "Deep Sea." What they did is History. The Spainard had to go.
But Cuba—what of her? (So far she has merely served as a birthplace for reputations.) At present the Pearl of the Antilles lies, as of yore, peacefully sleeping in the warm waters of the South. Passing thru Cuba to-day one would never think that this drowsy little Isle but yesterday staged a World-Tragedy.
Early this year one of the big Automobile Companies decided to send a Car into the very heart of Cuba. They wanted to know first hand, whether or not this Island had progressed. Needless to say, the Automobile at present paces civilization. This huge American Car equipped with

Diamond

TIRES—THE BEST KNOWN TO MAN

started for the Interior. On every hand turning, twisting, narrow, rugged paths confronted them; swamps were plentiful, and an occasional mountain or ravine added variety—and a touch of danger—to the ride. In many places there were no roads at all, the drivers depending upon their ingenuity and the CHARACTER OF THE TIRES to get them out of every difficulty.
In the Open Country everything remains practically untouched by the Hand of Man. Occasionally a half clothed native is seen working in the fields or one overtakes a swarthy gentleman driving the swift moving Native Vehicle—the Ox-Cart. One fellow—a Mark Twain unhappily born to blush unseen—remarked with a grin, "Senor, we have no tire troubles." "But neither had we," said one of the Auto-Pilots as he proudly exhibited the DIAMOND TIRES used throughout the journey.
¶ Here is a letter of commendation from the Packard People that talks direct to the Auto-Tourist about TIRES OF QUALITY.

Diamond Rubber Co., Akron, O. DETROIT, MICH., U.S.A., March 11, 1908.
GENTLEMEN:
If automobile tires ever were abused beyond the practical limits of endurance, they were the Diamonds on our car "El Toro" when it went thru interior Cuba by a crooked trail over the rocks, thru the rivers, down the ravines, in the swamps and among the mountains. We were surprised at the way in which the rear wheel casings stood unprecedented wear and tear. Yours truly, PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.

DIAMOND TIRES ARE THE BEST

DIAMOND RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

ONCE in a certain public school there was a boy pupil about eight years old, to whom water had apparently not been applied for many days. His face and hands were begrimed and his clothing had evidently not been changed for some weeks. In fact, the lack of cleanliness in the child caused the teacher to fear for its own health and that of its associates.
¶ One afternoon when dismissing the school, she called the child to her and said: "Willie, when you go home please ask your mother to give you a thorough bath and to put some clean clothes on you. Say to her that in your present condition you smell too bad to attend school. Willie was promptly on hand the next morning, but his condition had not been in the least altered. Going up to the teacher he handed her a note signed by the mother, which read:
"To the Teacher: Willie ain't no geranium. We did n't send him to school to be smelt; we sent him to be learnt."

THE disadvantage of a writer making his appeal to Time is that before the Appellate Court convenes, it is quite probable the evidence and the appellant will have passed into hopeless oblivion.—Ambrose Bierce.

The only criticism on Andrew Carnegie seems to be that he is too conscientious in the use of his branding iron; but this is surely better than to be careless with the tool, as I am told some writers are.

The wisdom we strive for and [illegible] achieve just before we die, it [illegible] times a matter of physical [illegible]

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T is for earnest men of this age to protest against the evils of the Christian Church, as Luther against the Catholic Church, as Paul against the heathen, as Jesus against the Hebrew Church. This can be done only by a piety deeper, a philanthropy wider, and a theology profounder than the Church has ever known; by a life which, like that of Luther, Paul, Jesus, puts the vulgar life of the churches all to shame. The new Church must gather to its bosom all the truth, the righteousness and beauty of the old world, and add other excellence newly got from God.

Piety must be applied to all daily life, to politics, to literature, to all business; it must be the creed which a man repeats as he delivers goods over his counter, repeats with his hands, which he works into everything that he manufactures. That is a Piety already on its way to success, and sure to triumph.

—Theodore Parker.

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS maintains that, "An Idea is a Live Thing; to get on Speaking Terms with it our alertness should never fag. Always must we be ready to rope and slap our brand on the Elusive before the Rustler passing thru the sagebrush early—some morning, takes with him the yearling of our dreams." To this he adds, as an inspiration, "If you think a thought worth while, I beg you, Man, jot it down."—The Scribe from Wolfville is right!

The Idea itself "Jot it Down"—is mighty! Vagrant thoughts of infinite worth pass as ships in the night across our mental sky-line and go out of our lives forever unrecorded. Every little while our thought-wheel in turning strikes the right combination and we ring the bell. But right here and now let the question be asked, "How many of us keep score?" Few! "The Jot it Down" Habit is a splendid one. If you have Ideas, don't be stingy—give them to the World—the World needs them! Start To-day—JOT IT DOWN!

The "Red Dwarf," Prince of Jotters, has crept up close to the American Thinking Man by the Road of Merit!

If a Business Man has a literary bend the "Red Dwarf" wafts him from the Prosaic to the Sublime: if the Literary Light knows the value of Cash—the "Red Dwarf" writes and endorses all checks. Versatility and he travel as one. Some authorities claim that the "pocket next the heart" once reserved for "Sweetheart's Photo" now Harbors a "Red Dwarf" instead. What do YOU carry?



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Is the only fountain pencil that always writes at the first touch.

Is the only fountain pencil that is absolutely guaranteed as to material, construction and operation.

Does not leak and can be carried in any position.

Is perfectly simple; nothing to get clogged, lost, broken or out of order.

Is WORTH $2.50—every cent! By Mail.

Sole Agents for United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba
90 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

is good to be permitted to live in an age when great, serious and perplexing problems are to be met and solved. For my part I would not care to live in an age where there was no weak part of the human family to be helped up and no wrongs to be righted. Through struggle only are great men and useful races produced.—Booker T. Washington.

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The Yankee clock-peddler of a former day never tried to sell a clock

HE "just wanted to leave it until he came around again," knowing full well that after a family had enjoyed a clock for a month, they would never go back to the sun-dial or to "guessing the time by the sun."

So with my cigars. I don't want to sell you a hundred now. I "just want to leave them on trial." Moreover, I will take them away again if you don't care to keep them after you have smoked ten, and no charge for the ten smoked.

MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Puritanos on approval to a reader of THE FRA, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked. If he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $5.50, within ten days.

In ordering please enclose business card or give personal references and state which you prefer—light, medium or dark cigars. ¶My Puritano cigar is hand-made, of clear, clean, straight, long Havana filler with a genuine Sumatra wrapper. It is the retailers' 10c. cigar.

I make other cigars than the Puritano, ranging in price from $4.00 to $15.00 per hundred. If you prefer some other size or shape, or clear Havana cigars, permit me to mail you my catalogue, and explain more fully my methods of supplying smokers with cigars at wholesale prices.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 FILBERT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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ARRANGED BY ALICE HUBBARD

Lesson I—Sunday, June 7, 1908

EMERSON THE POET

Open Sunday School, and begin each day, with deep breathing exercises and simple callisthenics.

WHEN you are with great people, you are always hunting in your mind for profound subjects and are never content to be yourself. You insist on wise saws and tedious epigram. If the great man is really great, all that is of interest to him is the natural.

One early spring day a man, or perhaps it was a woman, was walking thru the Walden Woods at Concord with Emerson, and the poet stopped to worship and love the beautiful Rhodora that grows there in abundance. The visitor stopped too, and propounded this rather ponderous question: "Whence is the flower?" Emerson might have given a pompous answer, and discoursed on the psychic and metaphysical, but he did n't, he just went to the natural heart of the thing and presented the flower and its surroundings. It is May, the cold wind penetrates, the trees are bare of leaves, the low places are full of water. But suddenly the travellers come upon a shrub two or three feet high full of purple flowers, tho not a leaf has yet ventured out. There the bush is, knee-deep in swamp, its pretty clustering flowers mirrored in the waters beneath.

The Rhodora is lavish with its beauty and careless as to whether it is appreciated or not. Flower and man are expressions of the same power.

THE RHODORA

In May when sea-winds pierce our
solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes
to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for
seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there
brought you.

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—If a man performs a like service as a woman, should he not be paid a like wage?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'T will be time enough to die.

T—All are needed by each one:
Nothing is fair or good alone.

W—For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

T—Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?

F—When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

S—But God said,
"I will have a purer gift;
There is smoke in the flame."

S—He that serves men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

* * *

Lesson II—June 14, 1908

EMERSON THE PHILOSOPHER

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, of the eagle face and multiple soul; Ralph Waldo Emerson, bearer of glad tidings, scuttler of rotten ships, discoverer of the spiritual mother-lode; Ralph Waldo Emerson, carrying the shackled secrets of the East in the dungeon-keeps of his own soul, his brain cells laden with chrisms of light and in his hands the keys which were to unlock the doors against which the imprisoned Self had thundered for ages—how many have, with these thoughts in their souls, looked up to that name for assistance; and to how many in ages to come shall he be a lamp!—CASSERES

EXTRACT FROM "SELF-RELIANCE"

BUT why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this monstrous corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. Trust your emotion. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity; yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color * Leave your theory as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—Is a vegetable diet for all humanity desirable?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Man is timid and apologetic. He is no longer upright. He dares not say, "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage.

T—Whence this worship of the past?

W—I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching.

T—All men have my blood and I have all men's.

F—Check this lying hospitality and lying affection.

S—Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law.

S—When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

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Lesson III—Sunday, June 21, 1908

EMERSON THE ICONOCLAST

MOST men are mere kitchen-hash; leavings of the gods; celestial junk. This was not Emerson. They desire above all things that no one shall discover that they are masked. They are optimists because they dare not be anything else. Their heads are their stomachs intellectualized. They live in crevices, and when they scent danger they, like the turtle, draw in their heads—and this they call humility. For this counterfeit man, Emerson had the profoundest contempt. Oh! that we could plug a child's head at birth, as we do a melon, to find whether there is mush or music within! We are "parlor soldiers," and most souls are bankrupt. Reverence is the salaam that defeat makes to achievement—and few natures rise as high as their instinct.

We are all wheedled by the lying days and our finest aspirations are post-prandial.

Men's brains are only attics stuffed with disused antiques; crumbling castles where bats whir and the moths devour; ghost-walks for ancestral sins. Their gray matter is mere souffle. Their souls are card-houses; their actions mere addenda; their triumphs are as bilious as their failures. Successful rag-pickers all!—CASSERES

EXTRACT FROM "SELF-RELIANCE"

A FOOLISH consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadows on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread, do. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall surely be misunderstood. Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

GOLDEN TEXT

Insist on yourself; never imitate.

Topic for Discussion—Should boys and girls either in secondary school or college, have the same educational curriculum?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M— The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks.

T—Why all this deference to Alfred and Scanderbeg and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue?

W—If a man claims to know and speak of God, and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old moulded nation in another country, in another world, believe him not.

T—I appeal from your customs. I must be myself.

F—It is alike your interest and mine and all men's, however long we may have dwelt in lies, to now live in truth.

S—Our housekeeping is mendicant; our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers. The rugged battle of fate, where strength is born, we shun.

S—Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you wealth but the triumph of principles.

Lesson IV—Sunday, June 28, 1908

EMERSON THE OPTIMIST

EMERSON was an optimist. He always prayed with the windows open to the Sunrise, and to him the East was all aglow. "I have not yet seen a man," he says, but he hints that a man will yet be evolved.

Humanity is one. The Oversoul is all and over all.

He built on Plato and Socrates. He knew that eternal change was the Law and that evolution means elimination

"Why don't you keep your business the nice size it is now?" we have been asked. Why don't you keep your child the size it is now? Only the dead remains stationary

Life expands. Humanity advances, reaching towards the perfect.

"Let us come into port grandly, or sail the seas with God."

EXTRACT FROM "COMPENSATION"

WE cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate the beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward forevermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the New; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

GOLDEN TEXT

When the half-gods go, the gods arrive

Topic for Discussion—What are the requisites for a happy home?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Jesus and Shakespeare are fragments of the Soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue—is not that mine? His wit—if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit.

T—Evermore it is the order of Nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends, and home, and laws, and faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house.

W—Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain, I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.

T—There can be no excess to love; none to knowledge; none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses all limits It affirms in man always an Optimism, never a Pessimism

F—Love and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation

S—Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces.

S—Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said, is said against me, I feel certain assurance of success.

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deserves the interest of every whole-souled, broad-minded American who believes in his Country and Countrymen. He is a Typical American.

The Boy, McIntosh, born in a little Ohio village, left there for Princeton University early in the Eighties. At College he was more energetic as a Track Team Man than in the Study Hall; so in 1884, by Special Request, he moved from Princeton to finish his education at Lafayette. Since that time Mr. McIntosh has played many parts, always important ones, in Current Events. Art, Literature, War, Drama, Politics, and the Lecture Platform, have in turn paid tribute to the genius of the Only Burr.

College Man, Actor, Journalist, Publisher, Photographer, War-Correspondent, Author, Playwright, Lecturer, Gentleman—Burr McIntosh stands out as the most versatile of America's Big Men. ¶ Back in '84 when Princeton needed a Man for the "220" in the Intercollegiate Races, Burr McIntosh was chosen. Again in '98 during the War with Spain, Burr McIntosh was sent to represent the American People in Cuba as Special War-Correspondent. What he did at the Front is History. Not until Yellow Fever ushered him up to the Doors of Death did he admit defeat; then only after he accomplished a mighty work. When Secretary Taft started on his Famous Tour, Burr McIntosh went along as Official Photographer, and his illustrated lecture

. . . . . .

is a page torn fresh from the Diplomatic History of the World. Ever and always has Burr McIntosh been the Man when a Man was needed. Happy, smiling, good-natured Burr; with the integrity of the Scotch and blarney of the Irish, he wends his way thru the world observing, recording, lecturing—generosity his one fault. Humanity will lose a fine friend when Burr McIntosh passes over the divide!

This Year Burr McIntosh presents his new Illustrated Lecture

Mr. McIntosh displays over 250 Beautifully Colored Views as well as a number of Exclusive Moving Pictures and Panoramas, showing our Country as it is to-day, noting the progress of a half century—and predicting the pace of the future. Any Representative or Leading Charity Organization can arrange with Mr. McIntosh to present this lecture on a sharing basis. It is planned to visit the larger towns and cities every year, giving an illustrated talk not shop-worn or frazzled at the edge, pertaining to political policies, explaining past and present prejudices and in a plausible and pithy way detailing the progressions of a palmy people. Address Personally

FORTY-FOUR WEST THIRTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK

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THOSE WHO ARE SATISFIED ARE EITHER VERY WISE OR VERY STUPID—ONE HAS LIVED, THE OTHER HAS N'T

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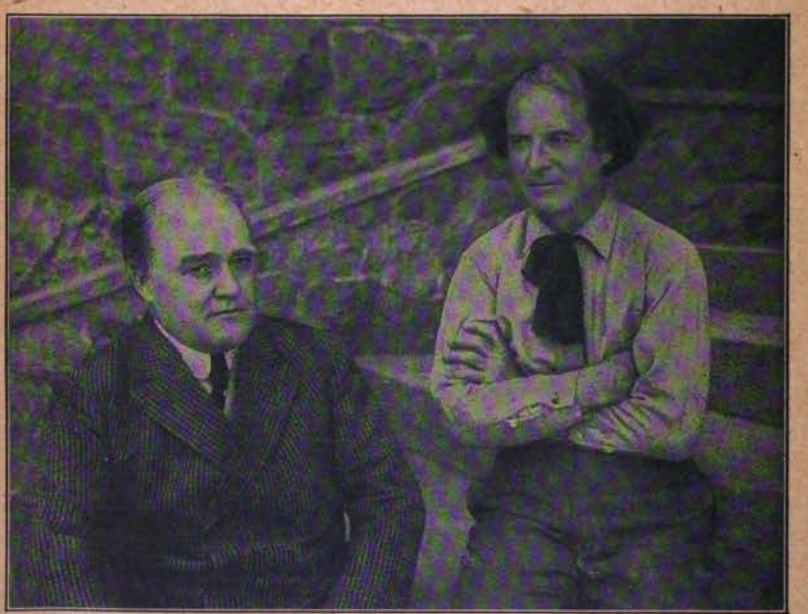
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GOD MADE THE WORLD, BUT MAN MADE IT WORTH WHILE

AT THE ROYCROFT INN.

(STRICTLY KOSHER)



In the Land of Immortality

This snapshot of these two pleasant gentlemen was secured while they discussed, all unsuspecting, on the steps at Roycroft, the particular merits of THE FRA Advertisements. They claim that THE FRA Ads. mark an epoch in the World of Publicity.

Any FRA Disciple who correctly *names* these gentlemen and at the same time gives his (or her) opinion of THE FRA Ads. will receive a picture of the real FRA, by Schneider. Address

FELIX
East Aurora, N. Y.

COME TO THE ROYCROFT INN AND FORGET IT

Use SCHILLING'S BEST and you will take a new view of the Universe!

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"If I were a youth I would not compete in the Twelve-Dollar-a-Week Class. Like George Ade, who left Indiana and went to Chicago, in order to get away from mental competition, I'd set the Bunch a pace. I would go in the Free-For-All Class. I would make myself necessary to the business. No matter how "scarce" times are there are a few folks who are never laid off, nor are their wages cut down. These are the boys that make the wheels go round."—*THE FRA.*



ND first among those who are never let out are the good salesmen. A good Salesman is a producer, and the man who is a *producer* of business is never in danger of being without a good position.

The house cannot exist without him. It *must have him.* He is the money-maker. He keeps the wheels of business turning. Take him off the job and business stops entirely. Hard times or no hard times, he is sure of a place because he pays his own way—and a good deal more.

¶ Why not be a good salesman?

Why not become the kind of a *producing* man they cannot get along without?

Salesmanship pays better than any other profession—better than law, or medicine, or engineering—better than nearly any kind of technical work you could take up. And it pays quicker! Capable salesmen earn good money *from the start.*

Studying the Sheldon Science of Salesmanship will fit any man to enter the production side of business, and be successful there.

Study Scientific Salesmanship as taught by ***Sheldon*** by correspondence, and make yourself the kind of a man there is a demand for, the kind they can't get along without, the *producing* kind of man.

If you are a salesman already, ***Sheldon*** can help you become a better salesman. He has helped 31,000 others, representing every line of business. Send to-day for free booklet outlining the Course in Salesmanship. *Investigate* this success-building plan at any rate.

Every day you delay adopting some definite plan for increasing your efficiency, you become less essential to the business world. You have "intended" making this start long enough. Now *make* it.

1018 REPUBLIC BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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WHAT THE PHILADELPHIA PAPERS SAY OF THE "SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT"

MUSICAL FUN SHOW

A Chapter from Nature's Sketch Book by Fred G. Nixon-Nirdlinger and Chas. H. Brown, set to melody by A. Baldwin Sloane, management "Nixon & Zimmerman Company"

I'L' MOSE is an unqualified hit; the season's most pronounced success and is just what everybody seems to want.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Hilarity runs rampant and the comedy, though once in a while a trifle boisterous, is always wholesome and at all times clean.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Li'l' Mose" not only scored the season's hit in Philadelphia, but is the most pretentious and meritorious production Nixon & Zimmerman have ever offered.—*Philadelphia Item.*

"Li'l' Mose" is a concoction that pleases the eye, the ear and one's ideas of the humorous. The finale of the second act introduces the greatest and most pleasing electrical effects ever seen in this city.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

There is not a dull strain in the whole tone output of "Li'l' Mose," and a few concerted numbers even rose to the dignity of grand opera.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Whatever you want you can get from "Li'l' Mose"—be it melodrama, musical comedy or grand opera. Things are done with a rushing, dashing vim and go, and the result is a whirlwind show. Mr. Nirdlinger and his co-laborers should be congratulated on their huge hit.—*Philadelphia Telegraph*

The finale of the second act is the most novel and gorgeous electrical effect ever seen in this city.—*Philadelphia Record.*

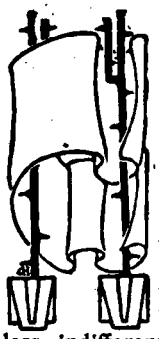
"Li'l' Mose" is one long laugh—a merry mixture of mirth and music which, with a capable cast, proves an ideal care-chaser.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

LATO, Plato, you have paved
the way
With your confounded fantasies for more
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
Your system holds o'er the controlless
core
Of human hearts, than all the long array
Of poets and romancers. You're a bore,
A charlatan, a coxcomb and have been
At best no better than a go-between.

—Byron

HERE has recently been among us Jane Addams, who has awakened in us some of her own sane idealism. In contemplation of the character, the work, the influence of Jane Addams, we are led to a quite acute contempt for all those solid-bone-headed persons in "pants," who affect and profess to believe that woman is not fitted actively to participate in affairs of government. Where is the man in politics in St. Louis who is comparable in any intellectual or moral quality with Jane Addams? Where is the man better fitted than she to vote or to legislate? Who can say that the addition of such persons to the electorate would be other than beneficial to the mass? Jane Addams, distinguished as she is, is but one of many such women whom we keep in servitude, political and economic. It is a disgrace to the country that the sex to which the Jane Addamses belong should be kept in the same category with idiots and barbarians, not taxed. Jane Addams has done more to civilize Chicago than any hundred male voters that the city ever possessed.—William Marion Reedy.

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I WAS mousing the other day in a book that is somewhat disjointed and disconnected, and yet interesting—The Standard Dictionary—when I came across the word "scamp." It is a handy word to fling, and I am not sure but that it has been gently tossed once or twice, in my direction. Condemnation is usually a sort of subtle flattery, so I'm not sad. ¶ But now I'll prove that I am not a scamp.

To scamp means to cut short, to be superficial, slip-shod, careless, indifferent. To say "let'er go, who cares—this is good enough!" If anybody ever was a stickler for honest work, I am that bucolic party. I often make things so fine that only one man out of ten thousand can buy them, and I have to keep 'em myself.

You know that when you get an idea in your head, how everything you read contains allusions to the same thing. Knowledge is mucilaginous. Well, next day after I was looking up that pleasant word, "scamp," I was reading in the Amusing Works of my old college chum, Erasmus, when I ran across the word again, but spelled in Dutch, thus, "schamp." Now Erasmus was a printer, and also he became the most learned man of his time. He was a successful author, and he was also the best authority on paper, inks, bindings and general bookmaking in Italy, Holland or Germany. Being a lover of learning, and listening to the lure of words, he never wallowed in wealth. But in his hunt for ideas he had a lot of fun. Kipling says, "There is no hunt equal to a man hunt." But Kip is wrong—to chase a thought is twice the fun. Erasmus chased ideas and very naturally the preachers chased Erasmus—out of England, through France, down to Italy and then he found refuge at Basel with Froben, the great Printer and Publisher

Up in Frankfort was a writer-printer, who not being able to answer the arguments of Erasmus, called him bad names. Among the other choice ones he heaved at Erasmus was "bastardicus." Erasmus was used to this, for in his youth he had been taunted with having no name and he said, "Then I'll make one for myself." And he did

But this gentle pen-pusher in Frankfort who passed his vocabulary at Froben's proof-reader, Erasmus in time calls a "schamp," because he used cheap paper, cheap ink and close margins. Soon after the word was carried to England and spelled "scamp"—a man who cheats in quality, weight, size and count. But the first use merely meant a printer who scamps his margins and so cheats on paper I am sorry to see that Erasmus imitated his enemies and was ambidexterous with the literary stinkpot His vocabulary was equal to that of Muldoon. Erasmus refers to one of his critics as a "scenophylax-stikken," and another he calls a "schnide enchologion-schistosomus." And perhaps they may have been—I really do not know.

But as an authority on books Erasmus can still be read. He it was who fixed the classic page margin—twice as wide at the top as on the inside; twice as wide at the outside as the top; twice as wide at the bottom as the side. And any printer who varies from this displays his ignorance of proportion.

Erasmus says, "To use poor paper marks the decline of taste both in printer and patron."

After the death of Erasmus, Froben's firm failed because they got to making things cheap. "Compete in quality, not price," was the working motto of Erasmus.

All of the great bookmaking centers languished when they began to scamp. That wordy wordissimus at Frankfort who called Erasmus names, gave up business and then the ghost, and Erasmus wrote his epitaph, and thus supplied Benjamin Franklin an idea—"Here lies an old book, its cover gone, its leaves torn, the worms at work on its vitals."

The wisdom of doing good work still applies, just as it did in the days of Erasmus.

During the Eighties, there was a rage for cheap books in America, fanned by the men who made them. And they all fanned out.

But during, say, the last five years, the tide has turned, and the demand is for a better quality of paper. The people are more critical.

The best paper still comes from across the sea. The Roycroft has standing orders in Italy and Holland for hand-made. The idea of putting a portrait in paper with a dandy-roll as a water mark has never been done in America, but will soon. The Roycrofters will gladly send you a sample sheet of this portrait water-marked paper, if you care to see it.

We are often asked about where to buy the best book papers. And it may not be out of place to say here that Perkins, Goodwin & Co., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, are the folks who can supply your wants, if any one can. They have mills all over America—I was going to say, all over the world. They are good men to counsel with on papers, whether you buy or not. Especially, all printers should know Perkins, Goodwin & Co. They never "scamp" on price, or quality, and it is a pleasure to do business with folks you know are your friends.

No subscriber ever throws away a FRA.

A book on cheap paper does not convince. It is not prized, it is like a wheezy doctor with pigtail tobacco breath, who needs a manicure. A book should not only be true, it must be beautiful in order to help you on your way to Elysium, where there are no scamps and where lives Erasmus, rent-free, because he supplies fun and instruction for the boarders.

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FROM a recent New York Daily Paper I clip the following interesting item:

EUGENE CHRISTIAN, FOOD SCIENTIST VINDICATED

Appellate Court Unanimously Decided Manufacturer was Improperly Convicted

In the war between Eugene Christian, manufacturer of health foods at No. 7, East Forty-first Street, and the New York County Medical Society, the former has won a decisive victory. Two years ago Mr. Christian, charged with practicing medicine without license or proper registration, was arrested, tried and convicted in the Court of Special Sessions.

The County Medical Society was the complainant and its detectives were the prosecuting witnesses. Mr. Christian appealed from the verdict and carried the case to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. The decision handed down yesterday, vindicated Mr. Christian in emphatic fashion. All the Justices of the Appellate Division concurring, the judgment of the lower court was reversed in these words: "As we find that no crime was committed and that the defendant was improperly convicted, the judgment appealed from should be reversed."

In discussing the decision last night Mr. Christian said: "I have made this fight not to evade punishment, because the sentence imposed upon me was only a small fine, but to achieve a public vindication such as I now have.

"I never called myself a doctor, nor ever practiced medicine," he continued; "but I did scientifically prevent disease by the use of health foods, and the County Medical Society naturally did not approve.

"It has been a fight between the scientist and the doctor, and a bitter one at that. My vindication has cost me several thousand dollars, but it is complete and I am satisfied."

The law under which Eugene Christian was arrested, could have sent him to Sing Sing. His offense was that he prescribed a certain diet for a man who claimed to be suffering from indigestion ☙ This was construed and rightly according to the law, as "practicing medicine." ¶ This law was passed by our friends, the allopath doctors, with the avowed purpose of protecting the dear people from quacks. But quite incidentally the law secures the doctors in a business monopoly, takes from the people a constitutional right and gives to the doctors the privilege of the pursuit of other peoples' happiness. Doctors are really no worse than any other class of men, but on the other hand they are no better. Being but men, they exaggerate their own importance in the body local, and consider their business a necessity to the well-being of Society. Like the old-time pirates on the Mediterranean who patrolled the seas "so to protect the shipping from pirates," but were really intent on holding their monopoly, so does the New York Medical Society patrol the state on the pious lookout for "quacks." The humor of the situation does not seem to dawn upon these good doctors—they are too close to the issue to see the fact. But the point is this, that the decision as to who the quacks are, cannot safely be left to the doctors, any more than we can allow our church friends to decide concerning the heretics. If the quacks had their say, they possibly would decide that the allopaths were "quacks," a suspicion that exists in the minds of certain of the laity. Most laws passed with the avowed intent of protecting the people from rogues, are in the interests of rogues. Let the people decide who are the "quacks." The lower court decided that Eugene Christian was one; the higher court now says he is n't. But in the meantime the higher court does n't make restitution to Eugene Christian for the money and time involved in fighting a criminal indictment over two years. Personally, I know that the people do not regard Eugene Christian as either a crank or quack. Many folks, of course, do not know him, but those who do, respect him for his worth and intelligence. He is an expert in dietetics. Food is fuel. Some foods make slag and clinker and clog the draft. Others make heat and power. Eugene Christian prepares certain vegetable foods—uncooked foods—that men, women and children eat and thrive on, when the regular diet is slowly killing them. In a state of nature we know what to eat and what to avoid. But Mr. Christian says, "Human instinct has been lost in the chaos of civilization." Mr. Christian has a little book entitled, "How Foods Cure," which he will be glad to send free to any reader of THE FRA. If you are interested in dietetics, you better write for this book, addressing Mr. Eugene Christian, at his residence, which is Number Seven, East Forty-first Street, New York City.

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IT often times seems that the happiest days of our lives were spent swinging on the Ol' Front Gate. Each chance passer-by endured our open-eyed inspection with a smile, patting our heads, wondering the time how in the world any child could smear so much licorice on one face.

Who could expect a chance acquaintance to know that Mother had gave us two whole pennies that very morning for being good. And at five one usually knows which Kandy Man gives the most for two cents. ¶As we swung on that Ol' Front Gate, far out and back, so swing we in our Kandy Loves: from licorice to lemon sticks; from "All Day Suckers" to jelly beans, back to peppermints and out again to bon-bons. ¶If the Sweets of to-day fail to satisfy you, write a note to the Roycroft

They Make Boy-and-Girl-Kandy for Grown-Ups

In a snow white kitchen, at Roycroft, with not too many pots, kettles and pans for company, two Roycroft Girls make Kandy. Sometimes only one makes the Kandy and the other—she sits on the window-sill, plays her guitar and sings. ¶As much joy goes into the making of all Roycroft Kandy, naturally the one who eats takes it out again. In fact everything made in the white kitchen stands as a monument to some happy moment. One pound of Roycroft Kandy is guaranteed to swing one for an entire hour on that Ol' Front Gate. **$1.00** the pound, Post-paid.

East Aurora, Erie Co., New York

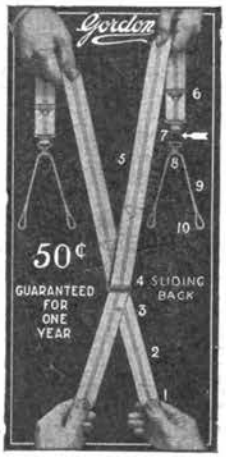
THE Man of to-day demands that his Suspenders harmonize with his mode of dress; he refuses to wear the Old Time All-elastic Brace that so ably assisted the picturesque by bagging ones Trousers at the knees. 'T is a fact, a poor pair of Suspenders can ruin the work of the most careful tailor: All-elastic Suspenders will trail not only your vanity but likewise your trouser-bottoms in the dust.

For years American Manhood suffered that indefinable feeling of *"looseness"* without complaint; not until a very short time ago did a genius discover that *Suspender Construction* remedied the difficulty—that *Elastic* was not a partner to any man's comfort.

Every wise man now realizes that the word "Gordon" symbolizes Suspender Security ✱ Gordon Suspenders stand for Uplift, mentally—morally—physically: they signify strength, simplicity, security—Tabuing "looseness" as an evil, acting as a guy-rope for personality, they cradle Self-respect.

The Gordon Sliding Back takes the place of rubber Non-elastic suspenders keep the trousers well up, snug and comfortable and keep the edges from brushing the ground.

10 reasons why Gordon Suspenders are guaranteed for one year:



1—Buttonholes in the back ends are NOT cut in—they are WOVEN in the webbing, which makes buttonholes that cannot tear.
2—Plenty of stretch in back ends for bending.
3—Ends double-stitched and clasped—cannot separate.
4—Smooth sliding back, which slides with every move. Relieves all strain—affords full shoulder freedom.
5—Substantial double-faced webbing. Light in weight and the STRONGEST suspender webbing. Rubber webbing weakens and becomes useless long.
6—Once fitted, the buckles need never be raised. On elastic suspenders buckles need frequent raising.
7—Ends unhitch and connect quickly—unnecessary to unbutton them—grip is convenient, simple, strong.
8—Tubes through which the cable-yarn ends ride without hitch. Relieve all strain and allow free action.
9—White cable-yarn ends are STRONGEST of all suspender ends. PROOF—OUR ONE YEAR GUARANTEE.
10—Pliable cable buttonholes which cannot tear. Buttonholes in leather do widen and tear.

Most suspenders are too long or too short—Gordon Suspenders are MADE IN SIZES TO FIT short, medium and tall men.

4 SIZES: 33, 35, 37 and 40. Size is on every pair. When ordering mention length from back suspender button over shoulder to front suspender button.

Gordons are now sold in a large number of cities. Being NEW they are not yet on sale everywhere. Any painstaking retailer should gladly get Gordons for you. If he will not, buy of us by mail. 50 CENTS A PAIR, POSTPAID. After one week's wear if you don't like them send them back, and we will return your money. Please try your home stores first.

Gordons are made in plain Black, White and Plain Colors, also in Stripes.

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Wedding Announcements
Engraved Calling Cards
Book-plates
Private Correspondence Papers

Reference—The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

that shakes has Bright's Disease and incipient locomotor ataxia. The one that occasionally has hot bearings reveals inflammátory rheumatism. Both are headed for that cemetery of old machinery, the junk-pile, with a costly funeral on the way. ¶ The Ide Engine is the IDEAL—it is small, compact, noiseless, safe, sure; as it runs in oil it can never get hot, and as it does not vibrate it never grows old. No man has ever lived long enough to wear out an "Ideal"—those made eighteen years ago are to-day obedient and tireless. For electric purposes the Ideal Compound can grab more "Juice" out of the ether at less cost than any steam Machine ever made by Mortal Man ℵ Ask anybody who ever saw anybody who saw an "Ide!"



IDEAL agents in all principal cities of the world. Prices and information by mail. Drop a line to

A. L. IDE & SONS, 222 Lincoln Avenue, Springfield, Illinois

YE PRINTERS! Listen to one who has tried the Harris Rotary two-color Press, and buy one like it. It is compact as Gans, strong as Gotch, effective and very economical. If your runs are big you really can't afford to do without a Harris Rotary. This is not a merry josh, nor yet a jibe—just the simple truth, typo speaking to typo.

ℵ

E are seeking to exterminate crime and vice and misery. These are for the most part consequences of involuntary poverty, resulting from the existence of law-made privilege whereby some men get more than they earn while the vast mass of mankind earns more than it gets. It is the existence of this legalized privilege in society which creates the slums of a great city and condemns a large portion of the population to lives of vice and crime, by depriving them of the equal opportunity in life which nature accords and which our fundamental law theoretically recognizes. This is the central point of the great problem, to which the specific evils to which you refer, vast and degrading though they are, are only as effect to cause. It is easy to enlist the co-operation of good men everywhere in an attack upon lesser and grosser forms of vice and crime, but it is not easy to get the co-operation even of good men in attacking the unrighteous privileges which are the causes of such offenses.—Tom L. Johnson.

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WRITER like Tacitus, a poet like Shakespeare, puts his whole organism, intuition, passion, power of suffering, illusions, destiny, being, into each line of his book, into each sigh of his poem, into each cry of his drama. The imperious determination of conscience and one knows not what of the absolute that resembles duty, are manifest in the style. To write is to do; the writer performs a deed. The idea expressed is responsibility accepted. This is why the writer is bound up in the style. He leaves nothing to chance. Responsibility implies solidarity. Detail adjusts itself to the whole, and is itself a whole. Everything is comprehensive. That word is a tear, that word is a flower, that word is a lightning flash, that word is ordure. And the tear burns, and the flower dreams, and the lightning laughs, and the ordure illumines.—Victor Hugo.

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this is what I do for a living. I fix old pumps and make them pump, if there is anything to pump. I put oil-cups on business bearings. I pick up idle resources around the plant that the owners would step on every day and not see in a hundred years. I find them in the atmosphere or maybe in the office literature. Sometimes in the interview—somewhere, somehow. There's no rule, rod or compass. Now and then, a little insulating is needed on the advertising wires. In fact, a very large part of the trouble comes from imperfect plumbing in the publicity department.

So far this sounds fine, but I do not know exactly what it means. It must mean that when things are not going ahead, there is a reason for it. A business, no matter where or of what sort, is a pump, as it were. What is your trouble or desire? Is your selling cost hi or lo?

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Consulting Engineer
CINCINNATI, OHIO

HE Elbert Hubbard is a squash to the extremely religious Christian; a thistle to the theologian; a sugar-beet to the heretic; small potatoes to the Church; a wind-flower to the college; a toadstool to the physician, and the Rose of Sharon to people who do not wear collars buttoned behind. The Elbert Hubbard thrives in all soils and bears fruit every month.

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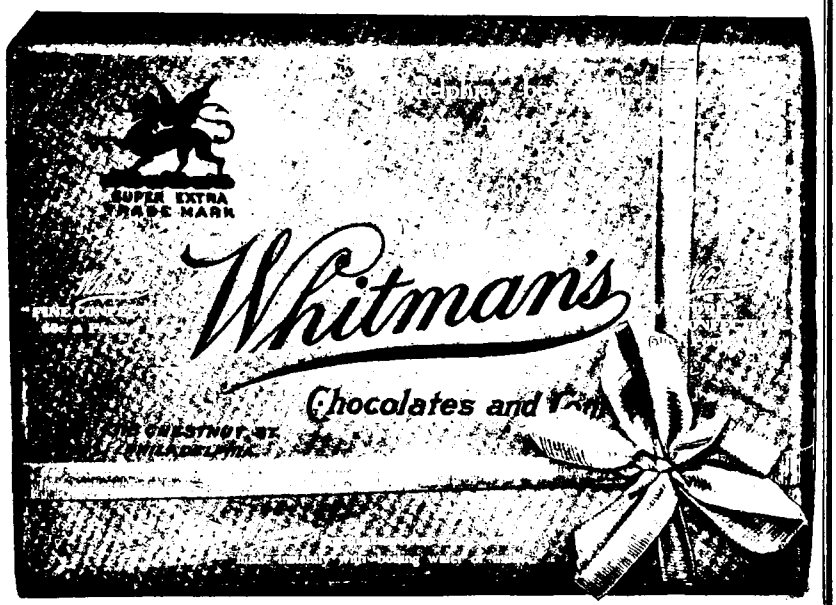
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HE world is full of doleful creatures who move about demanding our sympathy. I have nothing to offer them but doses of logic, and stern commands to move on or fall back. Catholics in distress about Infallibility; Protestants devoting themselves to the dismal task of paring down the dimensions of this miracle, and reducing the credibility of that one—as if any appreciable relief from the burden of faith could thereby be obtained; sentimental skeptics, who, after laboring to demolish what they call the chimera of superstition, fall to weeping as they remember they have now no lies to teach their children; democrats who are frightened at the rough voice of the people and aristocrats flirting with democracy ❧ Logic, if it cannot cure, ought at least to silence these gentry.—Augustine Birrell.

❧

❧

Eternal vigilance is the price of umbrellas.

EAR is man's worst enemy. Our worries and our woes are mostly self-imposed. We will glide out of this life into another—if there is one—and look back and smile to think that we ever had a pang of apprehension. To the person who lives naturally and normally, all the lions are chained. God is with us now; Wisdom walks by our side; and Joy standing on tip-toe awaits our nod of recognition.

❧

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PRING'S balmy breezes now caress us, inviting us far afield, calling from the open where wild things grow unfettered. This then is the Season when the Wanderlust claims its own—and who indeed never pays toll to the Spirit of Unrest? Deep down in our natures Desire cries aloud, and to make our peace with it a fishing trip or a picnic is the compromise. When you start for the Woods in June, be sure that your picnic basket holds a few cartons of the Geraldson Black Figs—delicious at home or abroad Send $1.00 to-day to the

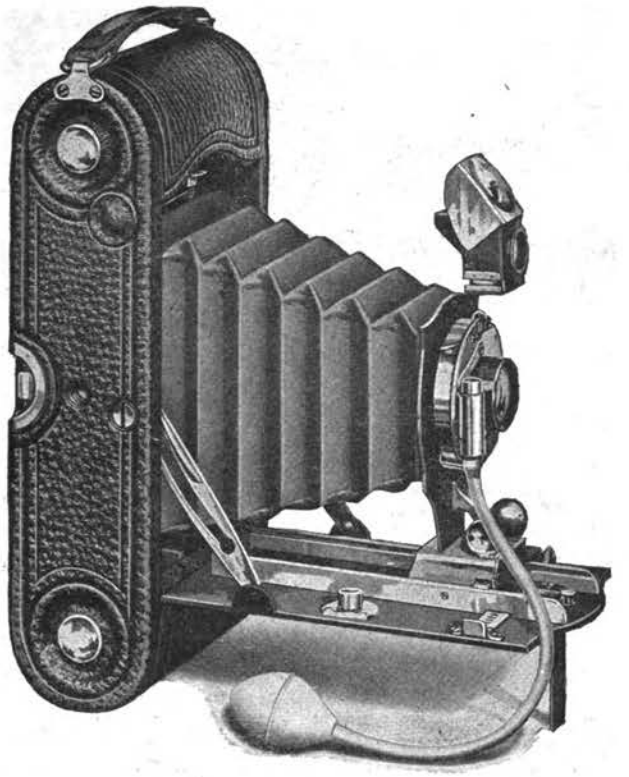
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T is idle to think that, by means of words, any real communication can ever pass from one man to another. The lips or the tongue may represent the soul; but from the moment that we have something to say to each other, we are compelled to hold our peace: and if at such times we do not listen to the urgent commands of silence, invisible though they be, we shall have suffered an eternal loss that all the treasures of human wisdom cannot make good; for we shall have let slip the opportunity of listening to another soul, and of giving existence, be it only for an instant, to our own.

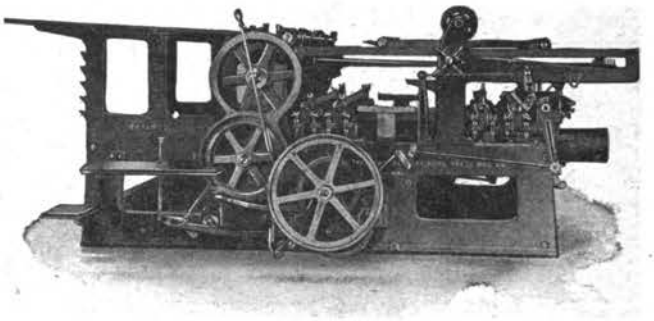
¶ And again, I doubt whether anything in the world can beautify a soul more spontaneously, more naturally, than the knowledge that somewhere in its neighborhood exists a pure and noble being whom it can unreservedly love. When the soul has veritably drawn near to such a being, beauty is no longer a lovely, lifeless thing that one exhibits to the stranger, for it suddenly takes unto itself an imperious existence, and its activity becomes so natural as to be henceforth irresistible. Wherefore you will do well to think it over, for none are alone, and those who are good must watch.

¶ We are beautiful when we belong to ourselves, and repulsive when we lower ourselves to our inferior nature. Also we are beautiful when we know ourselves, and ugly when we have no such knowledge.

As we wander from the gods within us, so does ugliness enwrap us; as we discover them, so do we become more beautiful. But it is only by revealing the divine that is in us that we may discover the divine in others.

—Maeterlinck.

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All our apparent progress he has noted since the beginning of things, yet always preserved Sphinx-like silence. No doubt in his quiet way, he enjoys our hair-breadth attempts to clip seconds off so-called records. Must not we allow him the luxury of a smile, when some autoist, bent on what we call earthly fame, whirls around a circular-shaped track, only to dash his brains out eventually on one of its treacherous curves, in his race against Time?

Time has no real rival, yet his every breath is now recorded ❧ For centuries Man felt that Time, of all things, should be watched. Not until the Howard Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., entered the field, however, was the matter *exactly* arranged. Now in all parts of the World, sentinels of insignificant size, but wondrous accuracy, keep pace with Time. Watches indeed! Second for second, during sixty-six years they have followed in his tracks, asking no favors, boasting not, yet proving worth and workmanship by the character of their movements. The Howard Watch controls Time, yet does not monopolize it ❧ The Howard has no competitor—it is unique, peculiar, distinctive. It stands alone.

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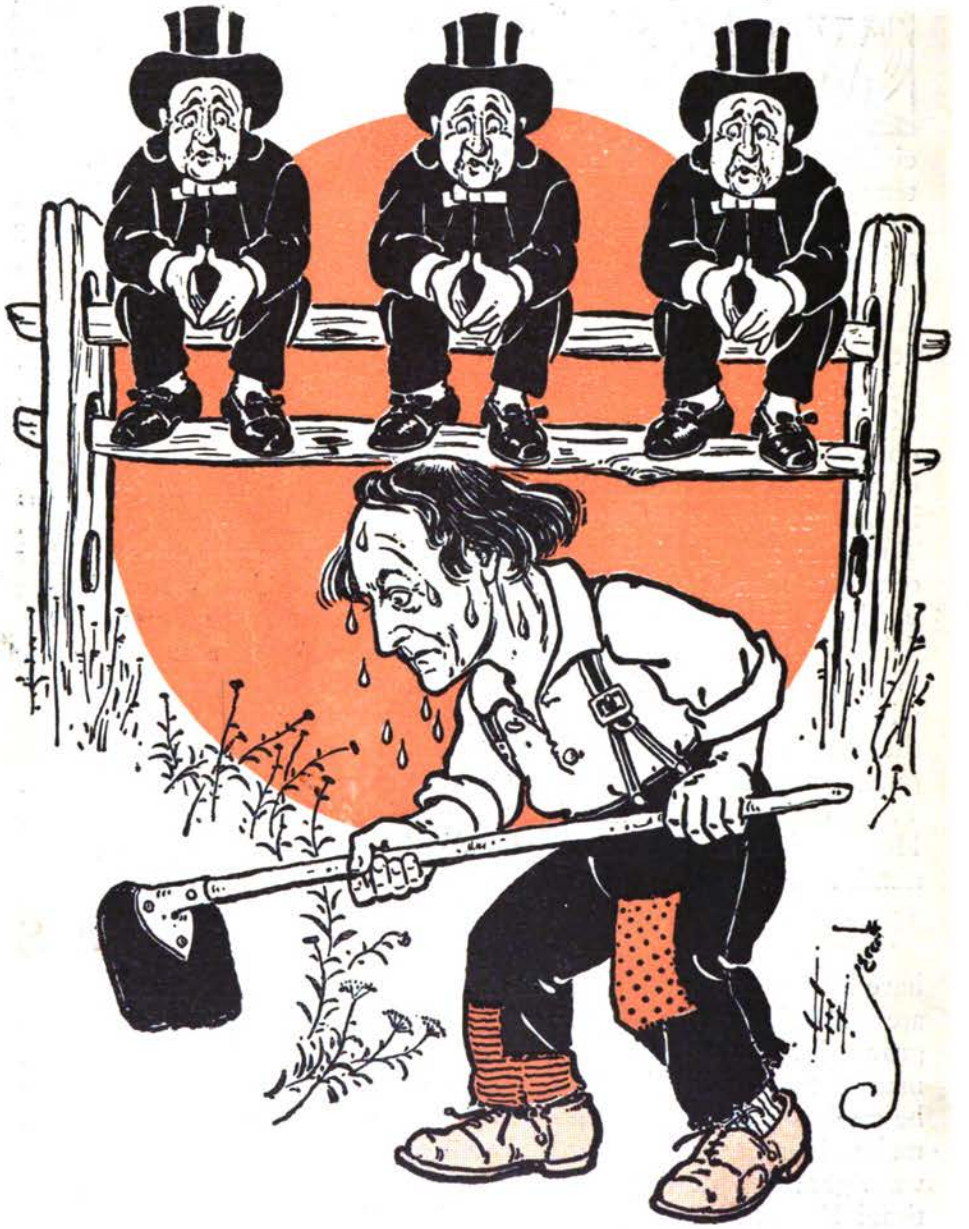
have been made since 1842, and the Howards made half a century ago are still being carried ❧ A Howard is like a "Stradivarius"—it never grows old. Edward Howard who originated the Howard Watch was a man of the Stradivarius type—he worked for twenty-five years before he made a watch that pleased him, and then he said, "Other men will make different watches, but they will never make a better one." He was right; they never have! ❧ Can you afford to spar with undivided time? Howard Watches solve the difficulty!

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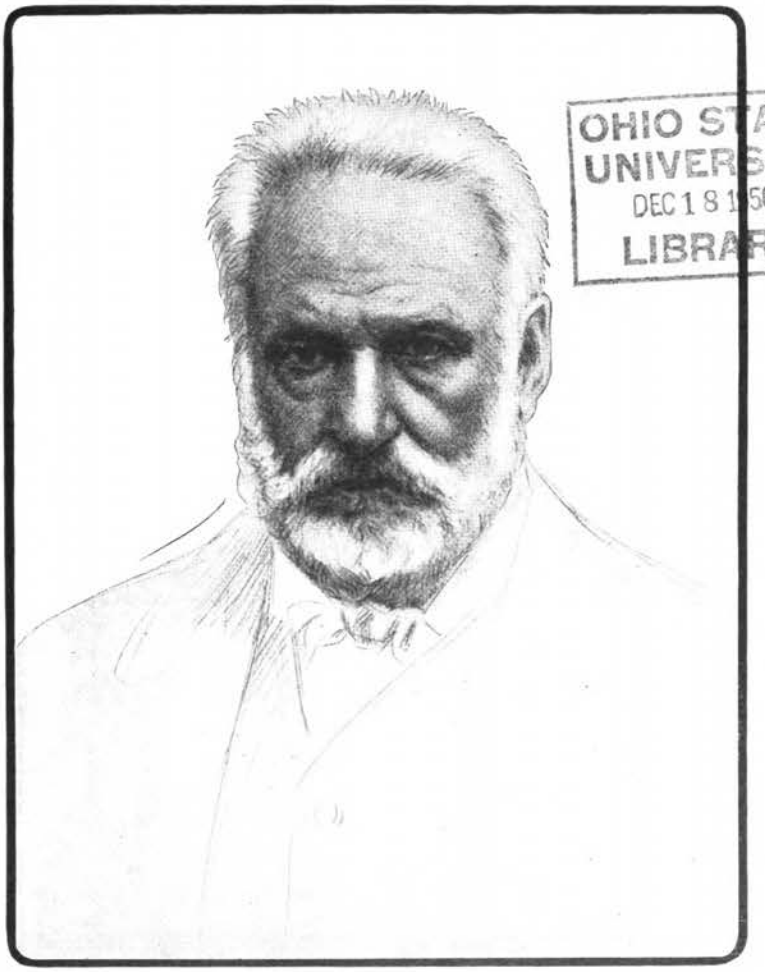
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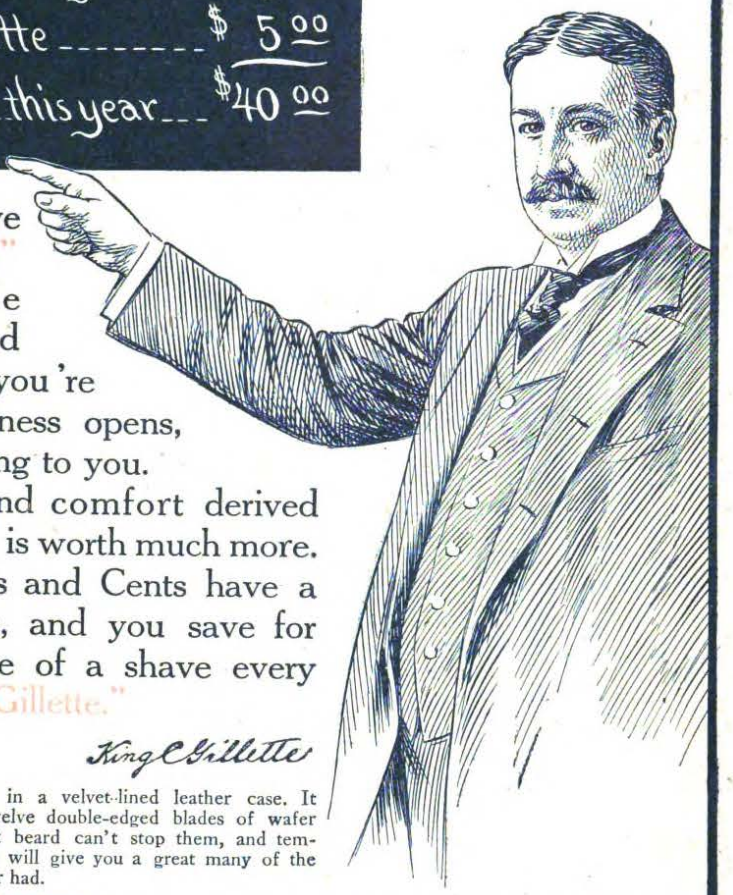
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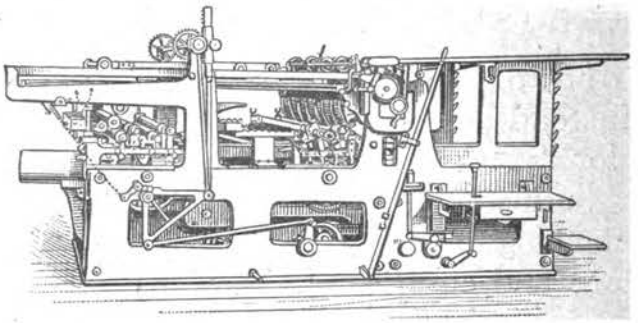
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"The world gives its admiration not to those who do what nobody else attempts, but to those who do best what others do well."



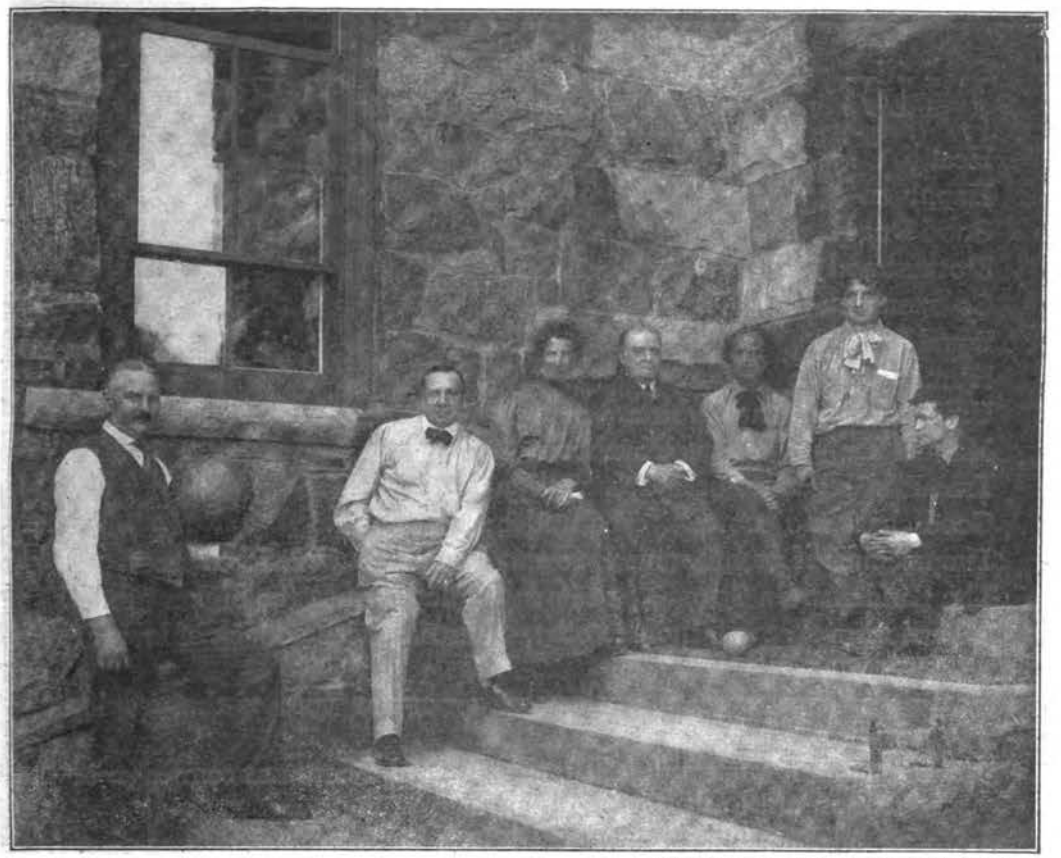
Perhaps we were born too late to do things that had never before been attempted, as everything to and beyond flying has been tried, sometime, somewhere, by some one, but in

we have accomplished what no other builders have equalled. In the building of

we "do best." See our machines at work and talk with their owners

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These Men all wear

None have nervous prostration, neuritis, Bright's disease, or the gumwillies. All are working Men, all are Artists. Their business is to keep well, make Money —but not too much—and Mold the Zeitgeist. Who are they? Guess—you know them all.

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No war of aggression, excepting on a popular vote of the people, including women
Disarmament through mutual agreement; and a constant campaign of education until this is brought about
A Square Deal for horses, cows, cats, dogs, birds, rabbits, guinea-pigs, guinea-hens and all other animals, wild and domesticated
The taxation of church property and all educational or philanthropic institutions, that are not supported through and by taxation.

ELIX says, "THE FRA is the bibliozine that is never thrown away." Felix is occasionally right—this time, surely so. The paper upon which THE FRA is printed costs four times as much as that which is used in "Mumsley's" and other stock magazines. And as for the text, we endeavor to have it as much better than "the six best sellers," as the paper we use is better than the popular periodical pishmince. ¶ Lawyers, writers, orators, business captains, preachers—all who prize phosphorous plus, take THE FRA, because it supplies the needed Mental Martini. The question is, can a thinker afford to do without THE FRA, not for what THE FRA may tell him, but for what THE FRA will make him think?

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ARRANGED BY ALICE HUBBARD

Lesson V—Sunday, July 5, 1908

VICTOR HUGO—THE FRA

Open the Sunday School and begin each day with deep breathing and reaching exercises.
Hold the crown of the head high.

DR. JOHNSON was one day approached by a woman asking for money. Her appeal for help did not touch Ursa Major until she said—"Sir, I am a poor struggler,"—"Madam, so am I," said the friend of Goldsmith, as he pulled out his purse and emptied its contents into her outstretched hand.
Who is my brother? Anyone whose heart strings vibrate when I am moved. ¶ Victor Hugo was brother to Jean Valjean because he knew what it was to struggle and fight against powers of wrong. Both were revolutionists, both in bondage, both fighters, and men of might. So they were brothers, or possibly Jean Valjean was Victor Hugo's own self as he saw and pictured his own heart. And so was the Bishop of D—.

EXTRACT FROM "LES MISERABLES"

"Monsieur le Cure," said Jean Valjean, "you are good and do not despise me. You receive me as a friend."
The bishop, who was seated by his side, gently touched his hand. "You need not have told me who you were; this is not my house, but the house of Christ. This door does not ask a man who enters whether he has a name, but if he has sorrow; you are suffering, you are hungry and thirsty, and so be welcome. And do not thank me or say that I am receiving you in my house, for no one is at home here excepting the man who has need of an asylum. I tell you, who are a passer-by, that you are more at home here than I am myself, and all there is here is yours. Why do I want to know your name? Besides, before you told it to me you had one, which I knew."
The man opened his eyes in amazement.
"Is that true? You know my name?"
"Yes," the Bishop answered, "You are my brother."

"If you leave the prison with thoughts of hatred and anger against your fellow men, you are worthy of pity; if you leave it with thoughts of kindliness, gentleness, and peace, you are worth more than any of us."

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—Who is my brother?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Do not quarrel with Aurora, Mother of Winds.
T—Do not touch that bottle; it perhaps contains a giant.
W—A port appears: do not enter it—the tempest is preferable—it is guarded by the god Palemon who holds in his right hand a key.
T—Man has need of dreams.
F—Whoever we may be, we are adventurers of the world of our thoughts.
S—A thing that has never been measured, is the extent of hope.
S—We seek Cathay, we find America.

Lesson VI—Sunday, July 12, 1908

VICTOR HUGO—THE PHILOSOPHER

WHAT shall we do on the Island of Guernsey?" said the son of Victor Hugo to his father when the exiled family moved into Hauteville House and faced the unknown, aliens in an unloved country.
"We will write the life of Shakepeare," said the revolutionist. And he not only wrote the life of England's Poet, but he wrote of his own countrymen and his own country as he never could had he not seen France from across the English Channel. The perspective was what he needed, and there in his upper room, standing at his desk under the skylight, came the "More light! More light!" that he, like Goethe, called for.
Victor Hugo owes to his exile his ability to approach the universal in his writings.

EXTRACT FROM "THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO"

Was it possible for Napoleon to win the Battle of Waterloo? We answer in the negative. Why? On account of Wellington, on account of Blucher? No; on account of God. Bonaparte, victor at Waterloo, did not harmonize with the law of the Nineteenth Century. Another series of facts was preparing, in which Napoleon had no longer a place: the ill will of events had been displayed long previously. It was time for this vast man to fall; his excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. This individual alone was of more account than the universal group; such plethoras of human vitality concentrated in a single head—the world, mounting to one man's brain—would be mortal to civilization if they endured.
When the earth is suffering from an excessive burden, there are mysterious groans from the shadow, which the abyss hears. Napoleon had been denounced in infinitude, and his fall was decided. Waterloo is not a battle, but a transformation of the universe.

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—Should children inherit property from their parents?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Old age has no power over ideal genius. With the Dantes and Angelos old age is growth.
T—In politics, I put the country above party. In religion, I put God above dogma.
W—I respect the Sunday mass in my parish. I attend it rarely; this is because I am assisting perpetually, reverently at that other eternal mass which God is celebrating night and day in Nature, His Great Church
T—Strabismus of the soul can create terrible religions. Many a temple squints at Satan.
F—All religions are bad, and all religions are good.
S—A religion is a mask. But what does the mask prove? The face.
S—A religion is a translation of God proportionate to your spiritual endowment.

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Lesson VII—Sunday, July 19, 1908

VICTOR HUGO—THE EVOLUTIONIST

VICTOR HUGO was banished from France because he was a Revolutionary. He hated the insurrection of '93 as an humanitarian, yet the liberty that Rousseau and Voltaire loved was to him beloved. He knew that the French Revolution was a time of carnage and satiation of the wild thirst of the carniverous in man.

"Oh, Liberty, Liberty", he cried, "How many crimes are committed in thy name!"

And yet, out of it all, he knew France—the world—would emerge purified as by fire. Men have been less bloodthirsty, less careless of life and liberty since the French Revolution. Napoleon led them so swiftly into results that they met the cause face to face in that awful whirlagig of '93.

EXTRACT FROM "THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO"

IF you wish to understand what revolution is, call it progress; and if you wish to understand what progress is, call it to-morrow. To-morrow ever does its work irresistibly and does it to-day, and it ever strangely attains its object. It employs Wellington to make an orator of Foy who was only a soldier. Foy falls at Hougomont and raises himself in the tribute. Such is the process of progress, and that workman has no bad tools: it fits to its divine work the man who bestrode the Alps and the old tottering patient of Pere Elysee, and it employs both the gouty man and the conqueror—the conqueror externally, the gouty man at home. Waterloo, by cutting short the demolition of thrones by the sword, had no other effect than to continue the revolutionary work on another side. The sabres have finished, and the turn of the thinkers arrives; the age which Waterloo wished to arrest marched over it, and continued its route, and this sinister victory was gained by liberty.

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—Should a widow inherit money or property

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Great is he who consecrates himself! Even when overcome, he remains serene, and his misfortune is happiness

T—In what can poets be useful? Simply this,—in permeating civilization with light.

W—The material world is based on equilibrium, the moral world on equity.

T—Prayer is an august avowal of ignorance. O God! vouchsafe to me of your Infinity all that is possible of light and of love.

S—Revolutions like volcanoes have their days of flame and their years of smoke.

S—I write with one hand, but I fight with both.

Lesson VIII—Sunday, July 26, 1908

VICTOR HUGO—THE OPTIMIST

IT seems meet that the body of Victor Hugo should lie in Paris, in the Pantheon, amid the scenes he loved and knew, and where he struggled, worked, toiled, achieved; from whence he was banished and to which he returned in triumph to receive the laurel wreath

Certainly he should not rest in the quiet of a mossy graveyard, nor in a church where priests mumble unmeaning words at fixed times: not there. The sea, the great mother of life, as he called her, might have received him. It was the endless restlessness of the waves that he looked out upon during nineteen years of exile on the English Islands: it was their tumult that kept pace with the wild throbbing of his heart, as he wrote out the history of the tragedy of his country's struggle.

But more fitting is the resting place his country chose for him, beside the tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire, the two men who made possible the work of Victor Hugo.

EXTRACT FROM "WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE"

BONAPARTE was right. For the conqueror, for this soldier, for the man of material fact, the end of all is six feet of earth; for the man of thought, all begins there. Death is a power.

For him who has no activity but that of the mind, the tomb is the elimination of the obstacle.

To be dead is to be all-powerful.

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—Is it a calamity for a child to be thrown upon its own resources at fourteen?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Bad men spring from bad things: hence, let us correct the things.

T—The extenuating circumstance of despotism is idiocy.

W—Indecision is a solitude: you have not even your will to keep you company.

T—It seems that God prefers to teach Man a lesson through Man, in order to inspire confidence.

F—Your ideal is no more than your sense of proportion.

S—Leave the dreams of the religionists unto the shadows. But share you your bread with little children.

S—Rise to labor, go to rest with prayer, go to sleep in the unknown, having for your pillow the infinite; love, believe, hope, live.

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WHAT a wonderful trip, could we but walk through Time's Gallery of Events ❧ Time, the All-Wonderful! Monarchies have risen out of nothing, and vanished again into the dust, but Time goes on. Heroes rise and fall. The surface of the Earth changes; the map is reconstructed; the World gives birth to a new art, a new civilization, a new religion, while Time smiles his smile of great contempt and holds his peace. Think you what strange tales he would have to tell, could we get past his cold reserve for one single moment; many a side-light would be thrown on the Great Men of History, and Women, too. But such is not for us!

All our apparent progress he has noted since the beginning of things, yet always preserved Sphinx-like silence. No doubt in his quiet way, he enjoys our hair-breadth attempts to clip seconds off so-called records. Must not we allow him the luxury of a smile, when some autoist, bent on what we call earthly fame, whirls around a circular-shaped track, only to dash his brains out eventually on one of its treacherous curves, in his race against Time?

Time has no real rival, yet his every breath is now recorded ❧ For centuries Man felt that Time, of all things, should be watched. Not until the Howard Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., entered the field, however, was the matter *exactly* arranged. Now in all parts of the World, sentinels of insignificant size, but wondrous accuracy, keep pace with Time. Watches indeed! Second for second, during sixty-six years they have followed in his tracks, asking no favors, boasting not, yet proving worth and workmanship by the character of their movements. The Howard Watch controls Time, yet does not monopolize it ❧ The Howard has no competitor—it is unique, peculiar, distinctive. It stands alone.

have been made since 1842, and the Howards made half a century ago are still being carried ❧ A Howard is like a "Stradivarius"—it never grows old. Edward Howard who originated the Howard Watch was a man of the Stradivarius type—he worked for twenty-five years before he made a watch that pleased him, and then he said, "Other men will make different watches, but they will never make a better one." He was right; they never have! ❧ Can you afford to spar with undivided time? Howard Watches solve the difficulty!

A little pamphlet, "Watch Wisdom," was written for you. Do you want it?

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IT IS HARDLY GOOD MANNERS TO EXAMINE THE HALO OF A SAINT TO SEE IF IT IS SOLID OR ONLY PLATED

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NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHT

Portrait—VICTOR HUGO *By Jules Gaspard*
THE FRA'S PLATFORM
Roycroft Sunday-School Lessons *Alice Hubbard*

THE OPEN ROAD *The Fra*
Tom Corwin, the Orator
Teaching Things out of Season
Street Preaching
A Rich Man and Educated
Mrs. Carter of Wichita
Forget It
With all thy Gifts *Walt Whitman*
Prison Experiences of a Suffragette *Winifred Mayo*
The Fellowship Idea *Benjamin Fay Mills*
Back to the Mother—A Prayer *Richard Le Gallienne*

LIVE AS THO' YOU WERE TO DIE TO-MORROW; AND BUILD AS THO' YOU EXPECTED TO LIVE FOREVER

In The Land Of Immortality

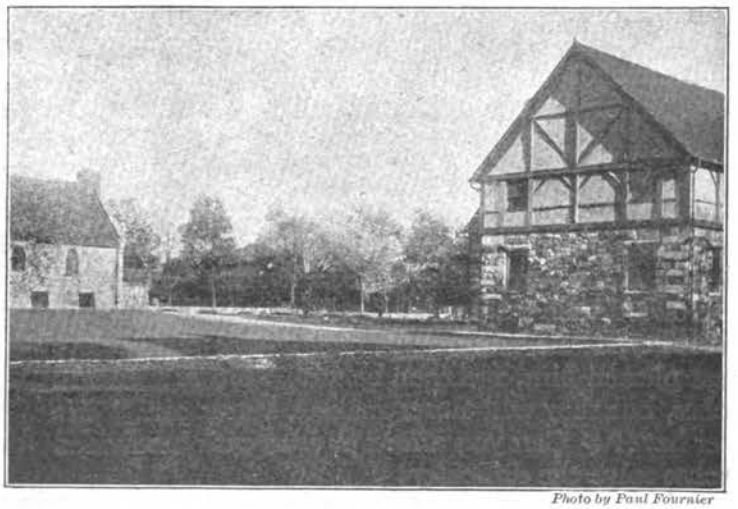


Photo by Paul Fournier

THE CAMPUS

Out on the Campus the Immortal Ones are Muldooned—Baseball, Handball, Tennis and Medicine Ball do much to produce and reproduce kinkless joints. Children of Eight and Eighty mingle mirthfully at all times where the Grass is Green

Conducted by
THE ROYCROFTERS
at East Aurora, New York

COME TO THE ROYCROFT INN AND FORGET IT

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DR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE announces a series of Summer Lectures.

The subjects chosen by Mr. Le Gallienne for these lectures are of a popular character, and particularly adapted to the Chautauquas, Literary Club Meetings, and the Conventions of Women's Societies, which take place at this season. ¶ A choice of several subjects is offered:



The charm, breadth and scope of Mr. Le Gallienne's lectures are well known. Of his discourse on Omar Khayyam, recently delivered to The Roycrofters, the *Buffalo Times* has said—

> "East Aurora residents had a rare treat last evening when Richard Le Gallienne, world-famous man of letters, distinguished author, poet and lecturer, gave one of the most brilliant and finished lectures ever heard in the Roycroft Chapel. Mr. Le Gallienne is a man of distinguished personality and rare charm of manner, who, regardless of the fame that has come to him, is absolutely without affectation. His enunciation is splendid and he speaks with a clear directness that always carries conviction. He has a fund of wit and humor, and interspersed his lecture with humorous stories and beautiful selections from his own poetic writings."

A few dates in this lecture series are still open for engagement, application for which should be made to FELIX, Business Manager of THE FRA Magazine, care of THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y.

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Among the Pennsylvania Hills, perched on a Ridge overlooking the little village of CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS rests the

A Veritable Paradise close to the Heart of Things, where beautiful Nature welcomes each Pilgrim as a prodigal returned. Distant from the roar of Cities, yet in touch with all the little conveniences that one cannot do without. If "a little run down," here will you find a divine health-producing trinity, Splendid Good Fellowship, Nature at her best, and the Wonderful World-Known Waters of the Cambridge Springs—Waters of Life indeed! A week or two spent with Brothers Eppley and Rider at *HOTEL RIDER* will introduce you to the Infinite and annul the idiocy of wrong living, while restoring your Birthright of Perfect Health. A high-grade Golf-Course, two charming little lakes, miles of forests with rustic bridges, brooks, and pathways at every turn, a deer-park—and a splendid Welcome awaits the traveler at *HOTEL RIDER. Address*

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PENNSYLVANIA

HE well being and the happiness of the people should be the most important question before any government ✍ The existence of poverty, on a wide scale, should banish every other question until its cause is explained. Every consideration of Christianity, of humanity, of long-sighted statesmanship, should place this problem first in the program of any party. Questions of armament, of colonial administration, of expansion, of war or of peace, should be ignored until some explanation is found and some solution is offered for the existence of poverty in the midst of great plenty, of national decay along side of unparalleled luxury, of overflowing prisons and workhouses in a civilization that has made all nature tribute to the ingenuity of man.—Frederic C. Howe.

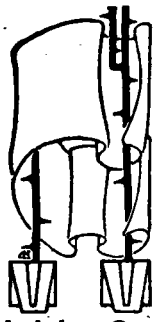
✍

E have done with the kisses that sting,
The thief's mouth red from the feast,
The blood on the hands of the king,
And the lie at the lips of the priest.
—Swinburne.

✍

WILL speak ill of no man, not even in matter of truth; but rather excuse the faults I hear charged upon others, and upon proper occasion speak all the good I know of everybody
—Franklin's Journal.

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HEN life grows a trifle tedious and dull to the M. D. of to-day who possesses the Hospital instinct, when the ordinary course of things becomes too ordinary, when the rust is on the blade, then does he on his rounds stealthily solicit the body of some ailing friend—and usually his quest is not in vain. Onto the Table, with the helpless One—the Thumbs are turned ✍ Who cares for a "Subject" when a "Scientific Discovery" hangs in the balance? Ever and always the Vivisector's exhiliration comes in the low moan of pain, the ether-iodoform Odor, the feel of the knife. He is Scientific. For mere Blood-Lusting curiosity, the joy of seeming discovery, a Surgeon will let a life pass out and seldom give it a thought. Down the Centuries some Men have carried with them ever the morbid desire to know more of Human Life, its source, its course and its consummation. Whether their desire gives birth to the Inquisitor of yesterday, to the Surgeon of to-day, it matters little. Both work for an imaginary principal and both are wrong. Operations are not to cure. Oh, no, Friend, but merely to decide whether the intestines are tied with a half-hitch or a bow-knot; whether the diaphram vibrates more in the center than on the outer rim. With this end in view the Bloody One works, and the Spirit of Temporal Belief peers over his shoulder with an awe-stricken countenance. Why do we accept this state of affairs? Simply this, men are superstitiously hidebound, and the many odors of the medicine-case, the prescription-tablet and the sheepskin on the wall—which by the way is always a guarantee of much wisdom—are very impressive. So big Brainy Men and Women with fear and trembling kow-tow to the dictates of the Knife-Weilder.

But Allah be praised, we are evolving. Many people now walk the Open Road. Life to these presents no problem for Scientific Research, it is so simple, and the Operating-Table holds neither an inducement nor a terror—they know it not. There is but one way to dodge the Curious Cutter—Fresh Air—Plenty of Sleep—and above all, proper Food. In Food Man meets Destiny. He overeats and pays a High Price for his indiscretion. Food is fuel. A man should eat in proportion to his efforts. To jam one's engine with fuel and never shake it, means clinkers in the grate, soot in the pipes aloft, likewise low pressure. As a nation we eat too much, seeking what we like, not what we need, and in consequence thereof, our Machinery breaks, the Mutilating Machinists get us, and we eventually find rest on the Junk-Pile of To-morrow. A little commonsense applied to the selection of foods will keep us well and happy. The Dyspeptic with his furrowed countenance, his tale-of-woe and shambling gait, merits only our contempt—he has sinned against the Laws of Life—and his punishment is Here and Now. Eugene C. Christian, a Dyspeptic, who studied Medicine at College, concluded there was nothing in it, entered the field of Business only to lose his Health—due to improper eating—turned away by Medical Specialists as Incurable, in desperation worked out a Science of Health. ¶He knew that wrong Food had made him ill, so he figured that right Food would restore his health.

After years of experimenting he has mastered the Science of Food in a way that compels the Doctors' admiration, if not their love. Mr. Christian takes the Hulks passed on and out by the Physicians, and makes them new again by merely teaching them how and what to eat. A fellow-feeling possesses him; he knows what they feel and how they feel, and he sympathizes—he knows. Mr. Christian has a little book, "How Foods Cure," that he wants to send to every reader of THE FRA. Suppose you write to him at his residence, which is at Number 7 East 41st Street, New York City, and ask him for this book.

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Back to the Mother: A Prayer

AT evening I came to the wood, and threw myself on the breast
Of the great green Mother, weeping, and the arms of a thousand trees
Waved and rustled in welcome, and murmured, "Rest—Rest—Rest!
"The leaves, thy brothers, shall heal thee, and thy sisters, the flowers, bring peace."

At length I stayed from my weeping, and lifted my face from the grass;
The moon was walking the wood, with feet of mysterious pearl,
And the great trees held their breath, trance-like, watching her pass,
And a bird called out of the shadows, with voice as sweet as a girl.

And then, in the holy silence, to the great green Mother I prayed:
"Take me again to thy bosom, thy son who so close to thee
Aforetime, filial, clung; then into the city strayed—
The painted face of the town, the wine and the harlotry.

"Bathe me in lustral dawns, and the morning star, and the dew;
Make pure my heart as a bird, and innocent as a flower,
Make sweet my thoughts as the meadow mint—O make me all anew—
And in the strength of beech and oak gird up my will with power.

"I have wandered far, O my Mother, but here I return at the last,
Never again to stray in pilgrimage wanton and wild;
A broken heart and a contrite here at thy feet I cast,
O take me back to thy bosom!"—and the Mother murmured, "Child."

—Richard Le Gallienne

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HE biggest question in business to-day is, "How shall we make it known?"

Out of a hundred starters ninety-seven come back to the post. "Too expensive!" "Returns do not justify!" "Can't afford it!" Why is that?

I'll tell you why. Because the case is not sufficiently condensed into comprehensive language and pictures. The name is wrong, or the label, or perhaps a slogan is needed to lift it up and out into the clear. ¶ "Uncle Sam" is the idea. His picture incorporates a complete library. Why does the cartoonist win? He condenses a page into a picture. That's what ails advertising. Too much Bulk to the Broadside.

Say! Did it ever occur to you that somebody fresh from the outside (not too fresh) might hit onto the vital thing? Who knows?

JAY WELLINGTON HULL, *Consulting Engineer*, CINCINNATI, O.

HE "Welcome" Motto symbolizes New England; the Far West and the Handy Latch String are as one; while the Sunny South has earned a World Wide reputation for Hospitality. But what of New York? Tho' thousands of strangers enter New York each day, few indeed know a Hotel where a genuine Welcome awaits. Next time, Oh, Immortal One, that you journey to the Great City, make it your business to call on Mr. Frank Case, at the

59 West 44th street ✍ The courtesy of the South, the kindness of New England, and open-hearted freedom of the West are charmingly blended where Mr. Case is Host!

IMMORTALS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION

BATTLESHIPS are the worst investment we know of. The plans of such vessels are antique before the construction is half completed. The greatest ship is fit only for junk in ten years ✍ The money put into such vessels is wholly lost, is unproductive. Battleships provoke war, and war is unproductive, wholly destructive. Therefore two battleships such as the House and Senate seem to have agreed upon are better than four which the President asks for ✍ We recognize the merit of the proposition that to be prepared for war is a means of preserving peace, preparedness tends also, when it takes too strong possession of a nation, to generate a spirit of looking for a fight. With the startling progress in the destructiveness of naval armaments, it is folly to go ahead building ships to-day that will be mere egg-shells compared with another nation's ships of to-morrow. Naval extravagance is the most senseless of any of which our representatives are guilty.

—William Marion Reedy.

✍

O be a gentleman is to be one all the world over, and in every relation and grade of society. It is a high calling, to which a man must first be born, and then devote himself for life. And unhappily, the manners of a certain so-called upper grade have a kind of currency, and meet with a certain external acceptation throughout all the others, and this tends to keep us well satisfied with slight acquirements and the amateurish accomplishments of a clique. But manners, like art, should be human and central.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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"WHAT ALWAYS WORKS?"

A L W A Y S W O R K S."

THE TITLES AS FOLLOWS

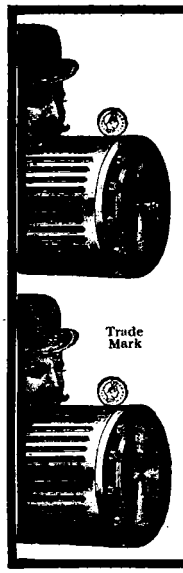
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3. How I Found My Brother
4. The Cigarettist
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IN plain and simple but strong language Alice Hubbard's "Woman's Work" gives us a most rational and timely explication of woman's true status in society. Written without gush or silly sentimentalism, its pages manifest that the author is a lofty and great soul, endowed with much womanly tenderness and love in its highest form. Those who will and can think, will find much good in this book, for it is destined to live, containing thoughts in advance of the conventional. "White Hyacinths" is a high tribute to Alice, but her expressed ideas as shown in "Woman's Work" prove that Elbert did not exaggerate. The advice given to men to pass along to "Her" "White Hyacinths," can now be put "t'other way about," for I know of no better book woman can give to "Him."—A. G. WAGNER

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It all depends how good you want an engine to be. If you just want a cheap engine, temporarily, there are hundreds. But if you want one for generating a nice even light to read by and expect to be in business a number of years, then your choice is exceedingly small—count them on your thumbs.

Run in oil, using their lubricants over and over. They run so smooth and steady that a silver dollar will stand balanced upon the cylinder under test. Write for catalog and list of users. No doubt some of your friends are among them.

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HE great leading error in modern times is in mistaking erudition for education. Education is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means; the training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others..... I believe every man in a Christian kingdom ought to be equally well educated. But I would have education to purpose: stern, practical, irresistible, in moral habits, in bodily strength and beauty, in all faculties of mind capable of being developed under the circumstances of the individual; and especially in the technical knowledge of his own business.—John Ruskin

NOTHING that man hath wrought is
worth his books,
Those written records of his faiths and
creeds,
Immortal relics of his faiths and needs,
Flowing in freedom like unhampered brooks.
Serried like soldiers in their tranquil nooks,
They seem dust-bound in death, yet whoso heeds
The life within them, life that burns and bleeds,
Will learn how Time, the thief and maker, looks.
For man has written all himself in these—
His dreams, his hopes, his loves, his cruel hates,
Here are the wine of passion and the lees,
Here are the perished glories of his states,
And here a weary pilgrim on his knees,
He prays before the future's golden gates.

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE POTTERY, GLASS, BRASS, AND ALLIED TRADES
ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

May 20, 1908

Elbert Hubbard, Esq.,
East Aurora, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Hubbard:—

I have "The Fra" before me. I know a thing or two about printing, and of the "get-up" of a Journal, having won a few laurels in that art myself. I am about to place a new publication on the market, and in printing it I have decided that I could not do better, in order to produce a really artistic Journal, than to follow you, so I have concluded to be frank with you and tell you that I shall copy the style of "The Fra" as closely as my purse and my ability to "swipe" will let me.
Had I better ask you first?
Well, with what I glean of your generosity, I feel that that step is unnecessary.
I shall be glad to send you the first number of THE POTTERY AND GLASS BUYER. It will be out in June.

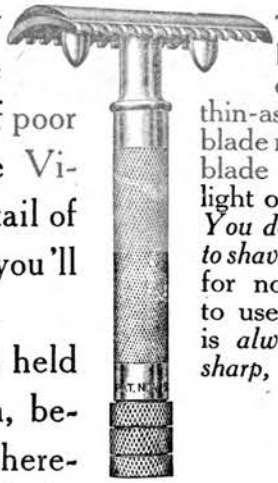
Yours very truly,
E. C. Mayer, Pres.
Crafts Publishing Company.

Good, Good! Come In, the Water is Fine

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Razor Vibrations and Roycroft Vibrations

A Roycroft Vibration sounds messages of Good Will along the Thought Wires of Space while a Razor Vibration Danger-Signals Inferiority. You see, Vibrations of the Roycroft Kind Posttels Kind Thoughts between Harmonious Beings leaving naught but a feeling of satisfaction. Not so a Razor Vibration. Cut Chins, Marred Beauty and Bad Tempers pay tribute to the Siren Zing!—Zing! of poor Steel. If your Razor Blade Vibrates you are twisting the tail of Destiny, and sooner or later you'll get scratched! In the



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249 Times Building New York **249 Kimball Building BOSTON** **249 Stock Exchange Building Chicago**



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N versatility of intellect and use of the epigram Shakespeare has no more able rival than Elbert Hubbard. In the range of subjects treated during the twenty-five years of his writing life he has even outdone John Ruskin who expressed himself upon more subjects than any other writer of the last century. ¶ Most men, who have added to the wealth of literature have been failures in real life and very often actual burdens upon society, and we read their contributions with an interest mingled with pity, but to Mr. Hubbard belongs the proud achievement of having succeeded as a man of business as well as a man of letters. Elbert Hubbard learned to live before he learned to write. He has gained a reputation as a successful author, journalist, lecturer, philanthropist, workman, merchant and farmer—quite an all-around man, that is all too rare in these days.—*Pall Mall* (*London*) *Gazette*.

Time and Chance—A Narrative Life of John Brown; three hundred and fifty pages, in limp leather, silk lined	$ 2.50
No Enemy But Himself	1.25

These LITTLE JOURNEYS are all on hand-made paper, hand illumined, limp leather, silk lined, a very beautiful book (some folks think)

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Health and Wealth	2.00
Message to Garcia, De Luxe	1.00

LITTLE JOURNEYS to the Homes of Good Men and Great, American Authors, Famous Women, American Statesmen, and Eminent Painters, and Time and Chance, on this list, were printed by G. P. Putnam's Sons, but the books have been bound by The Roycrofters in limp chamois, silk lined, very roycroftie. No Enemy but Himself is printed and bound by Putnam's.

NOTE: One Day, Forbes of Harvard, The Song of Songs, As It Seems to Me, The Book of Ecclesiastes, The Book of Job, Contemplations, all by Elbert Hubbard, are out of print. It is useless to order any of them—we have none in stock, and do not know where we could buy even fugitive copies, excepting possibly, at an advance of ten times the original price. If we had any copies of these books we would place them in a fire and burglar proof safe and keep them for ourselves, heirs and assigns, forever

HERE is more adventure in the life of the working man who descends as a common soldier into the battle of life, than in that of the millionaire who sits apart in an office, like Von Moltke, and only directs the manoeuvres by telegraph ❧ Give me to hear about the career of him who is in the thick of the business; to whom one change of market means an empty belly, and another a copious and savoury meal. This is not the philosophical, but the human side of economics; it interests like a story.—Robert Louis Stevenson

❧

R. R. W. Gilder's new book of benign commonplace, called "The Fire Divine," contains none, yet the critics and "all those in authority" are afield with shouts of commendation, as is usual when this author shows himself at the window of the haunted palace. Mr. Gilder never wrote any poetry, but no one in the country has worn the laurel with a more general assent than he, nor, let it be confessed, with a sincerer belief in his fitness for it ❧ Why "the tumult and the shouting?" Oh dear, I don't know! Why is a table of contents?—Ambrose Bierce.

T is because men are prone to be partial towards those they love, unjust towards those they hate, servile to those above them, arrogant towards those below them, and either harsh or overindulgent to those in poverty and distress, that it is so difficult to find any one capable of exercising sound judgment with respect to the qualities of others. Therefore it is the part of wisdom to withhold judgment and immerse ourselves in our own affairs, in order that others may attend to theirs.—Confucius.

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Here are some of the people who are helping THE FRA to help himself by helping you. These people do not agitate the ether and spar for time—they do things, and all are happier—better because they have lived. They are helping bear the burdens of the world and making two smiles grow where there were only frowns before. They do not spend their days thinking of their thoughts and feeling of their feelings. They all belong by divine right to the American Legion of Honor—they are helping make The American Religion universal—the Religion of Reciprocity. ¶ Here they are:

Tom L. Johnson
Luther Burbank
Ben B. Lindsey
Arthur Brisbane
Wm. Marion Reedy
Paul Bartlett
Emil G. Hirsch
David Bispham
Edgar Saltus
John J. Lentz
Alfred Henry Lewis
Ellen Terry
Robert Watchorn
John Burroughs
Byron King
Leonard Wood
Levi M. Powers
Howard Heinz
Wm. Hawley Smith
C. W. Post
E. Van Etten
D. M. Parry
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Grace Duffie Boylan
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Bolton Hall
Jas. J. Hill
Thomas J. Foster
Ambrose Bierce
Booker T. Washington
Brand Whitlock
Joseph Appel
Marshall P. Wilder
Walter L. Pyle
Leonard Levy
Alva Adams
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Books to read? Why, my dear Lady, books are not to read—books are to love.—JOS. LEON GOBEILLE

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TASTE like genius is essentially divine. Genius is conquest; taste is choice ❧ The all-powerful talon commences by taking all; then the flaming eye does its sorting. This sorting of the prey is taste. Each genius makes it according to his fancy. The epics themselves differ from one another in humor. The selection of Rabelais. Sometimes what one rejects the other keeps. Both know what they are doing, tho' neither can swear as to this; the ideal which is the infinite is above them, and there may well come a day when the heroic lightning and the sinister thunder intermingle, when a word of Rabelais becomes a word of Homer —and then it is that Cambronne utters it.—Victor Hugo.

❧

CHARITY itself consists in acting justly and faithfully in whatever office, business, and employment a person is engaged, because everything so done is of use to society, and use is good, and good in a sense abstracted from persons, is our neighbor. Not only individual men, but also a society of men, and a man's country in general, are his neighbor.—Swedenborg.

❧

You better learn to accept all the small misfits and the trivial annoyances of life as a matter of course. To allow them to receive attention beyond their deserts, is to wear the web of your life to the warp. Be on the lookout for the great joys and never let mosquitos worry you into a passion ❧ ❧

❧

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RIME and vice are not the natural consequences of normal human impulses. They are largely if not wholly products of environment. Society itself creates the economic condition in which people live, and the pressure of the means of subsistence upon opportunity is such that men are driven out of their true course as a result of the despair caused by inequality of opportunity and the hopelessness of an unequal struggle. More men drink because they are miserable than are miserable because they drink; and the unfortunates who lead lives of vice do not choose that occupation from natural preference or waywardness of disposition, but are forced to begin and to persist in such lives by the pressure of conditions which make the earning of an honest and adequate livelihood difficult and sometimes impossible ❧ I do not believe that the whole penalty of society's aggregate sin should be visited upon its weakest sinners, nor that wholesale arrests and indiscriminate fines can do more than harden the lives and the condition of those who are driven to vice and crime as a desperate resort. That society must protect itself and restrain law-breaking goes without saying; and this administration, by the direct pressure of the police force, and by the arrest and punishment of those who in their wrong-doing pass beyond technical law violation, and foster the growth of worse forms of crime, is attempting to do that thing. I earnestly invite you, however, to join with me in an effort to do the larger thing —to alleviate the hard social conditions which produce the environment out of which crime and vice grow. To remove causes is better than

HORACE FLETCHER maintains that Nature supports no Confessional for the absolution of Sins. If you rebel against the Laws of Right Living, the Ten Commandments of Commonsense, you Pay the Price in full and your Punishment is Here and Now! ¶ Ruined Digestions stand out as Monuments to our Epicurean Indiscretions. No Man, Business or Professional, who takes liberties with his Digestive Organs, can expect Thought Sparks of any value to float out to the World thru' his Mental Chimney! Whether you pursue the Illusive Dollar or pay tribute to the Goddess Art, a corroded grate and smoky flues will hinder rather than assist progression.

START TO-MORROW RIGHT! For Breakfast try a cup of

—it's real nourishment—and your poor abused organs will peal forth a Pæan of Thanks. It makes a delightful, satisfying breakfast when a full meal would ordinarily cause distress, and is very refreshing for those Mentally and Physically Fatigued. DON'T BE A LAGGARD! TURN OVER THAT PROMISED LEAF AND GLUE IT DOWN! ❧ ❧ ❧

pure, full-cream milk, enriched and modified by the nutritive extracts of select malted grains, combined and concentrated in vacuo to a powder form, soluble in water. Pure milk in this unique combination with cereals insures a complete food, requiring no further addition of milk and no cooking to prepare it ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Ask for "HORLICK'S;" Accept no Substitute!

RACINE, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.
LONDON, ENGLAND MONTREAL, CANADA

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To a proposition, or your perspective will be strictly Class "B." There never was a man who could distinctly see the fly on his own nose, or the wasp just behind his ear. Business success or failure lies in the viewpoint. Does your viewpoint lie? Why not give *me* a look-in? It may be that I can't harm your business any. Then again I possibly can do it a lot of good. ¶ The Advertising Will-o'-the-Wisp lures each year more good money into the quicksands of dampheulishness than any other branch of business. Of course there's a reason! Fingering the fire without mits. After you make up your Fall and Winter Advertising appropriation give me a long-distance nudge. There may be a plug for that leak—who knows? Advertising is my One Best Bet; besides it's my Meal Ticket!

JAY WELLINGTON HULL
CONSULTING ENGINEER
CINCINNATI, OHIO

REAL happiness is not a fluttering, fly-away unreality. It is not superficial ✍ It does not live in things. It depends not upon money. It is a quality of character. It inheres in personality. It consists in facing life the right way, and no one who faces it the wrong way, no matter how much money he may have, can ever be happy.

—

The trouble with many of the men who went down in the panic was that they put the emphasis upon the wrong thing.

—

What a pitiable thing it is to see the human race chasing the dollar—material things—trying to extract happiness, to squeeze joy out of money alone!

—

to deal with effects. As a temporary measure and until the fight on the causes shall be won, direct repression must be applied to the effects; but we must never regard these measures in the light of remedies, for back of all of it lies the source of evil—involuntary poverty.—Tom L. Johnson.

✍

There is nothing in which people deceive themselves so much as in the pursuit of happiness. There is only one way to find it. That is, by obeying the laws upon which we are built ✍ We are constructed along the lines of truth and justice, and we cannot reach felicity by disobeying these, the very laws of our nature.—Orison Sweet Marden.

—

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ONCE upon a time a Printer stood before his Press and thought deeply. 'Neath his feet a kindly "Boss" had placed a Rubber Mat, for you see, the Printer was a Good Printer laboring from early morn 'til late. A Wise Boss knows that long hours and press vibrations cause a bodily strain that even a Good Printer cannot stand—Hence the Kind Care. But the Printer realized that he did not stand on the Mat all day, that he moved about a great deal—so the Rubber was of little worth in one spot. Ruminating thusly, he conceived the Idea, could he but take with him the Rubber Mat on his short journeys about the room, all would be well. But how to do it?

When the Idea Germ enters the Brain Cells of a Real Thinker, usually stray threads of thought are soon knitted into a Spider's Web of Results. Next morning the Printer appeared bright and early in his old accustomed place, but the Rubber Mat was not there! Yet the Printer moving about noiselessly, beamed his complete satisfaction, causing much speculation among his fellows. Prevailed upon to tell his secret, he showed upon the Heels of his shoes, two well formed pieces of Rubber, cut from the absent Mat. These were the first Rubber Heels—and the Printer was Humphrey O'Sullivan. He had solved his problem!

Back in the days when Humanity walked the green Earth barefoot, there was no need for Rubber Heels. But in this Era of Cement, Iron, Glass, Hardwood floors and Macadam Roads, the Human Frame is laboring under a Great Disadvantage.

It is a Sin against Humanity to slight one's Body. Your responsibility does not end with yourself, Posterity demands that you help preserve the Race.

Every bit of Delicate Machinery that man produces carries with it springs, ball-bearings, shock-absorbers, rubber tires and such like to lessen wear and tear, yet Man—the Inventor of Things—places a bit of hard leather 'neath his Heel and stamps his way along asphalt walks, with never a thought for his own well-balanced Self.

Be consistent! ¶ If you put a Shock-absorber on your Automobile to save its machinery, do as much for your own Body!



Will make you live again! Walk! The Backache, the Headache, Dyspepsia and Bad Complexions Vanish. Walk! Your shoulders straighten, your eye grows clear, the suppleness of youth returns, and your appetite is strictly standard. Walk! Insomnia troubles not—if you Walk, wearing O'SULLIVAN'S NEW, LIVE RUBBER HEELS.

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

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Down St. Louis way Roberts, Johnson & Rand make Shoes just the way that we Roycrofters make Books. "Not how cheap but how good." At the head of their Workshop a Man holds sway. Some people call this Man a Crank because he refuses to make Cheap Shoes for Large Profits ❧ When but a very small boy he helped make shoes—he's been at it ever since. He knows shoes from cowhide to cobbler! Before an applicant can secure a position under this Master Shoeman he must first "prove himself:" each accepts his new duties knowing that one piece of careless work symbolizes a Blue Envelope. In consequence ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

boast of a Corps of Experts and their work shines out against the Horizon of the Shoe World—alone! ¶ A sort of a Louis Kinder type, this Man; fine work he loves for its own sake. He would not insult his Artistic Conscience by turning out Inferior Stuff! He makes, and teaches others to make, Real Shoes. Three million Broad Minded, Deep Thinking Americans paid $10,041,385 for the privilege and pleasure of wearing "Star Brand Shoes" last year. The so-called "Financial Depression" never touched our St. Louis Friends ❧ They always give "Value Received," and such transactions lacking immorality are not effected by Wall Street fluctuations.

Why not join this Great Army of Americans who "Walk on Stars." ¶ Write as a *Fra* Follower and ask for Information and Prices!

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND SHOE CO.
MANUFACTURERS ST. LOUIS.

The Optimist's Prayer

H! Unseen Power that rules and controls the destinies of the children of earth: teach me the symphony of life so that my nature may be in tune with thine. ¶ Reveal to me the joy of being loving, self-sacrificing and charitable. ¶ Teach me to know and play life's game with courage, fortitude and confidence. ¶ Endow me with wisdom to guard my tongue and temper, and learn with patience the art of ruling my own life for its highest good, with due regard for the privacy, rights and limitations of other lives ❧ Help me to strive for the highest legitimate reward of merit, ambition, and opportunity in my activities, ever ready to extend a kindly helping hand to those who need encouragement and succour in the struggle.

Enable me to give a smile instead of a frown, a cheerful, kindly word instead of harshness and bitterness.

Make me sympathetic in sorrow, realizing that there are hidden woes in every life no matter how exalted or lowly ❧ If in life's battle I am wounded or tottering, pour into my wounds the balm of hope, and imbue me with courage undaunted to arise and continue the strife. ¶ Keep me humble in every relation of life, not unduly egotistical, nor liable to the serious sin of self-depreciation. ¶ In success keep me meek. ¶ In sorrow, may my soul be uplifted by the thought that if there were no shadow, there would be no sunshine, and that everything in life must have its antithesis.

Grant that I may be a true, loyal friend, a genial companion with the broad honest charity born of an intimate knowledge of my own shortcomings.

If I win, crown me with the laurels fitting to be worn by a victor, and if I fall, may it be with my face to the foe, fighting manfully, and falling, fling to the host behind,—play up, play up, and play the game.—William J. Robinson.

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Pretty Summer Dresses



Owe their appearance, their very Life in fact, to the Laundress—and the *Soap*. Duck, Lawns, Linens, Laces, suffer no injury and assume an added youthfulness when washed with

Swift's Pride Soap.

Good Housewives who do their own washing should make each Monday "Bright" by using a soap that is efficient in their hour of need. Moral:

USE

Swift's Pride Soap

AND BE HAPPY



Dirt's Own Enemy—Swift's Pride Washing Powder, (a pulverized Soap.) For Rough Service.



Made by Swift & Company, U.S.A.

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RESOLVED. THAT WE DON'T LIKE MEN WHO BUTTON THEIR COLLARS BEHIND AND HAVE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN-DOORS, WHERE DOGS ARE NOT WELCOME; THAT WE LIKE THE FRA, BECAUSE HE LOVES KIDDIES, KIDDEENS AND KIOODLES, AND STANDS FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS AND AGREES WITH TIGE THAT VIVISECTION IS WORSE THAN HYDROPHOBIA BECAUSE A DOG THAT BITES A MAN CANT HELP IT, BUT A MAN WHO STRAPS A DOG ON A TABLE, & CUTS INTO HIM WITH A KNIFE AND SCISSORS NEEDN T IF HE DOESN'T WANT TO; THAT BOYS AND GIRLS DO NOT LIKE THE STUFFY IN-DOORS; THAT TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH BEES, BUGS, BIRDS AND BEETLES IS LOTS MORE FUN AND JUST AS MUCH BENEFIT AS READING ABOUT NICODEMUS & NEBUCHADNEZZAR WHO ARE DEAD ONES, BOTH; THAT BAD CHILDREN ARE GOOD CHILDREN WHO HAVE ENERGY PLUS, AND THEIR PARENTS SAY, "QUIT THAT", "LET UP", "GET OUT"; THAT DIRTY CLOTHES ARE PREFERABLE TO PALE CHEEKS, AND THAT WE SHOULD ALL LIVE IN HEAVEN HERE AND NOW, SO TO GET USED TO IT FOR BY AND BY BUSTER BROWN.

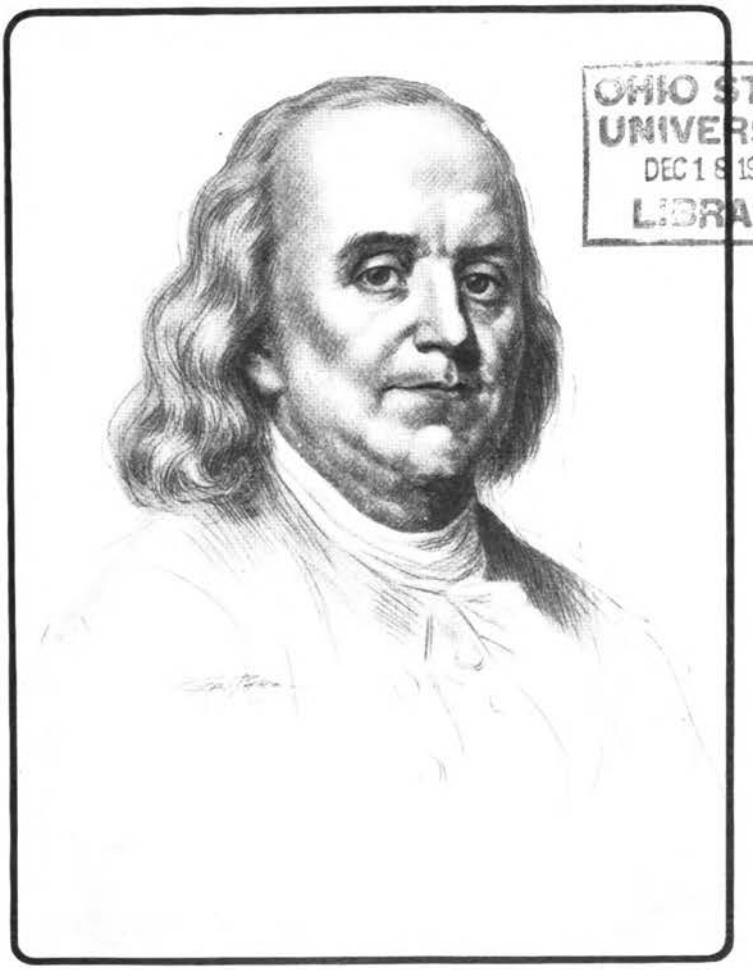
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THE FRA

(NOT FOR MUMMIES)

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ARRANGED BY ALICE HUBBARD

Lesson IX—Sunday, August 2, 1908.

FRANKLIN THE ECONOMIST

Open the Sunday-School and begin each day with deep breathing and gently stretching all the muscles.

FRANKLIN was the youngest of ten Franklin boys, and I believe he had seven sisters. His father was a candle maker in Boston. There were nineteen in the family, for the Franklins had no hired girls nor hired men. Everybody worked and they wasted not.

A Candle Maker's Establishment was not like an electric light plant, nor were there meters situated in the houses of the best citizens of Boston nor in the public buildings, for Benjamin to read and send bills according to what the company needed. The boy's work was to cut wicks and prepare tallow for making candles. In the home, in the shop, economy and thrift were practiced and preached until they became Franklin's righteousness.

Solomon in all his glory has not given such an array of advice on industry as has America's best educated man

THE WAY TO MAKE MONEY PLENTY IN EVERY MAN'S POCKET

REMEMBER that time is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labour, and goes abroad, and sits idle one half of that day, though he spends but six pence during his diversion or idleness ought not to reckon that the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings beside.

REMEMBER that credit is money.

REMEMBER that money is of prolific generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six; turned again is seven and three pence; and so on until it becomes an hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces at every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, INDUSTRY and FRUGALITY; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted) will certainly become rich—if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavours, does not in his wise providence otherwise determine.

GOLDEN TEXT

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Industry need not wish.
T—Drive thy business; let not that drive thee.
W—He that has patience can have what he will.
T—God helps them that help themselves.
F—He that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing.
S—A Man may, if he know not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone.
S—Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments If we can get rid of the former, we may easily bear the latter.

Lesson X—Sunday, August 9, 1908

FRANKLIN THE HUMANITARIAN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S scientific discoveries and study were to benefit humanity The Franklin Stove, the Franklin Press, ventilators, and the lightning rods; his explanation of the action of ocean currents, trade winds, the path of storms, the law of heat and cold, and the Leyden Jar; his experiments with electricity and its identification with thunder and lightning, all these began by his efforts to make life easier and better for those who worked and toiled.

He never patented any of his inventions—the product of his brain was a gift to the American people and to the world. He is one of the few who has added to the Art of Living.

FROM ESSAY ON "WEALTH"

ALL food or subsistence for mankind arises from the earth or waters.

Manufactures are only another shape into which so much provisions and subsistence are turned as were in value equal to the manufacture produced.

The produce of the earth thus converted into manufactures may be more easily carried into distant markets.

¶ There seem to be but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth. The first is by war, as the Romans did, in plundering their conquered neighbors; this is robbery. The second by commerce, which is generally cheating. The third by agriculture, the only honest way, wherein a man receives a real increase of the seed thrown into the ground in a kind of continued miracle, wrought by the hand of God in his favour, as a reward for his innocent life and virtuous industry.

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—Is there any need for increasing our war equipments?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.
T—When you have got the Philosopher's Stone, you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.
W—Remember Job suffered and was afterward prosperous
T—Experience keeps a dear school: but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.
F—They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped.
S—If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.
S—Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.

Lesson XI—Sunday, August 16, 1908

FRANKLIN THE STATESMAN

THOMAS BRACKETT REED said that a statesman is a politician who has been a long time dead—that is, one upon whose acts we get a perspective.

With this long distance we lose the gossip of the time, the jealousies are dead and we see the good and the best the man has done.

Benjamin Franklin was a statesman. He was a primitive genius in that he listened to the divine voice within instead of being pulled and twisted this way and that by public opinion or laws and precedents. Justice and right made his decision, and he did the expedient thing.

Concerning the dissensions between England and America:

"I see, with pleasure, that we think pretty much alike on the subjects of English America. We of the colonies have never insisted that we ought to be exempt from contributing to the common expenses necessary to support the prosperity of the empire. We only assert, that having parliaments of our own, and not having representatives in that of Great Britain, our parliaments are the only judges of what we can and what we ought to contribute in this case; and that the English parliament has no right to take our money without our consent. In fact, the British empire is not a single state; it comprehends many; and though the parliament of Great Britain has arrogated to itself the

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power of taxing the colonies, it has no more right to do so than it has to tax Hanover. We have the same king, but not the same legislatures.
The dispute between the two countries has already lost England many millions sterling, which it has lost in its commerce, and America has in this respect been a proportionable gainer. This commerce consisted principally of superfluities; objects of luxury and fashion, which we can well do without; and the resolution we have formed of importing no more till our grievances are redressed, has enabled many of our infant manufactures to take root; and it will not be easy to make our people abandon them in future, even should a connection more cordial than ever succeed the present troubles. I have, indeed, no doubt that the parliament of England will finally abandon its present pretensions, and leave us to the peaceable enjoyment of our rights and privileges."

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—Could Franklin's plea against taxation without representation be used equally well to-day by women citizens of the United States of America?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—There never was a good war or a bad peace.
T—You and I were long friends: you are now my enemy, and I am yours.
W—We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately.
T—Our Constitution is in actual operation: everything appears to promise that it will last; but in this world nothing is certain but death and taxes.
F—They who give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.
S—We are a kind of posterity in respect to them.
S—Popular opposition to a public measure is no proof of its impropriety, even though the opposition be excited and headed by men of distinction.

Lesson XII—Sunday, August 23, 1908

FRANKLIN THE PHILOSOPHER

THE term Philosopher is from two Greek words which mean loving and wise. A philosopher is one who sees phenomena, reasons concerning it and draws conclusions as to the conduct of life regarding it He takes no man's opinion and bases no reasonings on what was done or said before. A philosopher is a primitive man, in that he thinks his own thoughts and makes his judgments irrespective of society. Such a man was Benjamin Franklin.

FROM A LETTER ON "CRIMINAL LAWS:"

IT is said by those who know Europe generally that there are more thefts committed and punished annually in England, than in all the other nations put together. If this be so, there must be a cause or causes for such a depravity in our common people. May not one be the deficiency of justice and morality in our national government, manifested in our oppressive conduct to subjects, and unjust wars on our neighbours? View the long-persisted in, unjust, monopolizing treatment of Ireland, at length acknowledged! View the plundering government exercised by our merchants in the Indies; the confiscating war made upon the American colonies; and to say nothing of those upon France and Spain, view the late war upon Holland, which was seen by impartial Europe in no other light than that of a war of rapine and pillage; the hopes of an immense and easy prey being its only apparent, and probably its true and real motive and encouragement Justice is as strictly due between neighbour nations, as between neighbour citizens. A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang, as when single; and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang."

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—Are laws made to govern a people more savage and barbaric than we, fit laws to apply to a better and more refined race?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.
T—The borrower is a slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor.
W—Preserve your freedom, and maintain your independency: be industrious and free: frugal and free.
T—Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.
F—It is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.
S—The second vice is lying: the first is running in debt.
S—A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Lesson XIII—Sunday, August 30, 1908

FRANKLIN THE EDUCATED MAN

THERE have been a few men who have proven themselves greater than any circumstance that surrounded them. "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind," said Emerson. Franklin was always riding. His humor was superb, and if at any time he said and wrote things that were considered vulgar, there was ever a wit that could and did disinfect. Franklin was one of the Great Men of all time. If he sinned, his sins were never against Nature; they were always with her—Be Natural! Be Yourself—
These were commandments that Benjamin Franklin never broke.
And he was a diplomat, a courtier (in a homespun, made complete by Deborah's hand,) a financier, a scientist, a scholar all his life; a linguist, a teacher, a trades or craftsman, a philosopher, a humorist, an orator, and a writer of English prose second to none. Franklin was the best educated man America has yet produced

FROM ESSAY ON "CRIMINAL LAWS:"

I SEE in the last newspapers from London, that a woman is capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, for privately stealing out of a shop some gauze, value fourteen shillings and three pence. Is there any proportion between the injury done by a theft, value fourteen shillings and three pence, and the punishment of a human creature, by death, on a gibbet? Might not that woman, by her labour, have made the reparation ordained by God in paying four fold? Is not all punishment inflicted beyond the merit of the offense, so much punishment of innocence? In this light, how vast is the annual quantity, of not only injured but suffering innocence, in almost all the civilized states of Europe!"

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—Is a man's capability and his relation to his fellows, the final test of a man's education?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—With regard to future bliss, I cannot help imagining that multitudes of the zealously orthodox of different sects who at the last day may flock together in hopes of seeing each other damned, will be disappointed and obliged to rest content with their own salvation.
T—Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, clothes or habitation
W—Imitate Jesus and Socrates.
T—Be not disturbed at trifles, nor at accidents common or unavoidable.
F—The great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things and by their paying very dear for their whistles.
S—Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of.
S—Who has deceived thee so oft as thyself?

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I want to do more.
Blessed is the man who has found his work.
An act is only a crystallized thought.
Talk less and listen more.
Your heart does the work.
Carry the message to Garcia.
Be sure of one thing—Yourself!
The weakest among us has a gift.
Remember the week-day to keep it holy.
Stop crying. Get to work. Smile!
Have something back of the smile.
Patience makes kings.
Shirkers get paid what they are worth.
Do not sneak your way through life.

When things are absolutely needed, and demanded, we dig for them, soar for them, dive for them, or evolve them out of our inner consciousness.

That wonderful time which we call "The Italian Renaissance" was an age of great spiritual and mental awakening. Ideas were in the air, brains teemed with theories, great hearts throbbed with feeling.

The same Divine Impulse that prompted Columbus to persistently sail on, and on, and on, whispered to Gutenberg the secret of printing from movable type. Gutenberg showed the monks how to make a hundred books in the same time that they had consumed in making one, and they were not slow in following his lead.

Life is expression.

We live now in a time even more wonderful than "The Renaissance." The waves of feeling that sweep the world demand expression. The old plan of setting type by hand was too slow—a machine must be made. And lo! the Monotype leaps, Minerva-like, from the seething brain of a man. Infinitely more complex and wonderful is the Monotype than the invention of Gutenberg—yet Gutenberg must come first—we build upon the past.

The Monotype is operated by a keyboard, and then the type is cast and set by Perpetual Motion, organized into a machine by the cunning brain of the inventor.

Do we live in an age of miracles?

Go ask the Monotype.

LANSTON MONOTYPE MACHINE CO.
1231 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Set in Monotype border No. 33 and Monotype Series Nos. 95 and 76.

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YOU CANNOT SUCCESSFULLY IRRIGATE WHITE HYACINTHS WITH BEER OR WOMAN'S TEARS

Copyright, 1908 Elbert Hubbard

NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHT

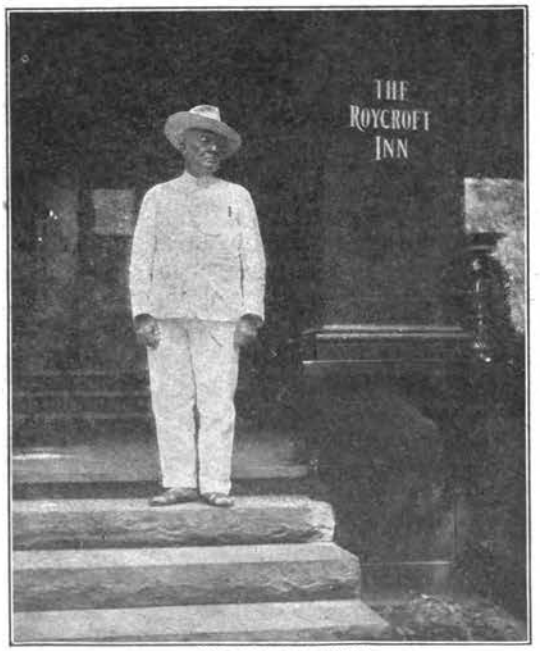
Portrait—BENJ. FRANKLIN *J. M. Gaspard*
Roycroft Sunday School Lessons *Alice Hubbard*

THE OPEN ROAD *The Fra*

William Howard Taft
Torrington and Litchfield
Loyalty
The Master Man
A Niagara Falls Story
From a Sweetheart
The Roycroft Barn

The Border Soldier *Hon. Champ Clark*
The Glory of Man *R. B. C. Graham*
The Test of Religion *Sir A. Conan Doyle*
Lands and Souls *Charles Sandburg*

DO NOT EXPECT PERFECTION FROM OTHERS—YOU HAVE N'T GOT IT TO GIVE



HORACE FLETCHER

(Across From The Well)

From early Spring 'til Fall's bright leaves are buried, during the Winter and into the Spring again, the Pilgrimage continues. Good Men and Great, stay with us for a day, week or month, then pass on, taking with them—and leaving—many a pleasant memory. Now-a-days persons of national and international importance smilingly greet each other across the Round Tables at the Roycroft Inn.

TWO DOLLARS A DAY AND UP

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie County, N. Y.

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For 10 Days And Find Out SURE

To Change from Coffee to Postum

"Postum has done a world of good for me," writes an Illinois man.

"I've had indigestion nearly all my life, but never dreamed coffee was the cause of my trouble until last Spring I got so bad I was in misery all the time.

"A coffee drinker for 30 years, it irritated my stomach and nerves, yet I was just crazy for it. After drinking it with my meals, I would leave the table, go out and lose my meal and the coffee too. Then I'd be as hungry as ever.

"A friend advised me to quit coffee and use Postum—said it cured him. Since taking his advice I retain my food and get all the good out of it, and don't have those awful hungry spells.

"I changed from coffee to Postum without any trouble whatever, felt better from the first day I drank it. I am well now and give the credit to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

is really causing your trouble.

You say "nonsense, there's old Bill Jones drank coffee for 50 years—" Never mind him, remember you're not Bill Jones,

and may want to be well. Suppose you cut out the old coffee for 10 days and use well-boiled

in its place. Our word for it you will reap a reward.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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Ever stands out before the city man as a dream of Paradise. Away from all noise and bustle where the kiddies may grow strong—afar from contamination! To find perfect peace and quietude when the day is done, at the journey's end—that's the dream. Perhaps a little garden, a few chickens, a horse and cow, also figure in the plans. Yet on a real little farm, (not a town cottage) the problem of adequate Water Supply always presents itself. Water Supply to the city-man-farmer forms every annoyance. He has been accustomed to a Bath-room with all its fixings, hot and cold running water, etc., but a farm without a BURTON SYSTEM offers none of these acknowledged necessities! ¶Ali Baba still takes *his* bath in the Orchard but this scheme presents infinite possibilities to the village small boy, who, by the way, embraces them ever and anon. Tho' Baba claims that the orchard bath is a joy supreme, when October comes 'round he sidles into the Roycroft Inn each Saturday night with his gunny sack and soft soap soliciting the key to a bathroom. After the Inn bath the smile of satisfaction on Baba's rugged countenance bears mute evidence as to his real preference. Avaunt the orchard bathroom. ¶A BURTON SYSTEM can be installed anywhere, adding dollars to the valuation of your property. It means everything to you! Suppose you own a little farm and want to sell it; you are located in a beautiful part of the country; your house is the only one equipped with bath, fire protection, facilities for watering stock, and lawn sprinklers. Think you, that yours will be the one sought for—certainly. ¶It cannot be denied that the BURTON WATER SYSTEM has placed the home of the American farmer at the head of the list! ¶Are you a farm owner or only a prospective farm owner? ¶The BURTON FOLKS can put you in touch with a Water Supply System that will add to your comfort or bank balance, whichever you prefer! *Nothing expensive or complicated!* This System was devised by sensible people for sensible people. Suppose you write to the BURTON PEOPLE to-day explaining your needs—they'll meet you half way, that's sure!

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

IT is a sad thing to look at the noble and large minded men who in this century have become disgusted with the Popular Theology, and so have turned off from all conscious Religion. (In a better age they would have been leaders of the world's piety.) It is for men who have sought to cut loose from every false tradition, to worship the Infinite Father and Infinite Mother! They may scold, and are then the Church termagant, worth nothing but their criticism. They may toil to remove these evils, their life making a new Church, and then they are the Church beneficent; their influence will go into the world's life, and hasten the development of mankind.—Theodore Parker.

IN this life the elementary blessing is health. What! do we presume to place it before peace of mind? Far from it: but we speak of the genesis; of the succession in which all blessings descend; not as to time, but the order of dependency.—Thomas De Quincey.

VOLTAIRE, in his time performed the functions of all the tribunes and of the whole press of ours. He was the perpetual journalist, advocate and deputy of his age. His greatness consists in his having been the magazine of ideas of a whole century.—Hugo.

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EVERY Summer Season claims thousands for the great reaper. The warm weather proves what the winter merely suspected. People may be indiscreet about their food when the cold is here, for then, the needs of our bodies being greater, our engines work overtime, and by their own exertions, burn up the slag and clinker that usually means a trip to the repair shop.

But in the summer, things are different. When you over-eat during the hot months, you produce conditions of mind and body that make the undertaker grow hopeful.

Overload your stomach in January, and you feel a trifle "heavy"—not quite up to the standard—a desire for the parlor couch, you know,—that's all! Overload in August and you are in direct line for Sun Stroke, Paralysis, Gum Willies and Brain Storms; also, it is the summer season that brings the summer hotel and the summer boarding house. Who brings the food to these National Institutions, is one of the world's secrets. But this we surely know, much of it is decidedly antique. Ptomaine Poisoning and kindred ailments ever walk hand-in-hand with uncertain food stuffs.

In your mad haste to have a good time remember that life does not lie in the rush! Rather believe that selection is greater than conquest. Don't "enjoy" a vacation that will lay you up for months. Now-a-days it seems that the word "vacation" itself is a misnomer; the real need for one seems greater after the return. "Vacations" you say are gifts from Divine Providence ℳ Two weeks' whirl in the midst of hottest summer, combined with bad hours and worse food. "Heavenly?" Surely!

Part of all good times, according to latter day philosophers, consists in eating meals out of season. "Spreads" in the wee small hours, "Feeds" in the afternoon and Ice Cream in the evening. This on top of that 57 course Hotel Dinner, (Wow!) are considered decidedly ultra delectable. And then you return home and wonder why you don't feel just up to snuff. In the midst of this hurly-burly "rest," why not once in a while consult your gray matter. You're not having a good time, nor will you have one unless you're considerate about what you eat. Nearly every disease that man is heir to hinges directly on his menu card. Simple healthful foods will make your entire summer a vacation—and your winter too—and each succeeding winter.

"After-effects" cut much ice and reduce salaries. When you are indulging in high jinks in the Land of Merrymaking, there is some fellow bending over your desk at home, trying in all ways to prove to the "boss" that he can fill your position just a *little* better than you yourself can. It will be the critical eye for you, my son, when you return. Don't jeopardize your chances by bringing back with you a sour taste.

Before you go, or after you return—write a note to Eugene Christian, Food Scientist; tell him what you think ails your food-pulverizing apparatus; tell him that you are open to conviction, that a commonsense talk will be intelligently listened to, and this man will bring before you some startling information about people and foods.

Several years ago he pooh-poohed the doctors and their knowledge of healthful foods,—he pooh-poohs them now. Eugene Christian knows the food that a human body needs, and he wants to tell his secret. It took him several years to discover it! What's more, he did all his experimenting on himself ℳ Is that a recommendation? A postal to Eugene Christian at his home, No. 7 East 41st Street, New York City, will put you in touch with one of the big, thinking minds of today. Write before you're on the shelf.

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Health
Happiness
Good Roads
Brotherhood
Co-operation
Equal Suffrage
Human Service
Universal Peace thru arbitration
Manual Training in public schools
Tree-Planting and Forest Preservation
Good cheer and courtesy, even under provocation
The keeping of promises made to those who cannot enforce them
The Kindergarten System, and its introduction into the higher grades
A Patriotism that will include other countries, with no lack of love for our own
No war of aggression, excepting on a popular vote of all the people, including women.
Disarmament through mutual agreement; and a constant campaign of education until this is brought about
A Square Deal for horses, cows, cats, dogs, birds, rabbits, guinea-pigs, guinea-hens and all other animals, wild and domesticated
The taxation of church property and all educational or philanthropic institutions, that are not supported through and by taxation.
ARE YOU WITH US?

UT in the Open where the Air, the Trees, the Wind, the Rocks, the Earth and Water act as Special Agents of a Kindly Providence, the Interlaken Instructors hold sway—Oh! To be a Boy again, to Work and play boy-fashion as the boys do at this Wonderful School, to rise early; to return to rest when day is done; tired, happy, contented; building Life's Foundation as it should be built; planting the seeds that bloom and bear fruit only a little later in the Garden of American Manhood.

Let us then agree with Walt Whitman, "Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms, strong and content I travel the Open Road."

Henceforth education means more than books alone can give—it means the great, good, open country where the Boy's Body, as well as his Mind, is cared for by Mother Nature! Interlaken School motto:

"Equality of Mind and Body."

Year Book on Request.

plan ever and always that their Son shall be a Great Man. Few indeed however give that boy an intelligent start in life. Success now-a-days means that body and mind shall work in perfect accord. A successful man must have the carriage and bearing of one. To look the part, that 's the thing! 'Way down south a man has evolved and developed an idea that means much to the American youth of to-day—a new kind of Military Institute. He uses two states and both branches of the military service to give boys the training he believes they need. Out in the Blue Grass region of "Ol' Kaintuck" he has his permanent Military School. But in the winter the boys are taken down by the Indian River in Florida, where for a time they become Jolly Jack Tars. On land or water practical mental work is mixed with the out-of-doors variety in a way that brings results. You can't shut a boy inside a school with very little systematic exercise and expect him to do good work—nor can you expect the Hall of Fame to reserve a place for him if you do. Oh, no! Col. Fowler wants to tell the right kind of parents about his School Scheme. Are you interested? ADDRESS: LYNDON, KENTUCKY



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DIVINE ENERGY

MAN is only as strong as his nerves. You write, orate, carve, paint and do business with your Nerve-Force. It's all Divine Energy—how to control it is the problem! ❧ Our nerves control the organs of our bodies. When the nerves are normal, each organ does its perfect work. If the wires are down, business is at a stand-still, and when your nerves get on the outside of your clothes you are ripe for the straight-jacket —or the great indulgence and patience of your friends. ¶ Osteopathy treats of the bones and their right adjustment, and it has done great good. The Osteopath works with nature and for nature, and merely aims to give nature a chance. Neuropathy comprehends Osteopathy and goes one step further. Other things may impede nerve-play beside bones, so Neuropathy studies nerves. Nerves release the fluids—control the glands—close or open all gates, even the Gates of Life and Death. Nerves control your mood, your appetite, your desires, your ambitions. They feed your brain, feel your feelings and think your thoughts. ¶ The American College of Neuropathy is both allopathic and homeopathic—orthodox and eclectic. It knows all schools, and its twenty-eight professors represent the entire gamut of medicinal skill. ¶ But the emphasis is on Neurology. By a series of simple manipulations inflamation can be relieved, torpor vitalized, and the patient lifted from inefficiency into usefulness. The American College of Neurology is a Health College. It fixes its gaze on the normal, the happy, the peaceful. It teaches control. It shows its students how to be Men and Women; how to be master of Self—physically, morally, mentally, spiritually. ¶ And having mastered Self, you are then ready to go out and benefit mankind. The world needs teachers—wise, hopeful, helpful teachers who radiate health. ¶ We can help you to radiate. Graduates from this college step at once into a life of earnest, helpful work that pays. One half of all humanity are sick through lack of right nerve adjustment. If you can benefit people, they will pay you. The world is rich—are you getting your share of this wealth? If not, young man, and young woman, write to us to-day for information. We can help you—we can show you how to work out your career, and how to help yourself by helping humanity ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

PENNSYLVANIA BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

OU are invited to open an account at The Roycroft Bank. We add four per cent interest quarterly, and the account is subject to check at any time. Deposits of One Dollar and upward accepted. Why not get the Savings Bank Habit? Every boy or girl should have a Bank Account —it is a part of their education that should not be overlooked. The Savings Bank Habit is better than a College Degree, if you have to choose between the two. Every woman should have a Bank Account of her own ❧ If she does n't see to it, her man should. And the man who has n't a Bank Account will often imagine that fate has it in for him, and seek to forget it at the saloon—the saloon that pays interest in headache and hypothecates your principal. ¶ This is the sixth year of our Bank and the business has grown a little every month since we began ❧ May we serve you? Elbert Hubbard, Banker, East Aurora, N. Y.

❧

REE heartedness, and graciousness, and undisturbed trust, and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their pain—these and the blue sky above you, and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath; and the mysteries and presences, innumerable, of living things,—these may yet be here your riches; untormenting and divine; serviceable for the life that is; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come.—John Ruskin.

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WHEN in East Aurora, New York, lately, Fra Elbertus showed me the analysis of medium values prepared by an advertiser of national character and covering two years. It had been first shown to him that day. Perhaps twenty magazines and near-magazines were on the list. (lowest advertising rate) in cost of business bringing. Now the article advertised was just as appealing to *Century* or *Saturday Evening Post* or *Woman's Home Companion* readers or to any other constituency on the list, but I could only conclude that Elbert Hubbard's followers are more apt to be thinkers and doers, and that any given thousand of them will turn in more responses for a thing that tempts them than two or three times the number of the sip-and-go, bumblebee-in-a-clover-patch sort that read most magazines.

Again I point to the moral of it all—that the worldly wise advertiser will study the character of his mediums as closely as he can, he will watch results, he will be impressed by surface indications of all sorts—then he will try to make such offerings as will be winsome to the readers he appeals to. He will not hit the bull's-eye every time, but he should never score a clean miss if he is not carried away by the myth that circulation is the all-in-all as a basis for determining advertising values.

Manly M. Gillam, of the N. Y. *Herald,*
In *Printer's Ink,* Issue July 15th.

On that same List Only Three Months Old, ranked Fourth, as a Result Producer, tho in competition with twenty of the Best Magazines in the Country—

Name of Advertiser on Application

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you pass by the least considerable man, you pass by all the humanities and the divinities and set your heart on what is transient and cheap. There is a wide ocean of difference between taking in the last man and leaving him out. It is not a question of one man, but of humanity.—Charles Ferguson.

JUSTICE is the only worship. Love is the only priest. Ignorance is the only slavery. Happiness is the only good. The time to be happy is now. The place to be happy is here. The way to be happy is to make other people happy. —R. G. Ingersoll.

THE ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes contented with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds he is doing,—where there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do.—Phillips Brooks.

MONEY SAVERS!
MONEY MAKERS!

Built Right, Work Right, Accomplish Most.

Both Pile and continuous type for Printing Presses and Folding Machines. Increased production—cut costs guaranteed.

Simple, Powerful, Durable, Efficient! A Trial Demonstrates Dexter Superiority.

FACTORY: PEARL RIVER, N. Y.
NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

By the trimness of her ankles, why not the man as well?
A man who preserves his dignity by investing in Garter Security, pays his bills, maintains a good position in the community, and carries his head just high enough.
¶ Tidy ankles means a tidy top piece and money in the bank.
A man with sloppy foot-gear, soiled linen and wrinkled socks, is balancing on the top of the shute that leads to the coal-hole of obscurity.
Paris Garters for men have an uplifting effect that is vital. Don't let this hot, low-shoe weather, betray a sometimes hidden defect in your mental attitude!



No metal touches the flesh, no leather soaks up perspiration.
Some in mercerized cotton at Twenty-five cents; others in silk for Superior Folks at Fifty cents.

MUSIC is a world all by itself, and before the inner eye of the musician appear pictures the physical eye of man can never dream to see; and unless you have the ability of this inner eye and can dream and forget, you will never understand this language, and music will be forever a sealed book of unsolved mysteries.—Hans Schneider.

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ROM a truly measured Base Line and the adjacent Angles, the dimensions of Objects in an Inaccessible Field can be correctly determined. So, likewise, from true Mechanical and Biological Data and related Analogies, we are able to clearly define the Nature of that Future State of Conscious Existence, which has been considered to be entirely beyond the reach of Human Investigation. This fact is clearly set forth and elaborated in the unprecedented and unique arguments of the new Doctrine of Mechanicalism.

PAPER, 25 CENTS, NET.

CLOTH, $1.00, NET.

SOCRATES SCHOLFIELD, PUBLISHER
95 Westminster St., Providence, Rhode Island

L E C T U R E S B Y

NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHT AND NINE

SOME OF THE THEMES

The Test of Wisdom
The Philosophy of Work
The Psychology of Success
The Philosophy of Freedom
The Psychology of Happiness
The Psychology of Character
Sensitiveness and Strength
The Philosophy of Friendship
The Problem of Good and Evil
The Problem of Personal Duty
The Relation of Labor and Art
The Physiology of Mental Healing
The Roycrofters and Their Work
Henry George: The Prophet of Social Freedom
Walt Whitman: The Prophet of Spiritual Freedom

¶ In addition to the above special lectures, Mrs. Pickett is prepared to give courses of six lectures each on the following themes:

The Evolution of Individuality
The Path to Realization
The Inner Meaning of Milton's "Paradise Lost"
The Teachings of Krishna in "The Bhagavad Gita"

For terms, dates, and other information, address

Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, Erie Co., New York

Business Men would do well to consult with the Niagara Envelope Company, Seneca Street, Buffalo, New York, before ordering Envelopes in quantities, great or small —printed or plain.

For ten years the Niagara Folks have served The Roycrofters so well that our last order was for One Million Envelopes!

10 July, '08

Dear Felix:

I'm entering the competition. You didn't expect a Scot in London, to answer your Conundrum in THE FRA for June, did you?

I am a FRA disciple—see list of subscribers.

The "Pleasant Gentlemen" reading from left to right are:—Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis and Mr. Elbert Hubbard the First, and my opinion of THE FRA ads. is, that they set the pace even for the *Blessed Philistine* and *Beloved Little Journeys*, and having said that, what else is there to say? Nothing!

Now what about that picture of the *Real Fra*? Salaams!

Yours Fraternally,
A. P. Cattanact

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RGANIZED labor is a good thing, but it does n't know its friends. Its strike against Tom Johnson's new and practically municipalized Cleveland street railways is a case of glaring ingratitude. But then, there 's no reason why we should expect the members of Organized Labor to be more unselfish or more just than human beings in any other association. We shall find in the long run that Mayor Tom will rise to the requirements of his situation, and show that it is the duty of superior intelligence and sound philosophy to make allowance for those who crucify their friends, knowing not what they do. Fairness, and then more fairness, is the way to combat the unfairness of Organized Labor. To meet wrong with wrong is no remedy, although the peace must be preserved against rioters. Mayor Tom is patient, and he is fair. He will win more through charity for frailty and ignorance than through meeting hate with hate. Watch and see!—Wm. Marion Reedy.

IF it be to pay a wager or just to pay the most graceful compliment possible—this will perform the office and make you a welcome visitor.

SUPER EXTRA

Chocolates and Confections

80c a pound box



Regarded by those who keep posted as the best this country has ever produced—holding first rank since 1842. Always fresh—one agent in every community—or send $1 for specimen box by mail.

Whitman's
"Fine" Confections, 60c a pound.
"Victoria" Confections, 50c a pound.
20c extra by mail.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate
made instantly with boiling milk or water.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, 1316 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.

ngraving rinting

Wedding Announcements
Engraved Calling Cards
Book-plates
Private Correspondence Papers

Reference—The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I CAN'T think that any one knowing me could ever accuse me of having spent any time, talk or writing on a cheap or common horse. But when I see a good one, no matter who owns him or how he 's bred, if he is a great horse I always take off my hat to him, the same as I would to a great man.—Col. Jack Splan.

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HOMELIKE School for thirty boys, on Cayuga Lake, near Cornell University.

We have complete, modern equipment with every means for exercise and recreation.

Our system of grouping pupils in small classes, combined with *individual instruction*, affords all advantages of private tutoring and class teaching; and assures for the student steady and thorough progress.

Instruction is given by very capable teachers, and our unusual success in dealing with boys attracts patronage of a superior character.

We mean that the School shall not be open to criticism in any particular. The yearly charge is $600. For catalogue address the principal,

AURORA, CAYUGA COUNTY, NEW YORK

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS No. 129

GENTLEMEN: Those of you who are not subscribers to *The Philistine*, East Aurora, New York, will please subscribe at One Dollar for a year beginning with the January, 1908, Number and charge to us in expense account.

If you don't always agree with what it says, read it anyway—IT WILL DO YOU GOOD

The Van Camp Packing Co.
Indianapolis, Indiana, February 1, 1908

S. W. Cor. Broadway at 54th St., New York

Near 50th Street Subway and 53d Street Elevated and accessible to all surface lines

Ideal location. Near Theatres, Shops, and Central Park

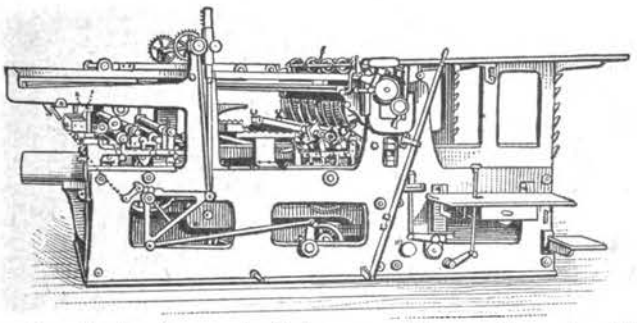
All outside rooms. No carpets. All hardwood floors and Oriental rugs. European Plan

Transient rates, Two Dollars & Fifty Cents with bath, and up. Restaurant unexcelled. Prices reasonable. Send for booklet.

Harry P. Stimson, formerly with Hotel Imperial
R. J. Bingham, formerly with Hotel Woodward



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No art, craft or science has done more to banish ignorance, kill superstition and prejudice and cause "light to shine where only darkness was before" than Printing. ¶ No other printing machinery built is so perfectly adapted to the profitable development of the Art of Printing as

STRONG, RELIABLE, ECONOMICAL, ACCURATE AND SWIFT

RUNS LIKE A THING OF INTELLIGENCE. IF YOU PRINT, WRITE US

The Babcock Printing Press Manufacturing Company

New London, Connecticut. 38 Park Row, New York City

IT'S GREAT WEATHER

TRADE'S SO-SO

The Presidential Candidates are all right and sure to be elected, but we are not managing the campaign, so cannot give points; however, we can give them all points on good PRINTING INKS

BUFFALO PRINTING INK WORKS

OFFICE AND FACTORY: BUFFALO, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

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THE FRA is Two Dollars a year. A choice of one of the following beautiful Roycroft volumes will be given gratis, as a premium, to each new subscriber. Also note this, to those who are now subscribers: You are our friends—nothing we have is too good for you, so in addition to the book given to the subscriber we will give you a book for each new subscriber that you send. Make your choice of books, and send along the names. Yes, certainly, you may send ten names on the same terms. You know good people who need THE FRA to pry them out of their mental ruts. Help them! There, you understand it. *A book to the subscriber, and a book to you for each subscriber.* Be wise—draw checks today. This offer expires September First. We are reaching out for a hundred thousand FRA subscribers and need your co-operation.

ENGLISH AUTHORS—Vol. I—William Morris, Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson, Robert Burns, John Milton, Samuel Johnson.

ENGLISH AUTHORS—Vol. II—Macaulay, Byron, Addison, Southey, Coleridge, Disraeli.

GREAT MUSICIANS—Vol. I—Wagner, Paganini, Chopin, Mozart, Bach, Mendelssohn.

EMINENT ARTISTS—Vol. I—Raphael, Leonardo, Botticelli, Thorwaldsen, Gainsborough, Velasquez.

EMINENT ARTISTS—Vol. II—Corot, Correggio, Bellini, Cellini, Abbey, Whistler.

EMINENT ORATORS—Vol. I—Pericles, Antony, Savonarola, Luther, Burke, Pitt.

EMINENT ORATORS—Vol. II—Marat, Ingersoll, Patrick Henry, Starr King, Beecher, Phillips.

GREAT PHILOSOPHERS—Vol. I—Socrates, Aristotle, Spinoza, Seneca, Aurelius, Swedenborg.

GREAT PHILOSOPHERS—Vol. II—Kant, Comte, Voltaire, Spencer, Schopenhauer, Thoreau.

GREAT SCIENTISTS—Vol. I—Copernicus, Newton, Herschel, Galileo, Humboldt, Darwin.

GREAT SCIENTISTS—Vol. II—Hæckel, Linnæus, Huxley, Tyndall, Wallace, Fiske.

GREAT LOVERS—Vol. I—Josiah and Sarah Wedgwood, William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, Dante and Beatrice, John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor, Parnell and Kitty O'Shea, Petrarch and Laura.

GREAT LOVERS—Vol. II—Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddal, Balzac and Madame Hanska, Fenelon and Madame Guyon, Ferdinand Lassalle and Helen von Donniges, Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, Robert Louis Stevenson and Fannie Osbourne.

GREAT REFORMERS—Vol. I—John Wesley, Henry George, Garibaldi, Richard Cobden, Thomas Paine, John Knox.

GREAT REFORMERS—Vol. II—John Bright, Bradlaugh, Theodore Parker, Oliver Cromwell, Anne Hutchinson, Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Frontispiece Portrait of each subject. Text on Roycroft water-mark, hand-made paper, initials and title-page our own designs. Bound in boards, leather backs, silk marker.

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THEN I sat up straight and listened—and out of the darkness came a wail, followed closely by a groan, an epithet, and much mumbling of words. Something apparently was happening in the road directly in front of our Camp. The Noises of the Night prevented me hearing the words of the conversation, yet from the intonation of the voices, which expressed anger, disappointment, disgust, I knew or rather felt that something was radically wrong. Creeping thru the Bushes I spied a low rakish black Auto standing out in the Moonlight and stalking around were two men (one extremely short and fat—the other tall and thin) garbed entirely in Black, muttering, mumbling, sympathizing—and cussing. "Halloo," called I, "What's up?" "What's up?" echoed the Larger of the Two, with a show of anger and surprise, "What's up?—Oh! Nothing! Just 76 miles from the Chancellor's House—must be there by dawn—and these d—n spark plugs fail us one after the Other! What's up?—Nothing!" Ignoring his biting sarcasm, I ventured—"Suppose I should produce a WICO PLUG, would you two Night Owls move along without any more Noise?" As of one accord the "Night Owls" bounded up the Bank, towards me, breaking thru the Bushes, into our Camp. When they saw THE DEMON, the Short One rushed over to it, and wrenching the top from the Tool Chest, found after much fumbling my little Box of WICO'S. Without as much as a "By-your-leave," he dropped the entire case in the pocket of his Mantle and disappeared over the edge of the Bank, not once looking back, the Tall One following closely on his heels! There stood I underneath the Moon, outraged, insulted, ignored—yet being an Autoist at Heart I knew that these Strange Men no doubt had a Great Need for the WICO'S, and somehow I could not find it in my heart to follow them and cause a scene. Besides, there was another case of WICO PLUGS in my Suit Case, this I knew! So instead of chasing them, I offered a prayer of thanks that they had not cleaned me out entirely in this desolate region. While I pondered thusly, upon the Air broke the sharp, sure, rythmic explosions, that only a WICO can produce—and a Hoarse Shout of Exaltation ushered my Strange Visitors out into the Night!—*From "The Tour of the Red Demon."*



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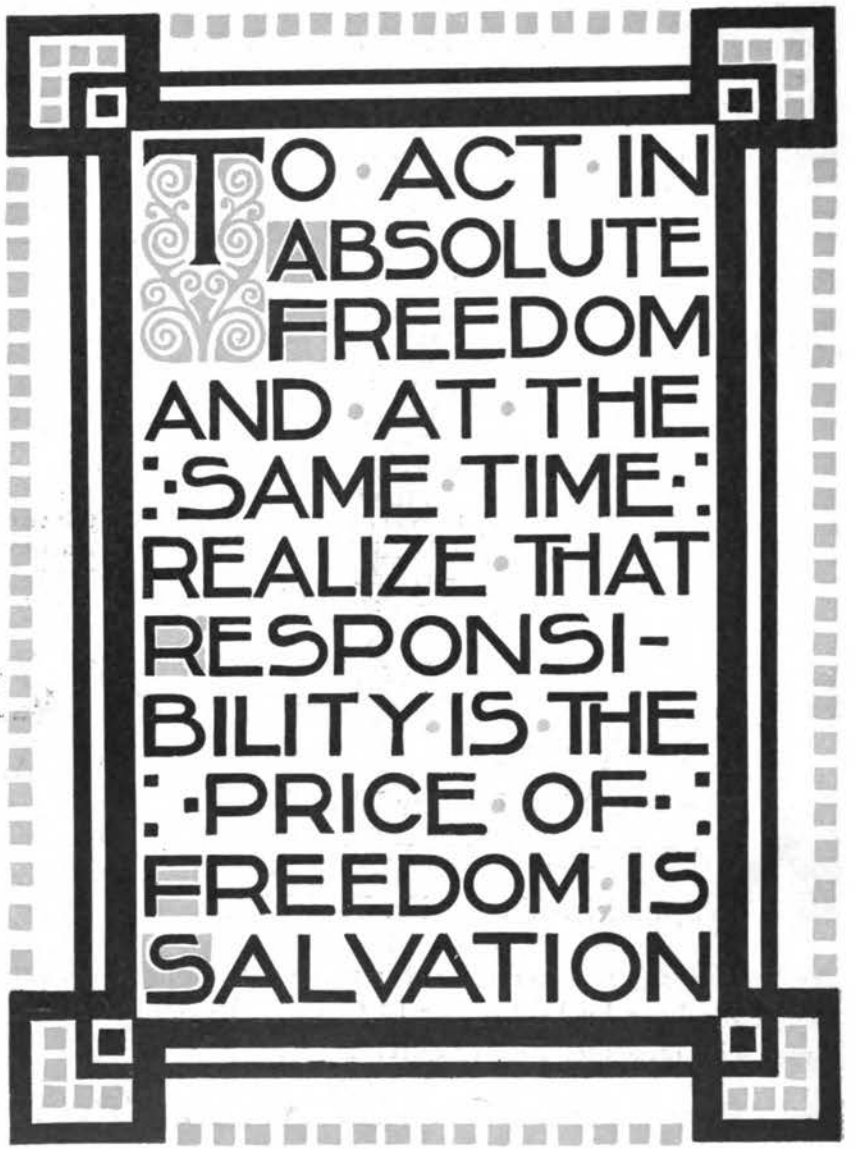
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OURNAL F FFIRMATION

Vol. 1 SEPTEMBER, 1908 No. 6



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TO THE ROYCROFTERS

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Ninety-nine men out of every hundred reflect their true feelings on the Surface of their Personality. Your Duty toward yourself lies in presenting to Society a Successful Man.
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¶ A marked degree of prosperity is plainly evident about every well-shaved man. He appears alert and forceful—produces a favorable impression everywhere.
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for it gives you a clean, comfortable, satisfying shave every time. Five minutes in the morning with a "GILLETTE" makes you look well-cared for—assures your day's success.

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¶ In every thing that man attempts on a high plane the right combination of things plays an important part. Whether it's Business or Bridge Building he must first select his units with great care or the completed Structure will be faulty. Success or Failure is purely a matter of proportion.



¶ Combine the proper ingredients if you would standardize the mass.

¶ For 15 years I have studied the Chemistry of Food and the Chemistry of the Human Body and have learned how to put the two sciences together, so as to cure nearly all kinds of stomach and intestinal trouble with food. I have to say it this way to be understood. What I really mean is this: That I can teach you how to select, combine and proportion your food so as to produce chemical harmony in the stomach, then Nature will do the curing.

¶ Ninety-two per cent of all diseases comes from errors in eating. This is authentic.

¶ All stomach trouble is caused by errors in eating. Common sense would teach you, therefore that to correct these errors would produce a cure. Drugs cannot cure stomach or intestinal disorders, because they do not remove causes. Scientific Feeding alone can do this.

¶ Over 1,100 people were cured last year by following my instructions. Many of these had been given up by the "learned guessers."

¶ If you are interested in this branch of science, write for my little book, "How Foods Cure," sent FREE. It probably will be a revelation to you.

Eugene Christian, Food Scientist, **7 E. 41st St., New York**

HE wish to become is reasonable in direct ratio to its largeness,—or, in other words, the more you wish to be, the wiser you are; while the wish to have is apt to be foolish in proportion to its largeness. Cosmic law permits us very few of the countless things that we wish to have, but will help us to become all that we can possibly wish to be. Finite, and in so much feeble, is the wish to have: but infinite in puissance is the wish to become; and every mortal wish to become must eventually find satisfaction. By wanting to be, the monad makes of itself the elephant, the eagle, or the man. By wanting to be, the man should become a god.

Probably everything is a mere question of wishing—providing that we wish, not to have, but to be ✍ Most of the sorrow of life certainly exists because of the wrong kind of wishing and because of the contemptible pettiness of the wishes. Even to wish for the absolute lordship and possession of the entire earth were a pitifully small and vulgar wish. We must learn to nourish very much bigger wishes than that!

Nay!—surely the time must come when we shall desire to be all that is, all that ever has been known,—the past and the present and the future in one,—all feeling, striving, thinking, joying, sorrowing,—and everywhere the Part,—and everywhere the Whole. And before us, with the waxing of the wish, perpetually the Infinitudes shall widen.

—Lafcadio Hearn.

✍

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To snap the chip from off Fate's shoulder, nifty-like,
Just with your thumb and long center-finger, so;
To dare the little devils, all of them, to do their worst
And then sit by and watch them break their bloomin' necks
A-doin' it, while down your own flows the good, glad wine of victory;
To skip a silver dollar on the waves as if it were a mere flat stone
And see it sink at last to God knows where
And care not, only so long 's *you* skipped it;
To see the other fellow pitch ker-plunk into the nice black mud which he 's stirred up for you;
To send a good loud haw-haw ringing down the nave
Of some old worship place where pale, punky piety
Sits shivering upon a marble saint;
To turn the blessed proverbs upside down
And prove that only thus may they be lived by truly;
All this, and more besides, may not be just exactly
What I 'd call my symphony, but all the same it 's an awful lot of
Real, resounding satisfaction. —*Richard Wightman*

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HOE Astronomers admit that the Glass of Fashion betrays no defect in the R. J. R. "Star." For ten years it has shone down on a World of Shoes, never once suffering eclipse.

Footgear Students, unlike Astronomers, care not if Stars have Souls; they are content, knowing that Good Soles have "Stars."

From all parts of the Globe in all kinds of weather the R. J. R. "Star" can be viewed. Summer Heat and Winter Cold lessens its brilliancy not one whit. The R. J. R.—a "Star" of Quality under all conditions.

Advice from Emerson:

"Hitch your wagon to a Star—"

Of course he meant the



All Good and Faithful Spirits had best become familiar with "Star Brand" Shoes. A beautiful booklet free to Immortals.

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HE Religion of Humanity does not concern itself about making peace with a Non-Resident Deity, nor appeasing the wrath of an absentee God.

The Religion of Humanity does not know anything about ghosts, goblins, fairies, devils, sprites, angels or witches.

It does not know anything of half-gods, and if there ever lived a man who had but one parent, this fact, of itself, would not be a recommendation to us. It would put him out of our class.

The Religion of Humanity knows nothing of vicarious atonement, redemption by faith, the immaculate conception, transubstantiation, or the efficacy of baptism as a saving ordinance.

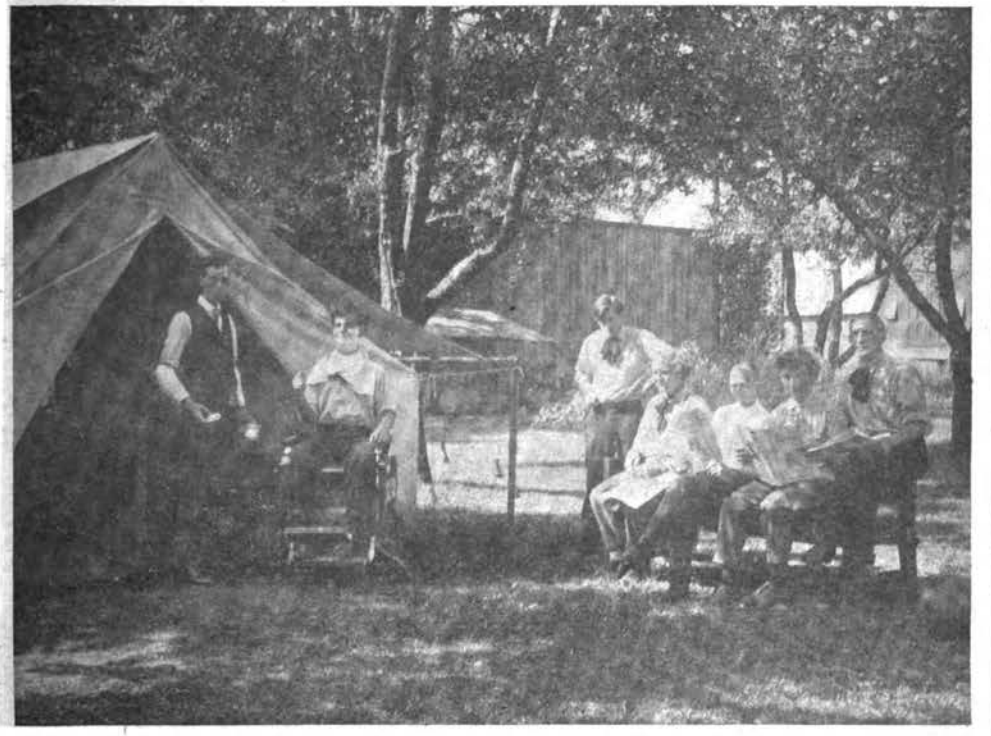
It offers you no reward of an eternal life of idleness and ease if you accept it, nor does it threaten you with the pains of hell if you decline it.

All it offers you is work—human service, and the reward for work is not ease nor idleness, but capacity for more work.

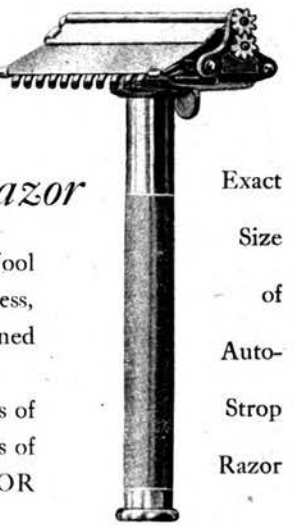
So you see," says the enthusiast, "my scheme of health culture is simple, sensible and sane. No crazy ideas in it, no fool foods to eat, no outlandish clothing to wear, no silly routine to follow—just a safe and plain regime of commonsense method. It ought to make a great success."

"My dear boy," says the experienced listener, "that's just the trouble with it. Nobody can be made to believe that good health can be secured by any method which has good sense back of it."—Life.

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Note the smile of approval on his Classic Countenance. In his right hand he fondly holds the object of his admiration—



Exact Size of Auto-Strop Razor

The AUTO-STROP Safety Razor

On the bench near at hand many Dyed-in-the-Wool Roycrofters await their turn in the Chair of Cheerfulness, for you see, the AUTO-STROP RAZOR has gained an enviable reputation at the Tent Barber-Shop.

Perfect complexions pass unblemished thru the hands of the *AUTO-STROP Artist*. Would you know the joys of shaving? Use an AUTO-STROP SAFETY RAZOR

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MESSRS. EPPLEY & RIDER, OPERATORS

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PENNSYLVANIA
don't have to employ petty subterfuge in describing the beauties of their wonderful All-Year-Round Hotel. ¶Well kept golf links and tennis courts, a deer park, a private forest, thru which lead board walks over rustic bridges and streams, wonderful life-restoring Mineral Springs, and last of all, their most complete Hotel. ¶At *Hotel Rider*, under the same roof, you will find a perfect little theatre—no toy, that from time to time entertains the best attractions in the land: a charming ball-room with weekly dances, adds to the gaieties, while the billiard, pool-rooms, and bowling-alleys lend a special kind of diversion. ¶Invalids and semi-invalids can find no better place than the *Hotel Rider* for health-help. The wonderful spring-waters, climate, geographical location, and splendid goodfellowship make sickness quite impossible. Add to this a Health Department fully equipped with the best appliances and you have an invincible combination. ¶A week at HOTEL RIDER will brace your back bone and increase your gumption.
FRA FOLLOWERS ADDRESS FOR PARTICULARS
HOTEL RIDER, Cambridge Springs, Pa.

MISS JANE BROWNLEE, the public school teacher of Toledo, who originated a new system of teaching children ethics, has agreed to give a series of talks before the women's clubs and teachers' associations all over the United States, from New England to the Pacific Coast, explaining her system. The demand for these lectures has been so great that Miss Brownlee has been forced to give up her place in the Lagrange School in Toledo in order to devote her entire time to the work.

Miss Brownlee begins her teaching of ethics by saying: "Children, I have discovered that each of you has a little servant who will go with you through life, and will do just what you tell him to." This pleases the children. They have to obey everybody and are delighted to hear of some one who must obey them. Miss Brownlee then explains that this servant is the body. One by one the needs and duties of the body are brought out by answers from the children themselves. ¶The next day she tells them that they have a second servant, the mind. This servant is studied in the same way, and the third day she tells them about the real child to whom these two servants owe obedience. After impressing it on them that this real child cannot grow up as he should in an unhealthy body or with an undeveloped mind, she takes up the virtues, devoting a month to each virtue: September, kindness; October, cleanliness; November, obedience; December, self-control; January, courtesy and cheerfulness; February, work; March, honor; April, honesty, truthfulness and clean language; May and June, manners, and review of the year

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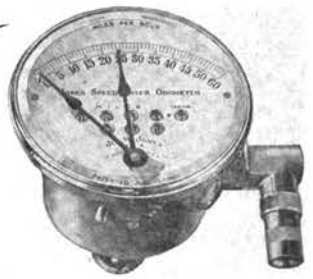
According to Miss Brownlee children like to begin with kindness because it is an active virtue and they can see and report results for themselves ❧ In her system they devote the first week to practising kindness on their parents, the second on their teachers, the third on their sisters and brothers and playmates, while the fourth is devoted to teaching them kindness to animals.

❧

IF such trivial details were worth while noting, perhaps this would be the place to recall, in passing, the aberrations and sickly puerilities of a contemporaneous school of criticism, extinct to-day, and of which there remains but a single representative, the characteristic of falsehood being that it cannot recruit its ranks ❧ In this school, which flourished for a brief hour, it was the fashion to attack what, in its queer argut, it has called "form." Form, forma, beauty ❧ What a strange watchword! Later on greatness was attacked. "To be great" became a defect! When beauty is held to be error, it is the sign of a bourgeois period; when greatness is a crime, it is a sign of the reign of the little.—Victor Hugo.



A fast life means a short life when man plays the Stellar part. Unlike the Jones Speedometer, frail humans cannot stand the jolts of the road when traveling at high speed. ¶ A philosopher once said, "To live well it is necessary to live slowly," but this man had never seen the "Jones" in action. *It* is the highest type of life at all speeds. ¶In this era of great pressure a machine, whether human or otherwise, that stands the pace, retaining its perfect poise, places a high water mark for our appreciation. ¶By splendid achievement the "Jones" has reached the Top—far above all others. Not only because it marks how fast we travel, does it gain our commendation, but, also it proves how far we have evolved. ¶Ever since John Paul Jones measured the Britisher's speed off Flamborough Head, the Jones family have deemed it their duty to keep a tight grip on Father Time's famous forelock.



It measures the infinite. Eight years of merit guarantees every JONES.

Complete Catalog, a copy of the "Speedometer" —a magazine and a Special Issue of the "Evening Bulletin" sent upon application to The Roycrofters, or to

76th Street and Broadway, New York City

HERE is a unity of religion underlying the diversity of religions, and the important work before us is not so much to make men accept one or the other of the various religions of the world as to induce them to accept religion in a broad and universal sense. —Momerie.

❧

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Cleveland Railway Stock

TO THE PEOPLE:

LIMITED number of shares of treasury stock of the Cleveland Railway Company is offered by the Municipal Traction Company (lessee). In my judgment it is as safe an investment as a city bond, the only difference being that a Cleveland city bond pays four per cent interest and this stock pays six per cent interest. It is desired that the small investor shall secure the benefit of this offer, hence we do away with brokerage and commissions, run our own free stock exchange, sell directly to the people at par ($100 a share) and accrued interest and will redeem any stock at any time bought from us at the price paid for it, plus accrued interest.

When the security, the rate of interest and the free stock exchange are considered, no investment has ever been offered to the public so safe and profitable to the small investor as this.

TOM L. JOHNSON

GUARANTEED, CONVERTIBLE

Write for booklet. There is no security equal to that of a street railway with a practically endless grant. We could dispose of this stock to banks, trust companies or brokers at a large profit, but we want to give all the profit to small investors. If you buy the stock it is with two guarantees—first, that it will pay you a six per cent annual dividend, and second, that we will buy it back from you at the price you paid per share, plus accrued interest.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

The Municipal Traction Co.

STOCK EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

651 Electric Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio



This Letter is about a Moneybak Man who is big enough to back his Moneybak

RECENTLY I went to Cleveland and spent a day looking over the Three Cent Fare Proposition. I did not call on Tom Johnson nor those in immediate charge of the property. I got my information from men neither prejudiced for nor against.

My opinion is that at One Hundred Dollars per share, with the guarantee of Six per cent Cleveland Railway Stock is an attractive investment. To be associated even in a small way, with this great Economic Betterment is to me a privilege ☙ I know the men who are managing the property, and I am also familiar with the property ☙ ☙

Do not for a minute imagine that Three Cent Fare is a failure, as some of the respectable "yellows" would have us think. The people who are with Tom Johnson, and back of him, are not a talking folk, they do their work and hold their peace. Cleveland is as richly productive as one of those seed corn farms owned by Funk Brothers down in old McLean County, Illinois.

Stocks sold Moneybak is a token of the new and better time. Should n't a railroad man be as simple and direct in his dealings as the manager of a Department Store? Tom Johnson says, "Yes!"

And even if Tom was inclined by nature to ride three horses at once in a financial circus, he could n't afford to now. His very place in history is at stake. Clio has the acetylene glim square upon him, and he knows it. Besides being stubbornly honest, Tom is very wise in his day and generation. I believe in Tom, in his prospects, and in the great, and beautiful, and growing city of Cleveland.

ELBERT HUBBARD

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ARRANGED BY ALICE HUBBARD

Lesson XIV—Sunday, September 6, 1908

ELLEN TERRY

General Health Thought: Fletcherize all food—mental and physical.

THE first rhythmic expression of emotion was the poetry of motion, that which was danced but not sung. There was no accompaniment of music or sound except the patter of bare feet in the dust.

It was before the dance became so elaborate as the far-famed Tarantella, that the dancers enhanced their joy by adding music to this poetry—a humming sound in time and tune to the motion. This was the second age of poetry, i. e., that which was danced and sung. The humming lost its primitive form by the dancer's elaborating upon the vocal melody, and Lo! we have poetry that is lyric, sung and danced, rhythm, meter and rhyme.

And next was poetry that was sung and not danced.

The last age of poetry is that which is neither danced nor sung, which kind fills our library shelves ✍ But poetry retains the music of motion whether it is sung or not, and unless it has the emotion, that exalted feeling, the religious quality, if you please, which caused the savage to whirl in wondrous cadence, it is not poetry.

What is more natural than that intense and lofty feeling should be expressed in written, musical form and put before an audience by those who are trained to express the emotion through the body, to act the thought? And so we have actors.

A GLIMPSE OF ELLEN TERRY'S CHILDHOOD

"When we were older and mother could leave us at home, there was a fire one night at our lodgings, and she rushed out of the theater and up the street in an agony of terror. She got us out of the house all right, took us to the theater, and went on with the next act as if nothing had happened. Such fortitude is commoner in our profession, I think, than in any other ✍ We 'go on with the next act,' whatever happens, and if we know our business, no one in the audience will ever guess that anything is wrong—that since the curtain last went down, some dear friend has died, or our children in the theatrical lodgings up the street have run the risk of being burned to death."

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—How much of our Moral Ethical Code comes from Socrates?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Praise to some people at certain stages of their career is more developing than blame.

T—The great thing is to reduce friction by sympathy.

W—Conceit is an insuperable obstacle to all progress.

T—There is all the difference in the world between departure from recognized rules by one who has learned to obey them, and neglect of them through want of skill or want of understanding.

F—Only a great actor finds the difficulties of the actor's art infinite.

S—We players know quite well and accept with philosophy the fact that when we are done we are forgotten.

S—To some people expression is life itself.

Lesson XV—Sunday, September 13, 1908

THE first use of the stage was doubtless to teach religious and dogmatic precepts. The Miracle and Mystery Plays were the beginning of the English drama and these were for the purpose of making truth live before an audience and enter the heart ✍ The comedy element was accidental—the Devil was brought in as an horrible example—hoofs, horns and tail—and he, being more alert and active than the representatives of good, was the star performer and the most popular ✍ It would not do, however, to make evil attractive. To meet this exigency, and the need the audience had for relaxation, the Devil was modified into a clown or court fool.

The play now given at Ober-Ammergau once a decade is a primitive play and the only one in existence of any note.

ELLEN TERRY IS NO GREATER AS AN ACTRESS THAN AS A FRIEND

"The Taylor's home was one of the most softening and culturing influences of my early life. Would that I could give an impression of the dear host at the head of his dinner-table, dressed in black silk knee-breeches and velvet cutaway coat,—a survival of a politer time, not an affectation of it,—beaming on his guests with his very brown eyes.

Lavender is still associated in my mind with everything that is lovely and refined. My mother nearly always wore the colour, and the Taylors lived at Lavender Sweep! This may not be an excellent reason for my feelings on the subject, but it is reason good enough.

Nature repairs her ravages, it is said, but not all. New things come into one's life,—new loves, new joys, new interests, new friends,—but they cannot replace the old. When Tom Taylor died, I lost a friend the like of whom I never had again."

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—What is the Secular and what is the Sacred?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Love surely does make fools of us all, but sometimes the fool is the victim of love and faith, not a simpleton without tact or brain.

T—Could an Italian girl of fourteen play the part of Juliet? Yes, if she were not youthful, only young with the youth of the poet, tragically old, as some youth is.

W—Time is inexorable. At sixty, know what one may, one cannot play Juliet.

T—The actor lives not in one but in a hundred natures.

F—The immortal soul of the artist is in his work, the transient and mortal one is in his conduct.

S—It is always more difficult to receive than to give.

S—Men have no need to dam up a little purling brook.

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Lesson XVI—Sunday, September 20, 1908

SHAKESPEARE held to the original intent of the English Plays—"Whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

Shakespeare had the artistic conscience, and those actors who played to the witless spectators only to get the response of the loud laugh, he considered made by nature's journeymen, they imitated humanity so abominably.

And so in Ellen Terry's time, which is our own time, there are actors who work for the applause of the audience and not to satisfy the artistic conscience. But never did Ellen Terry do this.

ARTISTIC RIGHTEOUSNESS IN ART

"It is a curious paradox in the theater that the play for which every one has a good word is often the play which no one is going to see, while the play which is apparently disliked and run down has crowded houses every night."

"Wherein does the superiority of a play lie? Not in the amount of money expended, but in the amount of brains; in the artistic intelligence, careful and earnest pains with which every detail is studied and worked out."

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—How much of the Christian Religious Service, as conducted in our churches, is Pagan?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Some actors work to get that cheap reward, a safe laugh. This should never be bought at the sacrifice of truth.

T—The actor who impersonates, feels and lives such anguish or passion or tempestuous grief, does for the moment, in imagination, nearly die.

W—It is no good observing life and bringing the result to the stage (or anywhere) without selection. The idea must come first, the realism afterward.

T—When I am asked what I remember about the first ten years at the Lyceum, I can answer in one word: Work.

F—Youthful melancholy has an extravagant expression.

S—Each has its own view of the character, and each is It according to the imagination.

S—One does not, at least one should not quarrel with an exquisite tropical flower and call it unnatural because it is not a buttercup nor a cowslip.

Lesson XVII—Sunday, September 27, 1908

ACTORS are often called players because it is said that they are only playing at life and not living. However, any actor who has not lived and who has only played with life, never holds the mirror up to Nature for us.

Ellen Terry is a woman. No play that she acts can surpass in emotion or experience the depth of sorrow or the heights of joy that have been hers.

This great woman's life has the broadest horizon of any that I can now recall. And no woman has been better able to reproduce in her acting this drama which we call life. She, perhaps more than any other, has made us say, "The Play 's the thing."

OF SARAH BERNHARDT, HER CONTEMPORARY, ELLEN TERRY, SAYS:

"We have always been able to understand each other, although I hardly know a word of French and her English is scanty."

"How wonderful she looked in those days! She was as transparent as an azalea, only more so: like a cloud, only not so thick. Smoke from a burning paper describes her more nearly! She was hollow-eyed, thin, almost consumptive. Her body was not the prison of her soul, but its shadow."

"Sarah Bernhardt has shown herself the equal of any man as a manager. Her productions are always beautiful: she chooses her company with discretion and sees to every detail of the state-management.

She can never be old. Age cannot wither her."

GOLDEN TEXT

Topic for Discussion—Let him who is greatest among you be your servant. Any sort of a person—the insane, the indigent, the impotent, the idiot—can be served, but it takes superior intelligence to serve.

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—The Americans are arriving at a stage when they can no longer beat the record.

T—America has no poor of her own. The poor in America are from Russia and Italy.

W—Eulogy is good but one does not learn anything from it.

T—There is nothing to prevent the man who laughs from speaking the truth.

F—I would always rather make an audience laugh than see them weep.

S—Mrs. Craigie should have died hereafter. Her powers had not nearly reached their limit.

S—Fate is the best of stage managers.

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Graceful People
ARE ALL WALKERS

OU can't obtain perfect body-balance thru a Correspondence School Course—that's sure. One must learn to walk. It's healthy. Only Chair Warmers inhabit hospitals, grievously effecting vital statistics. Petty complaints never come from the man or woman who woos the Open Road. ¶ So long as man evolved near the heart of things, no artificial help was needed to preserve his divine carriage: while he walked over hills and down into valleys, his body absorbed the resilience of the sod. To him, walking was a supreme joy. He was properly equipped for it. Even in these degenerate days, we occasionally see children who step out with graceful abandon—city-bound descendants of a care-free race. But a brief life on the pavements of large towns, soon kills all this freedom of movement unless necessary precautions are taken. The Human Body was never made to move about on hard surfaces. ¶ Figure it out for yourself: the Padding—cartilage—in your joints was originally designed for service in the open country, on springy turf ☙ Today, we Twentieth Century Civilians try to adapt it to stone pavements, asphalt walks, etc., but there's not enough of it. Here's the proposition: we *must* pad the point of greatest resistance—THE HEEL. ¶ Can you expect the bone framework of body to stand this constant jar without showing wear and tear? *Do your part!*



O'SULLIVAN'S
New Live Rubber Heels

Prolong life and let you *live* while here on earth. They absorb that endless heel-jar which kills the joy of walking. Don't submit to an uncivilized custom of civilization!
Wear O'Sullivan's New Live Rubber Heels

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

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NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHT

Portrait (Frontispiece) ELLEN TERRY as OPHELIA — *J. M. Gaspard*

Roycroft Sunday School Lessons, ELLEN TERRY — *Alice Hubbard*

THE OPEN ROAD — *The Fra*

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In Your Patience Possess Ye Your Souls — *Dr. J. H. Tilden*

Mutuality — *Alice Hubbard*

OFTEN THE HIGHEST TEST OF STRENGTH IS THE ABILITY TO YIELD



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Richard Le Gallienne.

(Across From The Well)

In the Land of Immortality

Dickie temporarily abandoned the Eternal Quest in order to enjoy one Restful Summer with the Immortal Clan and to Cultivate Brawn

TWO DOLLARS A DAY AND UP

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, N. Y.

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Be patient ye chosen people—there's but one month more to wait! Starting October first the Jones Family, Sausage Makers Extraordinary to all Immortals, will be prepared to furnish to all Loyal Followers of the Fra Faith

Special—Uninitiated: For years the Jones Folks have supplied our Sausage wants! True Immortals know that Sausage made from milk-fed little pigs up at the Old Farm in Fort Atkinson, touches a spot that other kinds and brands never seem to reach. ¶'Way back, before Farmer Jones introduced the Little Pig to society, he and his own boys made all the Sausage—in the kitchen of the farm. But now-a-days, nearly all the young people in the village lend a hand when the cold weather strikes and the Little Pig Products are in demand.

You see the Jones Folks have what other Sausage Manufacturing Concerns lack—a Sausage Atmosphere. They live in a country where little pigs thrive, so they don't have to buy questionable stock. The little pigs they raise themselves and the ones their immediate neighbors raise, supply all demands. In addition to this, the Sausage is prepared by healthy boys and girls in the *country.* The city never touches with its contaminating hand the Old Farm Products.

So far we have only mentioned Sausage, yet without doubt the

are the finest in the country, cured Old New England-wise—plenty of time to absorb the sugar, salt and spices of the Old Home Recipe.

SPECIAL OFFER TO IMMORTALS

Before October first comes 'round send $1.00 ($1.40 west of Kansas and south of Tennessee) to the Jones Folks for a 4-lb. sample, Little Pig Brand Sausage. They guarantee their Good Stuff—you may have your Moneybak if you're not satisfied. Send your order now, stating you read THE FRA, and it will receive the best possible attention.

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SEND your subscription for "The Philistine" and "Little Journeys"—Two Dollars for both—and we will present you, Gratis, a leather-bound, silk-lined, De Luxe Roycroft Book. This volume is printed on hand-made paper, from a new font of antique type, in two colors. The initials, title-page and ornaments were specially designed by our own artists. As an example of fine bookmaking it will appeal to the bibliophile as one of the best books ever made in America. Take your choice, one of these beautiful books with every subscription for "The Philistine" Magazine and "Little Journeys."

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The Ballad of Reading Gaol	*Oscar Wilde*
Justinian and Theodora	*Elbert and Alice Hubbard*
BOUND VOL. LITTLE JOURNEYS	*Hubbard*

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

To thy fellow countrymen thou shalt preach the gospel of the New World, that here in America is the home of man, that here is the promise of a new and more excellent social state than history has recorded.

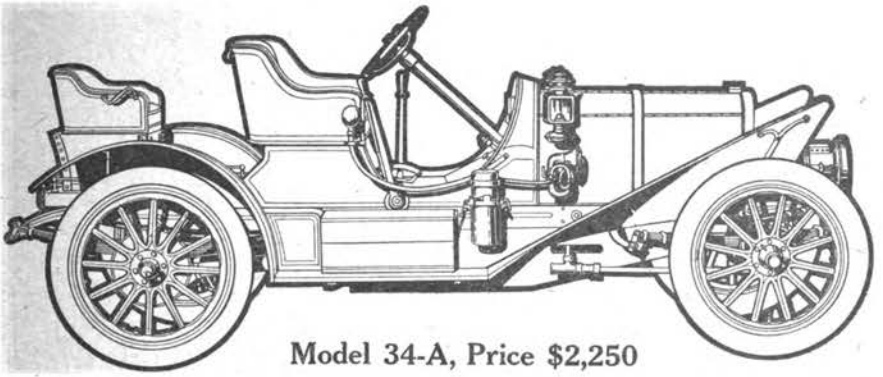
Thy life shall be as thy teachings, brave, pure, truthful, beneficent, hopeful, cheerful, hospitable to all honest belief, all sincere thinkers, and active according to thy gifts and opportunity.—Emerson.

EDUCATION does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual and difficult work, to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept and by praise, but, above all,—by example.—John Ruskin.

GO forth with thy message among thy fellow creatures. Teach them that they must be guided by that inner light which dwells with the pure in heart, to whom it was promised of old that they should see God.

Teach that each generation begins the world afresh with perfect freedom; that the present is not the prisoner of the past, but that to-day holds in captivity all yesterdays, to compare, to judge, to accept, to reject their teachings, as these are shown by its own Morning Sun.

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Model 34-A, Price $2,250

The discriminating man who has become more experienced in motoring is sure to appreciate the striking individuality and graceful energy of this silently powerful, smooth running Rambler roadster. It is built for the hardest kind of service on country roads or city pavements ¶ In the four-cylinder engine, the crank shaft is offset so that at the instant the explosion occurs and the pressure is greatest, the piston and crank shaft have moved past the dead center—the crank shaft is in a position to receive the full pressure, and turns without unnecessary friction. That is why the Rambler engine is so powerful. In the ordinary automobile engine the piston, crank pin and crank shaft are all in a direct line when the pressure is greatest and until the crank passes the turning point all the effort is wasted. With the straight line drive, the full engine power is delivered to the rear axle with the least possible loss through friction. That means economy of upkeep. ¶ The enormous braking surface makes you the master in control; the accessible engine saves trouble; the roller-bearing transmission saves wear; while the long wheel base and those big 36-inch wheels insure comfort.

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"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LEROY, NEW YORK

The Roycroft Shop, East Aurora
August 10th, 1908

Dear Dr. Albertson:

Referring to our past pleasant correspondence I now invite you to debate with me, in the principal cities of America, the following question: Resolved, That Christianity is declining. I to take the affirmative.

Your kind reply will greatly oblige,

Your sincere,

To Dr. Chas. C. Albertson
Rochester, New York

ELBERT HUBBARD

Roaring Brook Inn, Harbor Springs, Mich.
August 18th, 1908

Dear Mr. Hubbard:

I accept your invitation to debate with you, in six or eight of the principal American cities, the question: Resolved, That Christianity is declining,—I to take the negative. The necessary arrangements are to be agreed upon at a conference after my return to Rochester. I am,

Yours faithfully,

Permanent Address
353 Oxford St., Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES C. ALBERTSON

Dates and places of this debate will be announced in the next issue of this magazine.

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EAL happiness is so simple that most people do not recognize it. They think it comes from doing something on a big scale, from a big fortune, or from some great achievement, when, in fact, it is derived from the simplest, the quietest, the most unpretentious things in the world.

—

The great sanitariums, the noted springs of the world are crowded with rich people, sent there by their physicians to get rid of the effects of complicated living. They tried to force their pleasures and came to grief.

—

It is as impossible for a human being to be happy who is habitually idle as it is for a fine chronometer to be normal when not running. The highest happiness is the feeling of well-being which comes to one who is actively employed doing what he was made to do, carrying out the great life-purpose patterned in his individual bent. The practical fulfilling of the life-purpose is to man what the actual running and keeping time are to the watch. Without action both are meaningless.—Orison Marden.

A STUDY of the Subconscious is one of the most fascinating of subjects to-day and there is no study that is more valuable for men and women who desire to become much and achieve much. According to noted psychologists the powers and possibilities of the Subconscious are practically limitless; the Subconscious contains the real source of ability, talent, and genius, and he who has the key, and knows how, can unlock this vast storehouse of intuitive power.

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A sane, practical, scientific book on the Subconscious Mind. This book contains a mine of valuable information on how to develop for actual use the remarkable possibilities that lie latent in that great inner mental world. Here is a partial list of contents:

The Nature, Location and Functions of the Subconscious Mind.
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Where the Subconscious Gains the Power to do Whatever it May Desire to Do.
How to Train the Subconscious to Remake Your Personality, Your Disposition and Your Nature.
How to Direct the Subconscious to Correct the Flaws, Defects and Imperfections in Your Nature.
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"A Monthly Magazine Edited by C. D. LARSON

The great purpose of ETERNAL PROGRESS is to make true idealism practical in every-day life, to bind the common to the superior, to weld together business and scientific living. And there is nothing more important than this.

To accomplish anything worth while and to live a life that is a life, the ideal must be the goal and every thought and action must cause life to move towards that goal.

There is a solution for every problem in life and that solution is based upon the principle that to enter the greater is to secure emancipation from the lesser. The natural way out is to grow out. Any person may work himself out of that which is not desired by growing into the realization of that which is desired.

ETERNAL PROGRESS presents each month some new and valuable viewpoints of such timely subjects as Business Psychology, Practical Idealism, Modern Metaphysics, The Subconscious Mind, Cultivation of Ability and Talent, Right Living, Scientific Thinking, The Science of Success, The Constructive Imagination, The Power of Personality, Memory, etc. All vital subjects to the person who wants to increase his profits and make life worth living.

Our success depends upon how we use the power and the ability that we possess. But we can use only that which we understand. And to understand the powers we possess, a study of practical Metaphysics becomes indispensable. ¶The demand for competent men and women is becoming greater and greater everywhere in the world. Any person can become more competent through the scientific development of his ability, methods for which development may be found in every issue of ETERNAL PROGRESS.

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Attached is One Dollar. Please enter my subscription for one year to ETERNAL PROGRESS and send me a copy of THE GREAT WITHIN.

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T is the right, it is the duty of every man of learning who has a conception of the world to express that conception, whatever it may be. Whoever thinks he knows the truth must tell it. The honor of the human mind is at stake. The rights of the mind are superior to everything.—Marquis Ito.

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WHAT a wonderful trip, could we but walk through Time's Gallery of Events ❧ Time, the All-Wonderful! Monarchies have risen out of nothing, and vanished again into the dust, but Time goes on. Heroes rise and fall. The surface of the Earth changes; the map is reconstructed; the World gives birth to a new art, a new civilization, a new religion, while Time smiles his smile of great contempt and holds his peace. Think you what strange tales he would have to tell, could we get past his cold reserve for one single moment; many a side-light would be thrown on the Great Men of History, and Women, too. But such is not for us!

All our apparent progress he has noted since the beginning of things, yet always preserved Sphinx-like silence. No doubt in his quiet way, he enjoys our hair-breadth attempts to clip seconds off so-called records. Must we not allow him the luxury of a smile, when some autoist, bent on what we call earthly fame, whirls around a circular-shaped track, only to dash his brains out eventually on one of its treacherous curves, in his race against Time?

Time has no real rival, yet his every breath is now recorded ❧ For centuries Man felt that Time, of all things, should be watched. Not until the Howard Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., entered the field, however, was the matter *exactly* arranged. Now in all parts of the World, sentinels of insignificant size, but wonderous accuracy, keep pace with Time. Watches indeed! Second for second, during sixty-six years they have followed in his tracks, asking no favors, boasting not, yet proving worth and workmanship by the character of their movements. The Howard Watch controls Time, yet does not monopolize it ❧ The Howard has no competitor—it is unique, peculiar, distinctive. It stands alone.

have been made since 1842, and the Howards made half a century ago are still being carried ❧ A Howard is like a "Stradivarius"—it never grows old. Edward Howard who originated the Howard Watch was a man of the Stradivarius type—he worked for twenty-five years before he made a watch that pleased him, and then he said, "Other men will make different watches, but they will never make a better one." He was right; they never have! ❧ Can you afford to spar with undivided time? Howard Watches solve the difficulty!

A little pamphlet, "Watch Wisdom," was written for you. Do you want it?

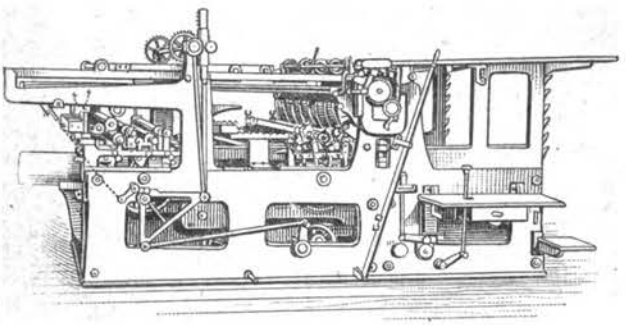
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COULD Gutenberg, that genial old German, rise from his grave, he would never recognize in the "BABCOCK-RAPID-FIRE-METHOD" the Art that he discovered in Germany over four centuries ago. It's a long way from Strasburg, 1436, to New London, 1908; a long way from the hand-made type, and hand-operated press of Gutenberg, to the RAPID-FIRE-BABCOCK "OPTIMUS."

The Babcock Printing Press Manufacturing Company

New London, Connecticut *38 Park Row, New York City*

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A MAN is only as strong as his nerves. You write, orate, carve, paint and do business with your Nerve-Force. It's all Divine Energy—how to control it is the problem! Our nerves control the organs of our bodies. When the nerves are normal, each organ does its perfect work. If the wires are down, business is at a stand-still, and when your nerves get on the outside of your clothes you are ripe for the straight-jacket—or the great indulgence and patience of your friends. ¶ Osteopathy treats of the bones and their right adjustment, and it has done great good. The Osteopath works with nature and for nature, and merely aims to give nature a chance. Neuropathy comprehends Osteopathy and goes one step further. Other things may impede nerve-play beside bones so Neuropathy studies nerves. Nerves release the fluids—control the glands—close or open all gates, even the Gates of Life and Death. Nerves control your mood, your appetite, your desires, your ambitions. They feed your brain, feel your feelings and think your thoughts

is both allopathic and homeopathic—orthodox and eclectic Its twenty-eight professors represent the entire gamut of medicinal skill. ¶ But the emphasis is on Neurology. By a series of simple manipulations inflammation can be relieved, torpor vitalized, and the patient lifted from inefficiency into usefulness. The American College of Neurology is a Health College. It fixes its gaze on the normal, the happy, the peaceful. It teaches control. It shows its students how to be Men and Women; how to be master of Self—physically, morally, mentally, spiritually. ¶ And having mastered Self, you are then ready to go out and benefit mankind. The world needs teachers—wise, hopeful, helpful teachers who radiate health. ¶ We can help you to radiate. Graduates from this college step at once into a life of earnest, helpful work that pays. One-half of all humanity are sick through lack of right nerve adjustment. If you can benefit people, they will pay you. The world is rich—are you getting your share of this wealth? If not, young man, and young woman, write to us to-day for information. We can show you how to work out your career, and how to help yourself by helping humanity

PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING, PHILDELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

HAVE looked at this claim by the light of history and my own conscience, and it seems to me, so looked at, to be a most just claim. This, then, is the claim:—

It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do, and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.

Turn this claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim. Yet again I say, if Society could or would admit this claim, the face of the world would be changed, and discontent, and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward could not fail us—what serious harm could happen to us then?—Wm. Morris.

EAR never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they each be honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of when seen at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. This is only microscopic criticism. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency Your genuine action will explain itself and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly, will justify you now.—Emerson.

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TO those Unfortunate Ones who have missed SOME of the Good Stuff we make a Very Special Offer: At present we have on hand a few Volumes of Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys* printed on Roycroft water-marked, hand-made paper, specially bound solidly in boards, leather backs, with portraits—the kind of reading that never tires, and suitable for presents to good People who Appreciate the Best.

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People who have been to The Roycroft Shop never ask that threadbare question, "Is he sincere?" If you can't go to the Roycroft, then read "White Hyacinths" and you 'll commit the "Essay on Silence" to memory and chant it in your sleep.—TOM L. JOHNSON.

The work of Elbert Hubbard in his LITTLE JOURNEYS has not been equalled, in a similar line, since Plutarch wrote his "Parallel Lives." And Plutarch lived in the time of St. Paul. —THOMAS E. THOMPSON, Superintendent of Schools, Leominster, Mass.

I know, in a measure, how Keats felt after reading Chapman's Homer. I behold with delight and astonishment a man emerging out of myth like a graven image from a shapeless stone. I thought your "Man of Sorrows" at the time I read it, the finest effort I had ever seen to rescue a man from mythology. I think MOSES even finer.—THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER.

If you do not read LITTLE JOURNEYS, written by Elbert Hubbard, you are missing some of the finest touches of literature that have been penned since the days when Oliver Wendell Holmes was in his prime. They are a series of biographical sketches written in a most fascinating style. No high school library should be without them.—S. Y. GILLAN in the "Western Teacher."

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OTHING that man hath wrought is worth his books,
Those written records of his faiths and creeds,
Immortal relics of his faiths and needs,
Flowing in freedom like unhampered brooks.
Serried like soldiers in their tranquil nooks,
They seem dust-bound in death, yet who so heeds
The life within them, life that burns and bleeds,
Will learn how time, the thief and maker, looks.

For man has written all himself in these—
His dreams, his hopes, his loves, his cruel hates.
Here are the wine of passion and the lees,
Here are the perished glories of his states,
And here a weary pilgrim on his knees,
He prays before the future's golden gates.

IT'S GREAT WEATHER
TRADE'S SO-SO

The Presidential Candidates are all right and sure to be elected, but we are not managing the campaign, so cannot give points; however, we can give them all points on good PRINTING INKS

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A Periodical of Protest; a little bibliomag devoted to big questions, and published for people who are weary of newspaper pince-nez piffle, theological pishmince, and society bromide mishmush. Edited by Elbert Hubbard, monthly One Dolodocci a year, or Ten Cents a number. Sample copy on request

East Aurora, New York

UTHORITIES claim that West Point and Annapolis are the two finest Military Schools of their kind in the World. Yet they exploit Military Education from only one side of the fence! ¶ A graduate of either of these Institutes has a decided leaning; he is not what the World would call a well balanced man. Yet every one approves of Military Service. What 's the Remedy? — Just this: When you start to give a boy, a young man, a Military Education, you want to proportion it properly, like Col. Fowler of the Kentucky Military Institute. This wise man combines a Military and Naval Education, with a dash of the Practical, to put the Youth in touch with things Commercial. Each spring and fall the boys of the Kentucky Military Institute are Soldiers in "Ol Kaintuck;" then in the winter they are transported down to the Indian River in Florida, becoming sure nuff Sailor Boys for a time. ¶ Variety of scene and discipline makes all study intensely interesting. ¶ Whether in "Ol Kaintuck" or Florida, whether on water or land, these boys carry out the scheme that the Master Mind devised. ¶ This, an ideal Military School! IF YOU HAVE A BOY, WRITE TO **COL. FOWLER, at Lyndon, Kentucky**



Elbert Hubbard Says

HE Savings-Bank Habit is not so bad as the Cab Habit—not so costly to your thinkery and wallet as the Cigarette Habit. The man with the Savings-Bank Habit is the one who never gets laid off; he 's the one who can get along without you, but you cannot get along without him. The Savings-Bank Habit means sound sleep, good digestion, cool judgment and manly independence. The most healthful thing I know of is a Savings-Bank Book—there are no microbes in it to steal away your peace of mind. It is a guarantee of good behavior.

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HE "leather repousse" comes to us from the Moors, who carried the art into Venice, where it was replaced by the more brilliant hand-tooling, and then conveniently forgotten. Specimens of Modeled Leather done five hundred years ago are to be found in the British Museum and the Pitti Gallery, that are yet in almost perfect condition. We need not explain to the initiate that Modeled Leather is not stamped, nor is it "Mexican." It is all done by hand, like a portrait by Rembrandt.

Our work to a great degree, is a revival of a lost art. Aside from the designing and execution, our methods of staining the leather obtain some rarely artistic results, the green, gold, russet and brown tints being especially effective. The "Darmstadt Art Colony" have excelled in this line, but our work when shown in competition does not dissatisfy. ¶ For Christmas gifts, or anniversary and birthday presents there is nothing more pleasing. Being practically indestructible, a piece of Roycroft Modeled Leather constitutes an heirloom that will last, to be enjoyed and prized now and here and by generations unborn. For Christmas presents wise buyers make their selections early.

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You will find the average editorial writer a socialist, and as for the reporter, he is most likely to be an anarchist. The reason of this is plain enough. The men who make the newspapers are behind the scenes; they see the workings of the wires. ¶ It is my firm belief that were it not for the capitalists at the head of the great daily newspapers, if it were possible for the men who write the news and the editorials of all the newspapers in the United States to take absolute charge of their publications and print the news exactly as they see it, and write their views exactly as they feel them, for a space of three days, there would be such a revolution in the United States as would put that of France to shame.—Wm. Marion Reedy, in the St. Louis Mirror.

This indeed puts a premium on Ignorance! Keep out before the Footlights, ye common folk; listen to the Sweet Music, Vocal and Instrumental; pay no attention to the semi-invisible wires, and you will enjoy the Show. ¶ Think of it! In a Free Country, people who pay the freight are hoodwinked by theatrical effects. Reedy exaggerates not a whit! ¶ For example: Only a short time ago, a Pure Food Law was passed. During the agitation, the uninitiated believed that henceforth they could eat prepared food stuffs unafraid. But like all other Good Laws framed by Politicians, it left the Back Gate open for the Foxy Ones. Would you know the name of the Pure-Food-Law-Back-Gate?—Preservatives! ¶ In canning, one must either use Class A Materials —or Preservatives. Class B Stuff can be made temporarily *right* by using about—just about—two-third grains of Pokus-Pokus. ¶ Pokus-Pokus keeps inferior material sweet, on its way from the canning house to the Table. Remove Pokus-Pokus, the profits fall away, and the Ptomaine Doctor works early and late! Pokus-Pokus prevents *fermentation*. There are a few canning houses in the country that are above criticism—also a few *others*. ¶ Back Gate Canneries shovel up the skins, cores and rot of Tomatoes into barrels, from dirty floors, sour already, preserving the mess with Pokus-Pokus, to be made into a semblance of Tomato Ketchup. The Label marked "two-third grains Pokus-Pokus" means nothing to *you!* It tells no story!—Shades of 57! Pure Food! ¶ An exceptional Canning Company, like an exceptional Newspaper—will do the right thing because it's Right. This kind of concern doesn't hide behind the skirts of a semi-Bogue Bill. Duty to them means serving Humanity's best interests. ¶ Pittsburg boasts of such a Canning Company; one that invites the Public to call and inspect their Work at all times. You are shown thru open, airy rooms which the word "cleanliness" mildly describes. Uniformed employees work over kettles in which fresh, whole, ripe tomatoes are prepared for the Ketchup Bottles. They show you how the mass is poured into the Bottles while hot—thru silver lined tubes—to escape all possible contamination. The Place radiates Health and Happiness! ¶ HEINZ & COMPANY have given the World a word that symbolizes Quality in prepared Foods—"FIFTY-SEVEN."

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